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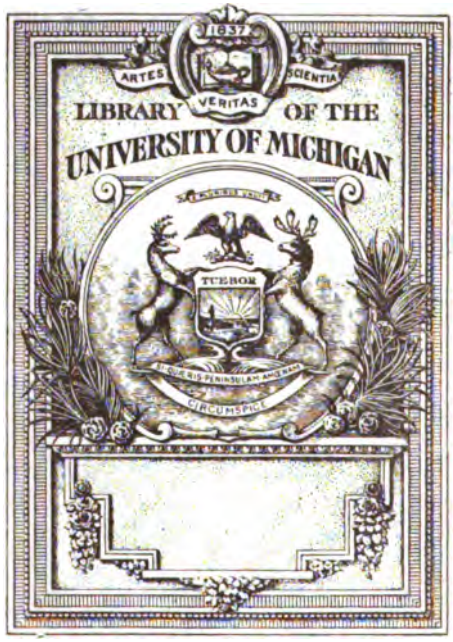
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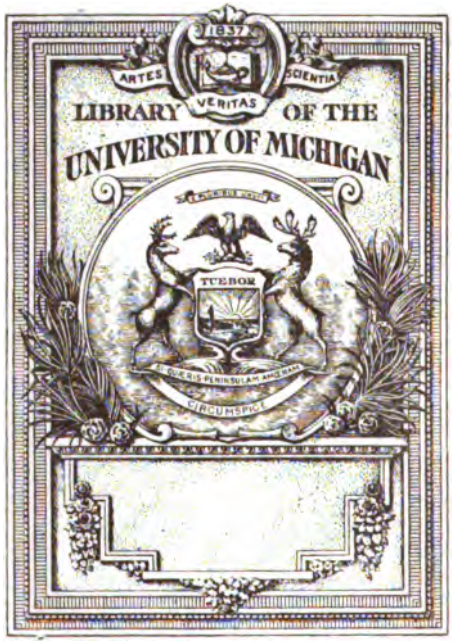
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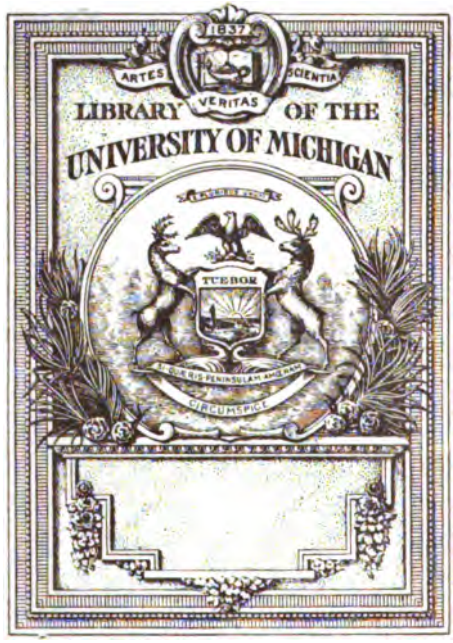
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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME I.

PARTS I. TO VI. JANUARY—JUNE, 1866.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

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PART 1. JANUARY, 1866. PRICE 1s.

A NEW YEAR AND A NEW BOOK.

1866.

AND now another New Year—and we ourselves, as will be seen, are making some pretensions to newness—our many years work, not cut down, but enlarged. Will not the Readers whose regard we value—for whose future as well as present years we endeavour to work, wish us God speed? We should like to think that it is so; for surely it is very pleasant to be cheered on by friendly wishes. As usual, we find the greatest difficulty in selecting which of the varying Lessons of the richly-laden year we shall select for our special reference—for, as to the *Lessons themselves* ever failing us we have no apprehensions. No New Year, we are sure, will come, to us or ours, without bringing some particular call for thought—some visitation, afflictive or joyous, to kindle gratitude.

At the present moment, may we touch upon one point in our national prospect as of pre-eminent interest now. It is said that our beloved and honoured Queen, who knows what Duty is, and who never we believe would wilfully shrink from it, is coming amongst us again in her visible public presence—marking her sense of the importance of a newly-chosen Parliament; encouraging the living members of her Council to fulfil the duties which no longer belong to those whose earthly work is completed—teaching all her subjects, from the least to the greatest, that personal sorrow may be best sanctified by walking in the good old ways marked out through ages past for the Christian Rulers of this nation.

We trust that all, young and old, will bless her for the effort, and feel their love and loyalty strengthened. It cannot be said, and no one knows this better than she does, that the people over whom she rules, have been slow to sympathize, nay to *share* the grief which befell her. They look back through the years which have passed, to the animating memory of Albert the Good. If they are themselves grown up, their hearts' desire is that their children should look to him as a very bright specimen of human excellence; and partly because of this, they are

thankful that *she* who brought him to this land is ready to take up his career and work out his mission. More than this it might be presumption to add in this place; but less we could not say in re-commencing our pleasant yet sometimes anxious labours.

And now with regard to our vocation. Without wishing to usurp the functions of critics, often very ably filled in the present day, perhaps our enlarged space may permit us occasionally to indulge in more extended remarks on particular Books than hitherto we have been able to do. It is not always for the sake of the Book itself—not always because we want to recommend or deter, that we would speak—but sometimes from a deeply-felt conviction of the lesson to be derived from a Life. At the present moment we rise from a survey of the lengthened years of a woman, well known, and much beloved, as indeed we think she deserved to be.

The Journals of Miss Berry, if we have patience to look fairly through them, contain very much to interest and instruct. She seems to us to have formed a wrong estimate of life, and what might have been its work, at a comparatively early period; because she was disappointed in her dream of love and marriage, she settled it with herself that there was nothing left for her in life but to be an agreeable woman of the world; and we trace the lowering effect of such a notion, of course, through every part of her career. To be agreeable being her business, she compassed it indeed most thoroughly; and it is only common candour to observe, as we repeatedly do in reading her journals, how very steadily she guarded herself against all those sacrifices of truth and sincerity, which the world is too apt to exact of its votaries. Throughout, it may be said that Miss Berry shows an anxious desire to preserve the moral part of her nature as free from blemish as possible.

She was affectionate, prudent, sincere, ready to do everyone a kindness; and we should suppose, judging by the love she inspired, that her temper was either naturally sweet, or well taken care of in all critical emergencies.

But what one looks for in vain is any record of employment tending *directly* to the good of others. She certainly was not particularly happy in her own mind, and we cannot help thinking that she was too good to be contented and at ease with not being better.

It was impossible she could feel satisfied with an unfixed pleasure-seeking life like hers. No one would have expected the part of a *Goody* from such a woman as she was. A taste for exciting society, an acquaintance with courts and courtiers, a familiar knowledge of the course of political events, great experience in travel, large knowledge of human nature—all these filled up her time; and if time is not consecrated to any active religious or social duty, thought will flag too, and become hard to drag into the deeper channels of human interests.

Then, at last, and by very slow and measured approaches, came an old age, honoured, beloved, and carefully guarded against all that might

shorten its course, or make that course 'labour and sorrow.' Miss Berry met its approaches somewhat timidly, still perhaps complacently, looking, as her friends helped her to look, on the sources of satisfaction that remained—by no means leaving the great hereafter out of the account, for she recurs to it continually; and there can be no reasonable doubt that her communion with God, through the great Mediator and Sacrifice for sin, was earnest and devout—but there is even then, perhaps more than ever, a sense of loss, a dullness where we most want vivacity—and this it is surely not unkind to trace to the want of a memory peopled, as the minds of so many noble men and women have been, with intercourses and employments dictated especially by Christian impulse. It was a difficult life, who can doubt it? The one thing needful, subordinated long, never came *quite* uppermost—and so we think it must ever be, unless the springs of Christian love are early guarded, and are made to flow over in habitual streams of good.

How hard it is to say such things when an amiable, in many respects an exemplary, life is ended—especially when the lesson of mortality is sounding so continually in our ears, and when we feel our own shortcomings too strongly to dwell much on those of others! And yet, as here we stand on the narrow plank, uniting the Old and the New Year, is it possible to help dwelling on the records of such lives passed away from before us? Must we not read them for ourselves and others too? And if there be one lesson more than another which is needed for those who may be considered as highly-favoured among the young, it is that of trying to make their best things better—not to let the theatre on which they move, as has been well said, be 'surrounded with mirrors of self-repetition,'—not to take their estimate of themselves from kind friends, indulgent lookers-on, but to cherish deep in their hearts, and give themselves *time* for imitation of, the noblest forms of Christian excellence—above all, 'to feed their thirst for the highest wisdom by trustful and reverent resort to Him, in Whom sanctity and sorrow, the Divine and the human, mingled in ineffable combination.'

T.

PRACTICAL READINGS ON THE APOSTLES' CREED.

ARTICLE IV.

'SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE; WAS CRUCIFIED, DEAD, AND BURIED.'

DEAD.

In this part of the Article every Christian is conceived to mean:—I do really and truly assent unto this truth—that the only begotten and eternal Son of God, for the working out of our Redemption, did in our nature, which He took upon Him, really and truly die; so as, by the

force and violence of those torments which He felt, His soul was actually separated from His body; and although neither His soul nor body was separated from His divinity, yet the body, deprived of His soul, was left really and truly dead. And thus I believe in Jesus Christ, Which was crucified and *dead*.

It is needful to believe that He who suffered for us really and truly died; because the death of Christ is the most intimate and essential part of the mediatorship, and that which intrinsically concerns every office and function of the Mediator, as He was Prophet, Priest, and King.

First, as Prophet, it was needful that He should die, that the truth of all the doctrine which He delivered might be confirmed by this death. He was 'the true and faithful Witness, Who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession.' He preached unto us 'a new and better covenant, which was established on better promises,' and that was to be ratified with His blood; which is therefore called by Christ Himself the Blood of the New Testament, or everlasting covenant. For that covenant was also a testament; and 'where a testament is there must also of necessity be the death of the testator. Besides, Christ as a Prophet taught us not only by word, but by example: and though every action of His life, Who came to fulfil the Law, be most worthy of our imitation, yet the most eminent example was in His death.

What an example was that of faith in God, 'to lay down His life that He might take it again;' in the bitterness of His torments to 'commend His spirit into the hands of His Father;' and 'for the joy that was set before Him, to endure the cross and despise the shame.' What a pattern of patience, meekness, and humility, for the 'Son of man to come, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many;' to be 'led like a sheep to the slaughter, and like a lamb dumb before the shearers, not to open His mouth;' to endure the contradiction of sinners against Himself, and to 'humble Himself unto death, even the death of the cross!' What an example of obedience, for the Son of God to 'learn obedience by the things that He suffered,' and to become obedient even unto death! What a pattern of charity, to 'die for us while we were yet sinners;' to pray upon the Cross for them that crucified Him, and to plead for such as barbarously slew Him, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!' Thus did Christ 'suffer for us, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps,' that as 'He suffered for us in the flesh,' we should 'arm ourselves likewise with the same mind.'

It was necessary also, that Christ should die, that by His death He might perform the priestly office. 'For every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God; that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins.' But Christ had no other sacrifice to offer for our sins than Himself. 'For it was not possible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins:' therefore said He, 'Lo, I come to do Thy Will, O God.' And because the sacrifices of old were to

be slain, and generally 'without shedding of blood there is no remission;' therefore, if He will offer sacrifice for sin, He must of necessity die, and so 'make His soul an offering for sin.' If Christ be our Passover, He must be sacrificed for us. We were sold under sin, and He Who will redeem us must give His life for our redemption; and thus 'we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son.'

Thus the death of Christ was necessary as the oblation, propitiation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world; and also, to assure us of the efficacy of that satisfaction; as it is written, concerning the sacrifices under the Law, 'How much more shall the Blood of Christ, who through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, cleanse our conscience from dead works?' Further, it assures us of the happiness flowing from it; for 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?' Upon this assurance, founded on His death, we have 'boldness to enter into the Holiest, by the Blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh.'

Again, there was another reason, in reference to His priestly office, why Christ should die. 'For in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren: that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest; and having suffered, being tempted, might be able to succour them that are tempted.' So that, passing through all the previous torments, and at last through the pains of death itself; having suffered all that man can suffer, He became, through His own experience, most sensible of our infirmities, most compassionate of our miseries, most willing and ready to support us under, and to deliver us out of, our temptations.

Lastly, there was a necessity that Christ should die, in reference to His regal office. It was not a vain thing that Pilate suddenly wrote—and resolutely maintained what he had written—'This is the King of the Jews.' That title on the Cross signified no less than that His regal power was active even then; for 'having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it; and through His death 'destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil.' Thus did the Spirit of Christ in the prophets of old 'testify beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. 'He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name.' 'For this end Christ both died and rose and revived; that He might be the Lord of the dead and living.'

'And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me!

'He left His Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite, His grace!)
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

'Long my imprisoned nature lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

'No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the Eternal Throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.'

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISHMAN IN INDIA.

BY CHARLES RAIKES,
SOMETIME COMMISSIONER OF LAHORE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAVELOCK.—THE SIKHS AND THE PUNJAB.

HAVELOCK, finding himself once again in cantonments, with only a life of regimental routine before him, set to work as in former days to teach the private soldiers of his regiment. His friends hinted to him that it was impossible for a man to be both saint and soldier at once, and that he would never obtain any worldly distinction so long as he would persist in preaching to his men. His answer was modest but firm. 'I humbly trust that I should not change my opinions and practice, though it rained garters and coronets as the rewards of apostasy.'

About this time he made an attempt to obtain the rank of major by purchase. This attempt failed, and he worked on at his regimental duty until Sir Hugh Gough, coming out as Commander-in-Chief, placed Havelock on his staff as Persian Interpreter.* He now had his usual good fortune in the matter of fighting, and soon found himself once again in the battle-field, taking an active part in a campaign against the Mahrattas. After the victory of Maharajpoor, head-quarters retired to the cool mountain-tops at Simla, and Havelock had a little rest.

* This appointment, be it remarked, was after all due, not to Havelock's long and eminent services, but to the solicitations of an influential friend.

In June, 1844, Lord Ellenborough was recalled. His successor, Sir Henry Hardinge, a Peninsular veteran, came out determined on a career of peace. But Broadfoot, who had been wisely chosen by the late Governor-General to take charge of our frontier on the north-west, bid him prepare for war; and Broadfoot was right, for war was inevitable, and such a war as British India had never seen before.

Here I must stay the thread of Havelock's history for a time, whilst I describe in few words the people with whom we were now about to strive for the mastery of India, and the country which they inhabit.

I remember, about the time when Broadfoot warned the Governor-General of impending war, whilst presiding at a rent audit dinner on behalf of an absent relation, I described a certain wonderful double shot that I had once made at antelopes.

'Antelopes!' said the farmer I was addressing. 'Antelopes! never heard tell of them birds in this country!'

There was a general laugh at poor Hodges' expense. Now, if instead of this veritable romance about antelopes I had told my friend that I had just come from the Punjab, and he had said, 'Never heard tell of the Punjab before,' nobody would have wondered. The people of England had seldom heard of the great country of the five rivers, or of the bold race of Sikhs who held sway therein.

Since 1845, however, the Punjab has left its mark plainly enough upon the history of our nation. Every well-instructed Englishman has heard of the great victories of Sobraon and Gujerat, of the great capitals of Amritsur and Lahore, and of the great monarch, Runjeet Singh. In some families the word Punjab calls up the flush of honest pride, as they point to honours fairly won in that distant field. In many English homes it is written over with mourning, lamentation, and woe, as the grave of husband, son, or brother.

The Punjab is so named from the Persian words, *Punj*, (five,) and *Ab*, (water.) It is the country of the five rivers, which, rising amidst the snows of Chinese Tartary, or cleaving the glaciers of the Himaleyeh mountain chain on the north-east, between the parallels of North Lat. 30° and 35°,* sooner or later join their streams near the town of Mithunkote with a sixth river, the Indus, as it flows boldly through Scinde to the Indian Ocean. These five,† or rather six rivers, then, form the boundaries of five large tracts of country. Each tract being bounded by two rivers, and called Doab, or two waters.

The traveller from Hindostan, say from Delhi, following the great line of rail and high-road from Calcutta to Peshawur, would enter the Punjab on crossing the Sutlej River, (at Philour,) and pass into the rich Julundur Doab. Thence, after leaving the Julundur cantonments, he

* 71° and 76° East Long., the centre being about the same as Cairo or New Orleans.

† Sutlej—Hesudrus of Pliny. Beas—Hyphasis. Ravee—Hydraotes. Chenab—Acesines. Jhelum—Hydaspes.

would cross the Beas into the Doab formed by that river and the Ravee, (Baree Doab,) the home of the Manjha, or mid-country Sikhs. Between the Beas and the Ravee he would pass first Amritsur, the commercial capital of the Punjab, with its population of some hundred thousand of souls, and then Lahore, the political capital, with almost as many inhabitants as Amritsur.

On leaving Lahore, still with his face to the north-western frontier, the traveller at once crosses the Ravee and enters the Rechnab (Ravee and Chenab) Doab. Crossing this tract, he comes through Goojeranwalla; and leaving the large cantonment of Sealkote on the right, reaches Wuzeerabad, and passes on to cross the bridge of boats over the Chenab river into the Chuch (Chenab and Jhelum) Doab.

Then passing through Jhelum, and crossing the river of that name, he comes to the Doab called Sinde-Sagur, and finds his course at last arrested on the left bank of the mighty Indus, where, near Attock, a tunnel is being made under that river to carry the traveller onwards to Peshawur. At Peshawur there is a commanding force stationed to guard the frontier of the British Empire from the rough tribes of Affghanistan.

It was by a journey the reverse of that which I have just been tracing that Alexander invaded India. And it is worthy of note, that the self-same policy which enabled him to fight his way down has enabled us to fight our way up to the Punjab. He was the first to lead a compact European army across this tract of country, and to train the men of Asia to conquer their own country and people. Alexander the Great was, in short, the first Sepoy General, and the Punjab was one of the scenes of his greatest success.

Such being the geographical features of the country, I must say a few words as to the climate. English people generally picture their cousins in India at all seasons sitting in white jackets, or no jackets at all, under the punkah, with their feet on the table, sipping *brandy pawnee*, and perspiring at every pore. This sketch may suit the latitude of Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, but will not do for Lahore. A stout overcoat and a blazing fire is as much wanted from November to March in the Punjab as in England. My house at Lahore, built by Sir John Lawrence, had two fire-places in drawing and dining-room. I have seen a shepherd in the month of March asleep on the ground, his black blanket covered with hoar-frost. In short, from October to May the climate of the Punjab is charming; to use my own words: (*Notes on the North-western Provinces of India*)—

We allow the physical privations and sufferings of cutcherry work, in the hot season, to be severe; but when the sun gives some respite, there are many enjoyments in store for the man of simple tastes and contented mind. Then is the time to sally out into the fields amongst the people. Amidst their villages, under the shade of the tent or mango grove, the wanderer may almost forget that he is in a strange land. India need

not, and cannot, rival England in our affections. We miss the hill and dale, the steaming pasture, the clear trout-stream, of our native land; still we may rejoice in the rural beauties of a less-favoured scene. The freshness of an Indian morning in the cold season may charm us, if only by contrast. 'Tis true we wake not to the carol of the thrush, nor to the voice of newly-wakened herds 'lowing across the meadow;' our morning dreams are not mixed up with the sound of the gardener's early scythe under our window. But, none the less, we wake to a glorious morn. The air is clear and frosty; the dew glistens on the broad fields of springing wheat and barley; all nature seems instinct with life and joy. A mixed sound—the shouts of the villagers watching their crops, or driving their cattle to the field, the barking of their dogs, the shrill cries of their children—come sweeping down the morning breeze; nearer still is the chorus of birds, amidst which, the plaintive silvery note of the dove rises ever clear and long. Man and horse seem alike inspirited by the fresh breath of the morning as we gallop along, throwing care to the winds. Mornings so passed, in exercise or rural sport, days under the trees or in the cheerful tent, the village people crowding round to claim our care and protection—time thus spent flies fast and well! Each day to see some old feud reconciled, some village strife composed, some benefit conferred upon a grateful people—yes; life in Upper India may be pleasant enough; at least from October to May, if not from May to October.

However, from the end of May to September the plains of the Punjab are furnace-like. The rains, which in other parts of India cool the air, are scanty and uncertain, and the atmosphere unsufferably hot, the very crows holding their beaks open in the vain hope of getting a little fresh air.*

The soil of the Punjab well repays the labour of the Jāt peasant, who with the aid of well-irrigation grows cotton, indigo, flax, wheat, and barley. In the dry season, the creaking sound of the Persian water-wheel may be heard all through the night. The salt-mines of the Sind-Sagur Doab are famous throughout Hindostan. The manufactures are not extensive; but the wrought silks of Mooltan, and the iron inlaid with gold of Sealkote, display both the taste and industry of the people. The strong cotton cloths of the Punjab are cheaper and more durable than those of Manchester. The noble plain which I have been describing, with an area of fifty-nine thousand square miles, and a population of some ten millions, is bounded on the north and east by mountain-ranges, which rise two and three miles into the air, and possess every variety of climate, and every kind of natural produce. Of these mountains I may say more hereafter. Now for a few words about the Sikhs.

* I have still my Indian thermometer marked at 87°. If my drawing-room was kept at this temperature in the north-west provinces by dint of wet mats of grass and machines called thermantidotes, I was content. But when I went to the Punjab, I was obliged to accept 90° as the hot weather standard.

In the early part of the fifth century the Scythian Getes (the Jāts or Juts of modern India) invaded the Punjab. From the banks of the Oxus and Jaxartes, from the regions west of the Indus, down came these military colonists, the most conspicuous tribe of ancient Asia from the days of Cyrus, and the most stalwart men of India at the present hour. These Jāts form the bulk of the agricultural peasantry of the Punjab. Many have become nominally Mahomedan; and they are to be found, some as Hindoos, and some as followers of Mahomed, on both sides of the Sutlej.

About A.D. 685, the Mahomedan invasions of India began, and the Punjab became for centuries the battle-field of Hindoos and Mahomedans, or the pathway for Caliphs, Turks, Persians, Affghans, and Mongul Tartars, on their way to Delhi, intent upon proselytism and plunder.

Amidst this tumult of arms, and from the very flame of persecution, arose the gentle voice of a poor Hindoo, calling upon both Hindoos and Mahomedans to forget their strife, and to adore the one Supreme Being.

Nanuk, the son of a Hindoo trader, was born in 1469 on the banks of the Beas. Leaving early the petty shop of his father, he led for some years a wandering or ascetic life. At length he returned home to preach alike to all the Lord of lords, the One God, the Almighty. Declaring that he had failed to find the Deity in the sacred books of either Hindoo or Mahomedan, he solemnly called upon all men to seek after the true God, to practise good works, and to seek the favour of the Almighty.

The earnest voice of the reformer was not without effect. Many followers, calling themselves Sikhs or Disciples, attached themselves to Nanuk and his simple habit of life. The sect thus founded by a Hindoo devotee was increased by masses of the agricultural Jāts. Guroo Gobind, a successor of Nanuk, set to work to found a kingdom of Jāts, devoted to arms, ever wearing steel, from Sikhs or Disciples, converted into Singhs or Lions, with flowing hair, and with the inspiring war-cry, '*Wah Guru jee ke Khalsa!*' or, 'Success to the State of the Guru!' ever on their lips.

In the eighteenth century, two hundred years after the death of Nanuk, we find the Sikhs as soldier-robbers, swarming in the country round Lahore and Amritsur. During the invasion of Nadir Shah, these rough Singhs played just the same part round Lahore which the Goojur and other robber tribes enacted round Delhi during the late mutiny. Gathering into small bands, they *looted* stragglers from the Persian army, and the wealthy citizens who fled from Nadir's approach; just as the Goojurs about Delhi, in 1857, plundered Englishman and Sepoy alike.

When the officers of the Mogul and the Affghans had abandoned the Sirhind and Lahore provinces, the Sikhs remained undisputed masters of the Punjab. Like the Saxons over England, like the Franks under Clovis over Gaul, so spread the Lion Warrior Sikh tribe over the

country of the five rivers. The Sirdars or chiefs gradually ranged themselves under twelve banners, and when not preying on their neighbours, fought amongst themselves. This state of things could not last long. A master-spirit soon arose in the person of Runjeet Singh, who conquered not only the twelve tribes of freebooters, but also the country, hill and plain, from the Sutlej to Peshawur. It was only the armed protest of the English that stopped this Lion King from seizing also the entire territory between the Sutlej and the Jumna.

Early in the present century, the English Government of India, alarmed at the grasping spirit of Runjeet, deputed to his court Mr. Metcalfe, whose negotiations, backed by a strong column of troops under the veteran Ochterlony, were successful.*

One incident, which came under the eye of Runjeet during Metcalfe's visit to his court, made a signal impression. It was the season when the followers of Mahomed celebrate with funeral pomp and procession, with beating of the breast and noisy lamentation, the Martyrdom of Husun and Hosein, the sons of Ali. Amongst the Sepoys who formed the escort of young Metcalfe were several Mahomedans, and they proceeded to enact the ceremonies of their religion with the usual noise and display. This was more than the Akalis, or Sikh fanatics, who always followed Runjeet, could bear. Hastily summoning a mob of their fellows, who swarmed round the sacred lake at Amritsur, where the camp happened to be, these sturdy fanatics fell sword in hand upon the handful of Sepoys. In a moment the trained native soldiers stood to their arms, and fired a volley into the Akalis, which sent them howling away. It is said that the Sikh King, who happened to witness this affair, then and there made up his mind. First, never to come to blows with the British. Secondly, to drill his own troops after the European method. For the remaining thirty years of his life Runjeet stood firmly to the resolutions thus hastily formed. And more than this; not only did he submit to the restraint which the English placed upon him, but was ever looking forward to their advancing power and influence.

'What,' said he to an English officer who opened out a map in durbar, (court,) 'what means this red line?'

'The red line, Maharajah, shows the English boundary.

'Ah,' said the monarch, with a sigh and an expressive nod. '*Sub lal hojuga!*'—It will all be red one day!

Considering that Runjeet was brought up merely as a rough soldier, and could neither read nor write, his power as an administrator was remarkable. By the force of his iron will, gentle manners, and natural genius for governing, he kept the most warlike people in awe, heaping up wealth, and enforcing submission in a state of society which had never been settled before. With few personal advantages—deeply scarred with the small-pox, small of stature, one-eyed—he yet presided with dignity

* See chapter xix. of The Englishman in India, vol. xxix. page 464.

over the most brilliant court in Asia. Dressed in a simple robe of white muslin, it was ever his delight to be surrounded by glittering retainers.* His durbar was crowded by noble-looking men, splendid in silks, satins, jewels, or armour, flanked by bands of Amazons, troops of Cashmerian dancers, and an imposing military staff. Judge of the power of Runjeet Singh in his prime, from his declining hours, when cherry-brandy, *hukeem*, (doctor,) alms, all failing alike, he sinks towards the grave! Speechless, almost without motion, see the dying monarch still rule the Punjab by signs to his courtiers. A turn of his finger to the south to ask news from the British frontier, to the west for news from Cābool. At last the old Lion is dead, but his influence is as strong as ever.

Observe his funeral obsequies. To the sound of wild melancholy music a procession advances across the plain of Lahore. The dead body of the king is borne along in a car like a ship, with sails of gold brocade. Four of his queens, in sumptuous apparel, with all the insignia of royalty, follow; behind them a troop of female slaves, some of them famous for their beauty. They form a *tableau* on the funeral-pile and round the body, which reposes in their arms. There is a pause—the heir to the throne steps forward with a torch in his hand. A blaze of fire-works, a crash of tomtoms, a scream, a shout, and all is over. In one sea of flame both the living and the dead are consumed.

A feeble prince ascended the throne; and in a few months the empire which Runjeet had so carefully built up began to crumble away. Princes, queens, generals, statesmen, one after the other fell victims to the blind rage of the army. Nothing remained but a military despotism. The unwieldy mass, fit only for mischief, and incapable of control, rushed blindly to its own destruction. Like some terrible engine, whose motive power remains after the guiding hand has been removed, this vast machinery threatened ruin all around. Specially dangerous was the force to those who attempted to restrain it. The surviving leaders had no choice, and were only too happy to launch this terrible power across the Sutlej. And so the Sikh myriads flung themselves on the British soil, and invaded our hitherto peaceful territory.

It was to meet this danger that Broadfoot now summoned the English chiefs. Hardinge and Gough hurried to the frontier, and Havelock found himself once again hastening to the battle-field.

(To be continued.)

* I add a few remarks on Runjeet. Like all of the Sikh race, no razor ever touched his head; and his appearance, in other respects mean, was rescued from insignificance by a noble beard, which reached his waist. Like other Sikhs, he eschewed tobacco, but made up for this privation, which is positively commanded, by a free use of opium and ardent spirits. Of cherry-brandy he was very fond, and his intemperance shortened his life. He was a regular merchant of shawls and salt, and although unlettered, could check long and complicated accounts. His passion for horses led him into more than one war; and at his death, thirteen hundred bridles were found in his treasure-house, ornamented with gold, silver, and even diamonds. Steinbach, an officer then at Lahore, computed the treasure left by Runjeet at eight millions of pounds sterling!

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO LXXIV.

THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.

THE Great Schism had lasted forty years. It may be remembered, that Philippe le Bel had in 1310 carried off the Roman pontiff and his court to Avignon; and that when, sixty years after, the Popes attempted to return to Rome, a party of the cardinals, who preferred Provence, elected one Pope, and the other cardinals held to another of Italian sentiments. Ever since that unhappy dispute, in 1378, there had been a Pope at Rome, and an Antipope at Avignon—the first acknowledged by Germany, England, Portugal, and all their allies; the second, by France, Scotland, Aragon, and all the countries of that party.

The uncertainty as to the headship of the Church had fatally relaxed the discipline of the clergy, since neither claimant of the Papacy durst enforce stringent measures, lest he should drive their object to espouse the party of his rival. On the other hand, the loss of half the revenues from the various countries of the Western Church had made the two Popes and their courts infinitely more grasping and needy; and the doubts, the jealousies, and intrigues, of the rivalship, lowered the whole tone and temper of the antagonistic clergy, so that especially at Avignon, the papal court seemed to be composed of the scum of the earth, and their conduct was a scandal to the whole Church. There had been, however, thus much gained—that the national Churches were resuming more independence and power; and the diffusion of learning was making the wiser and more thoughtful perceive that truth and morality were greater essentials to religion than superstition and pageantry. The displeasure at the flagrant abuses permitted and practised by the clergy, had broken out in England in the teaching of Wycliffe and the Lollards; and in Bohemia, John Huss and Jerome of Prague were extending the same doctrines. And at the same time, the really right-minded men among both lay and ecclesiastical princes were filled with anxiety, both to put an end to the schism, to set the discipline of the Church on a better footing, and to rectify the various abuses in each country.

The only means to this end was the convocation of a Council, as the Roman Church arrogantly called her synods; and vain attempts had been made for the purpose. In 1409 the cardinals of the two parties had been brought together, and had deposed both the rivals, electing a third; but as neither of the former ones chose to resign, there was only confusion worse confounded by rendering this a triangular controversy.

However, the cause was at length taken up by Sigismund of Luxemburg, Emperor of Germany. This prince was the grandson of the blind King John of Bohemia, and the brother of our good Queen Anne of

Bohemia. He was a second son, but had reigned from his early youth over Hungary in right of his wife, the heiress of that kingdom; while his elder brother Wenzel was Emperor of Germany, and there proved himself such a furious madman, as to be deposed, and confined to his hereditary kingdom of Bohemia. After his deposition, Rupert, the Count Palatine of the Rhine, had reigned for a few years, but dying in 1411, Sigismund had been elected. He voted for himself in these words, 'There is no prince in the empire with whose merits I am so well acquainted as with my own. I am surpassed by none, either in power or in the prudence with which I have ruled, whether in adversity or prosperity. Therefore do I, as Elector of Brandenburg, give my vote to Sigismund King of Hungary.'

As might be expected from this speech, Sigismund was a vain and shallow man; but he was full of spirit and activity, and considered himself called upon as emperor to reform the Church, and preside at the Council, like Constantine at Nicea. Even before he was crowned, he sent forth a memorial to all the sovereigns of Europe to propose a Council, to be held in his own dominions; and on the other hand, the Cardinals of Pisa were resolved on bringing their Pope, John XXIII., to the point, as probably they were ashamed of him, for he had been a pirate, and lived the most scandalous life. They would not permit him to enter Rome, declaring that he had only been elected on condition of holding the Council; and his bulls were therefore sent forth, summoning the whole Western Church to meet in the city of Constance. Sigismund himself was indefatigable in collecting the members of it, and travelled about Germany, and to Italy several times, before he even went to Aix-la-Chapelle to receive the crown of Germany.

In the meantime, John XXIII. had set forth, being conducted across the Alps by Duke Frederick of Austria, who promised to secure his retreat in case he should be deposed. It is said that his litter was upset, and that the Swiss peasants who came to help, were much amazed by hearing the Pope swearing like the pirate he had once been. However, the other two Popes were swearing nearly as much, only in the more decorous form of excommunications against anyone who should attend the Council; Benedict XIII. at Perpignan, and Gregory XII. at Rimini. On the 15th of October, 1414, John XXIII. rode into Constance with a canopy over his head; and a few weeks after, the Emperor arrived with his second wife, the Empress Barbara. On Christmas night the Pope celebrated the mid-night mass; and the Emperor assisted as a deacon, and read the Gospel, wearing the dalmatica and the imperial crown.

A few days after, he appeared in the Council, and made a Latin address to the members, saying, '*Date operam ut illa nefanda schisma eradicatur.*' One of the cardinals observed that *schisma* was neuter. 'I am King of the Romans, and above the laws of grammar!' returned Sigismund. The present Council consisted of three Patriarchs, thirty-three Cardinals, forty-seven Archbishops, one hundred and forty-five

Bishops—three being English, those of Salisbury, Hereford, and Bath—two hundred and twenty-four Abbots, one thousand eight hundred Priests, seven hundred and fifty Doctors of Theology; and besides these, the city and its suburbs were filled with the most motley crew imaginable. It was like a huge prolonged fair; and buffoons, mountebanks, and money-lenders swarmed. Encampments and booths spread on the shore of the lake, and the wild merriment of the scene was as unlike as possible to the solemnity befitting a synod of the fathers of the Church.

Thither too had come two very different persons, namely, Johann Huss, and Jerome Faulfisch, of the University of Prague, who had adopted and boldly preached doctrines like those of Wycliffe, with such success, that a large number of the Czechs of Bohemia were loudly entreating for a liturgy in the vulgar tongue, and for the Communion in both kinds. So fine an excuse did these opinions give King Wenzel of Bohemia for imposing fines on their holders, that punning on the name of Huss, which signifies a goose, he declared that he must take good care of the Goose that laid such golden eggs for him. However, Sigismund summoned Huss to the Council to give an account of his doctrine, and granted him a safe-conduct to come and go in safety; and trusting to this, Huss arrived at Constance two days before the Pope.

The representatives of the various nations were in such unequal numbers, with such a preponderance of Italians and French, that it was decided that each language should form a separate chamber. The French declared that there were four chief nations—Italy, Germany, France, and Spain, and that the lesser ones might be ranged as belonging to one or other of these; but the Englishmen stoutly objected to be thus disposed of. They said they had four kingdoms and five languages in their island, and made their cause good, so as to have a chamber to themselves, though there were only twelve of them present. However, the nations were thus described:—'The Germans are enduring as well as impetuous; the French boastful and arrogant; the English prompt and sagacious; the Italians subtle and intriguing.' Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury, was an exceedingly wise and upright man, and was called the Emperor's right hand. The northern party was considered to consist of the Germans, French, and English, and to be really desirous of reform; and they formed a majority which decided that the Council was superior to the Pope, true or false.

And now Sigismund was extremely busy and self-important in his negotiations with the three rival Popes; and he informed the Council that Gregory had engaged to submit himself to their decision, provided John XXIII. did not preside; and that Benedict had promised to come with the King of Aragon to Nice in June, to treat with him and the Emperor. John was in much anxiety, and bribed all who would attend to him to tell him of any plans against him, always giving them absolution for any oaths of secresy they might have taken. By these means he discovered that a memorial had been sent in to the Fathers of the

Council by some unknown person, supposed to be an Italian, accusing him of a tissue of the most horrible crimes, so shocking, that the English, German, and Polish Bishops had all insisted that it should not be published, on account of the scandal it would bring, not merely on Pope John, but on the Holy See. This so much terrified Pope John, that he sent secretly to desire Frederick of Austria to help him away safely; and in the meantime, tried to prevent inquiry by presenting himself to the Council with a voluntary confession, trusting to the maxim that a Pope can only be deposed for heresy, and promising to resign, provided the other two would do the same.

So, on the 2nd of March, he rose up and made a solemn oath to resign the papacy on these conditions; whereupon the Emperor rose from his chair, took off his crown, knelt down and kissed the Pope's feet, thanking him in his own and the Council's name; but though this promise had been given by word of mouth, it was very hard to get the same pledge from the Pope in writing; and just after it had been given, the Duke of Austria came to Constance, it was said, to do homage to the Emperor for his fiefs. But he owed a grudge to the Emperor for approving of the armed independence of the Swiss; and it was soon whispered in the Council that he was come to assist the Pope in escaping without resigning.

Hearing this, Sigismund set forth one evening to call upon the Pontiff, whom he found lying on his bed.

'Holy Father, how fares it with you?' said the Emperor.

'I am not well,' said John: 'this air disagrees with me, and I cannot endure it.'

'There are very pleasant and strong houses near this city of Constance,' said the Emperor, 'to which you may safely retire for your health. I am ready to accompany you wherever you may desire to go.'

John protested that he had no idea of leaving Constance till the Council broke up; but the next day, March 21st, the Duke of Austria gave a great tournament, and kept the lists himself till unusually late in the day; and the next morning the Pope was missing! There was a great tumult, the merchants and pedlars expected to be pillaged, and began to strike their tents and roll up their wares; but the Emperor, on horseback, with trumpets before him, went up and down the streets proclaiming, 'Fear not! Be at rest. Whoever wants to follow the Pope, may follow!'

It began to be understood that all was to go on as before; and by-and-by came a small letter to the Emperor, dated from Schaffhausen, and saying, 'We are here, thanks to Heaven, free and in good air; and we are come unknown to our son, the Duke of Austria, not with the intention of failing in our promise touching our resignation, but in order to accomplish it in freedom and good health.' At the same time, John ordered all his servants and all the bishops to come to Schaffhausen; but only seven cardinals complied with his request. It became known,

that while the tournament was going on he had escaped in a grey suit, as a groom, and had ridden down to the Rhine, whence he had been conveyed in a boat to Schaffhausen. Upon this, the Emperor and the Council decided that he had, in fact, abdicated; and they laid the Duke, his friend, under the ban both of Church and empire, absolving all his vassals from the oath of allegiance. Four hundred defiances were sent to Schaffhausen; and both Duke and Pope thought it high time to retreat, which they did on the wet night between Good Friday and Easter Eve. They rode to Lauffenberg, but thence were forced to retreat to Brisach, and there the loyal Tyrolese were ready to rally round their persecuted Duke; the Pope supplied him with large sums of money, and he might have made considerable resistance, but his spirit broke down, and he consented to deliver up the Pope, and submit to the mercy of Sigismund.

That theatrical Emperor made a grand scene of his submission. He convoked an assembly of the representatives of the four nations, German, French, English, and Italian, and made them a speech on the misdeeds of the Duke of Austria, and his present willingness to submit; but added, that having taken an oath never to make peace or truce with him, he (Sigismund) desired their opinion whether an accommodation could be made without perjury. They agreed, that having conquered the Duke, the Emperor might rightly receive the submission; and accordingly, four bishops were sent to bring in the Duke, who was led by his nephew, the Burg-graf of Nuremburg, and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Bavaria. The Duke thrice prostrated himself; and there was a silence till the Emperor demanded, 'What is your desire?'

'Most mighty King,' said the Burg-graf, 'this is Duke Frederic of Austria, my uncle; at his desire I implore your royal pardon, and that of the Council, for his offences against you and the Church. He surrenders himself and all his possessions to your mercy and pleasure, and offers to bring back the Pope to the Council, on condition that his person and property shall be inviolate.'

'Duke Frederic, do you engage to fulfil these promises?' asked Sigismund.

'I do; and humbly implore your royal mercy,' said Frederic with an unsteady voice.

Oaths were exchanged; and then the Emperor, in the utmost self-complacency, took his victim by the hand, and said to the Italian prelates, 'You well know, reverend Fathers, the power and consequence of the Dukes of Austria. Learn by this example what a King of the Germans can effect.'

Poor Frederic was very severely treated, and his dominions were so parcelled out, that he never recovered the blow all his life.

John XXIII. was at Ratolfred, a town in Swabia, where, on the 5th of May, a deputation from the Council brought him the acts of accusation against him, which he would not even read. Deserted by the Duke,

he had no farther hope, and said he only wished he was dead; he signed whatever was given him—and on the 29th of May was formally deposed, and shut up in the strong castle of Gottleben, near Constance. Soon after arrived the resignation of Gregory XII.; but the third Anti-pope, Benedict XIII., still held out, and the indefatigable Sigismund undertook to go and meet him and the King of Aragon at Perpignan.

First, however, Sigismund took part in the affair which most deeply stains both his memory and that of the Council of Constance. Early in Lent, John Huss had begun to perceive, that much as Frederic of Austria respected his safe-conduct to the ex-Pope, that of Sigismund to the preacher was not likely to be regarded; and he had tried to escape in a wagon of hay, but was overtaken and brought back to Constance, where he was put into close confinement in a noisome dungeon, and told he should not come out till he had paid the uttermost farthing. On the 4th of May, a session was held for the condemnation of the works of Wycliffe, from which forty-five articles were selected as heretical; and sentence was passed, that if his bones could be distinguished from those of the faithful, they should be disinterred, and cast to a distance from the Church burial-ground. This sentence was carried out, though not till 1428; and no one can forget the eloquent words of Fuller, after describing the 'ungraving' of the Vicar of Lutterworth, the burning of the bones, and throwing the ashes into the Swift, the little stream hard by. 'This brook hath conveyed his ashes to Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean—thus the ashes of Wicliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.'

Living bones were nearer at hand than the dead ones of Wycliffe; and the Council found it far easier to pursue with fury those whom their own lives had made to doubt of their doctrine, than to reform their own evil ways. John Huss was brought before the Council on the 7th of June. He attempted to speak, but such a clamour was made, that he desisted, saying that he saw the only purpose was to drown his voice. The articles of accusation were read, and were some of them so far twisted from their meaning, that he could not help smiling at them. The Emperor, however, sent for him in private, and told him that if he would submit to the authority of the Council, that out of regard to King Wenzel and Bohemia he should be safely dismissed. Otherwise Sigismund declared he would be the first to light the fire that should burn the heretic. John reminded him of his own safe-conduct, and declared he had come, not to persist in his errors, but to retract them if he were taught anything better. Argument was, however, not in the line of the Council, and there was no opportunity given to him of explaining what he had said, or of being convinced. Only, on the 6th of July he was again brought in, placed on a high seat before the Council, and silence was enjoined on pain of excommunication and two months

imprisonment; after which the sentence was read, condemning him to be burnt if he would not recant, or if he would, to be banished from Bohemia, and forbidden to preach.

The Emperor's safe-conduct was appealed to; but Sigismund answered that it had no reference to a heretic, with whom no faith was to be kept. Huss appealed more solemnly to our Lord in judgment, but his enemies called this appeal scandalous and illusive; and the next day, the 7th of July, the Bishop of Riga conducted him to the cathedral, where Sigismund sat in full state, and after a long sermon the sentence was read. Huss knelt down and prayed for his murderers. Seven bishops then degraded him from the priesthood, by taking from him each emblem of Holy Orders, and then, according to the fiction that the Church never punished with death, handed him over to the secular authorities, with the frightful words that they commended his soul to the devil!

'And I commend it to my Lord Jesus Christ,' he said.

A paper cap, half an ell high, with three devils painted on it, was set on his head, and he was marched out of the city, singing a hymn as he went. After he was bound to the stake, Louis of Bavaria offered him pardon if he would recant; but he replied, that he had neither taught nor written the things ascribed to him. The truth that he had taught he was ready to seal with his blood. The flame enveloped him, and words of constancy and faith were heard from within it to the last. The Duke of Bavaria stayed to see his ashes thrown into the lake, and his clothes burnt, that nothing might be kept by his disciples to serve as a relic. His disciple, Jerome of Prague, was brought up for examination; and some of the doctors called out, 'To the fire with him!'

'If my death is what you seek, God's will be done,' said Jerome.

'No, Jerome,' said good Bishop Hallam, 'it is not God's will that any sinner should die, but that he should be converted and live.'

At this time, gained perhaps by Hallam's influence, Jerome showed willingness to recant, and was therefore left alone for a time.

One good decree was, however, passed in this month of July, namely, the condemnation of Jean Petit's horrible doctrine of the lawfulness of slaying tyrants, which had been brought forward in defence of the Duke of Burgundy. This done, Sigismund, with four thousand horse, set off for his meeting with the only remaining Pope at Perpignan. With much difficulty the King of Aragon brought Benedict thither, and he inflicted on the Emperor and King a speech that lasted seven hours, in which he modestly requested that the Council of Constance should be annulled, and that he should only resign on condition of himself choosing his successor. Finding these terms not accepted, he pretended to think himself in danger, and fled to the Castle of Peniscola, which he called Noah's Ark, containing the only true Church.

However, even Spain deserted him, and agreed to acknowledge the Council; and Sigismund, greatly satisfied with this achievement, caused the adhesion of the three Kings of Castile, Aragon, and Navarre, to be

published at Perpignan on the Epiphany of 1416, in honour of the three kings, or wise men.

He then set off for Paris, with magnificent ideas of a general reconciliation, which he was to effect between Armagnacs and Burgundians, English and French, but he did not make much by this move; the Count d'Armagnac would make no concession, and Sigismund gave great offence by one of his theatrical acts of display. He was listening to a cause in the French parliament, which one party seemed likely to lose from not being a knight like his opponent—and by a sudden impulse, he seized his sword, and dubbed the man a knight. This was an interference with the rights of sovereignty of Charles VI., which ought to have been resented, had miserable France had anyone to resent it; and it was the more unbecoming in the Emperor, as the imperial rights were not clearly defined; and it was an old tradition that the Cæsar had power in other kingdoms. So when it was intimated that Sigismund meant to carry his busy efforts at peace-making to England, Henry V. was resolved courteously to make him know his place, and sent the Duke of Gloucester to meet him at Dover.

Before he could set foot on land, Humphrey and the Constable of Dover waded into the water, and told him that 'if he came as a mediator of peace they would receive him with honour due; but if as Emperor he challenged any supreme power, they must tell him the English nation was a free people, and their king depended on no monarch on earth, and they were resolved, in defence of the liberty of the people, and the rights of their king, to oppose his landing on their shores.

He answered politely, disclaiming all views of encroaching on English prerogatives, and was accordingly received with great distinction, conducted to Windsor, and on St. George's Day was made a Knight of the Garter. He attempted again to make peace; but in the midst of all the talk of treaties came the tidings that a French fleet was scouring the Channel, and threatening the Isle of Wight, and then blockading Harfleur by sea, while the Count d'Armagnac besieged it by land. An opposing force was at once fitted out to relieve the Earl of Dorset, who was holding out with a small and unhealthy garrison; and Henry would have gone in person, but the Emperor declared such an expedition was not of consequence enough to be led by a sovereign—a remonstrance that Henry would not have seemed likely to attend to, but courtesy to his guest, or perhaps unwillingness to leave this overweening busy-body to his own devices in England, induced the King to give up his purpose, and put his brother, John Duke of Bedford, in command.

Bedford, without the same spirit of enterprise, had much of the talent of his elder brother. He sailed on the 14th of August, and found a considerable French and Genoese fleet. The Genoese ships were a whole spear's length higher than the English, but all were taken by boarding except a few that ran up the Seine; the troops were landed, and the besieging army fled. Henry was at Smallhythe in Kent, super-

intending the building of some ships, when he received the tidings of this victory; and he immediately returned to Canterbury, where he had left the Emperor, and they jointly gave thanks for the success.

This attack of the French seems to have disgusted Sigismund, for he made a league of amity with Henry, acknowledging his 'just rights' to a considerable portion of France; and they went together to Calais, where they were met by the Duke of Burgundy, and it seems probable that they then obtained the promise of that prince to espouse Henry's cause for the future.

Sigismund then returned to the Council, having so much stirred up the English interest in the matter, that both archbishops, seven bishops, and four hundred other persons, set out for Constance.

In the meantime, Jerome of Prague had repented of his recantation; and retracting it before the Council, was sentenced to share his master's fate, and was burnt on the 30th of May, 1416.

After this act of barbarity, the Council seem to have done little for some months—whilst they were waiting for the return of the Emperor. The three Popes were now all disposed of; and the great desire of right-minded men was, that during the vacancy, certain reforms should be carried out which the Popes might not be able to interfere with. The chief of these reforms were decrees against simony, or traffic in presentations to the cure of souls, against indulgences, or selling the remission of so many years of purgatory, with many other abuses, which led to the chief revenues of the corrupt clergy, but caused horrible evils to the Church.

Had Sigismund been equal to his position, perhaps these might have been carried out; and he and the excellent Robert Hallam were united in their attempts; but they were no match for the intrigues of the cunning Italians, who chiefly profited by the venal practices complained of. Moreover, the voices of reformers who were not even separatists had been stifled in flame, without the shadow of an honest inquiry—and what chance of hearing both sides remained?

A curious letter to Henry V. is extant, describing the return of the Emperor on the 27th of January, 1416, with "your livery of the collar" about his neck, to the great satisfaction of all good Englishmen.

On the next Sunday, Sigismund was entertained with a mystery play, representing the Nativity, the Massacre of the Innocents, and the Epiphany, performed by the trains of the English bishops. It was the first taste the Germans ever had of dramatic performances; and the mystery plays still performed in Bavaria probably spring from thence.

The arrival of the fresh importation from home seems to have done no good to the cause of reform. Sharp dissensions broke out between the English; and moreover, their attendants seem to have been demoralized by the long residence in the corrupt atmosphere. A peremptory letter was sent by the King, calling them all to order; and after a year of

inaction and squabbling, Cardinal Beaufort himself arrived in the dress of a pilgrim, on his way to the Holy Land, in August, 1417.

Everyone was growing weary of the endless discussions and mutual abuse; and Beaufort, as a cardinal, and an ambitious and greedy one, was sure to take the side of the Papacy—not reform first and then Pope, but Pope first, and reform to take its chance. Good Bishop Hallam sank under his long and earnest struggle to purify his Church, and died on the 5th of September, 1417. He lies buried before the altar in the Cathedral of Constance, with an English brass above him.

The Germans, now that the only English cardinal had influenced his nation against them, were forced to give way, and permit the election of the Pope; and on the 11th of November, 1417, St. Martin's Day, an Italian cardinal was elected, who took the name of the saint. There ended all hope or chance of reform. The new Pope gratified each nation with a repression of the scandal that most mortified it, but avoided all real and stringent measures, and hushed up all the complaints; except in Bohemia, where the Hussites had broken out into a fierce rebellion, which so alarmed and enraged Wenzel as to cause his death. Nor was the Hussite spirit in Bohemia ever extinguished until the period of the reaction after the Reformation.

But while the Council was still sitting, the sight of the persecution there had stirred up Archbishop Chicheley to further zeal against the Lollards. In July, 1416, he put forth a command, that twice a year they should be sought out in every rural deanery, and that in each parish where suspicion of heresy existed, persons should be sworn to denounce those who were known to hold private meetings or read suspicious books. They were to be cited before convocation, and imprisoned or burnt. An act of parliament was likewise passed, requiring civil officers to take an oath to aid the bishops in suppressing heretics, and destroying their books and translations.

The persecution was then carried on—always, however, with the most vigour when the King was absent. A currier named Claydon, who could not read, was accused by his apprentice of having a book read to him on festival days, containing the Ten Commandments in English. What else the boy knew not, but his fellow-servant heard his master say he would not be without the book for three times its price. The book was 'The Lantern of Light,' and is said to have much in it that is sound and pious, together with much bitterness against the persecutors. Claydon had not heard the whole, but as he had once before been in trouble for Lollardism, this was sufficient to make him a relapsed heretic; and the accounts of the Sheriff of London mention the item of twenty shillings expended for the burning of John Claydon, skinner, and George Gurmyn, baker! The King was absent besieging Harfleur, and no ratification of the sentence by him has ever been found.

William Taylor, a priest, was accused of a relapse into heresy, on the evidence of a private letter to another clergyman, who denounced him;

and suffered death, but his doom was not completed in Henry's life-time. In fact, the Lollard trials during his reign were comparatively few; and there is every reason to believe that he exerted against them all the influence that could well be used by an ambitious young soldier, who had the weight of the whole Church authority against his humane wishes.

Perhaps if Henry had abstained from his attacks on France, and thrown the whole force of his clear head, strong sense, winning manner, and kindly heart, into the cause of truth—had he striven to do what Sigismund was disqualified for by vanity and shallowness—the Council of Constance might have been a blessing instead of a curse to the Church; and timely reform commencing voluntarily from above instead of beneath, might have prevented the schisms and disunions of the Reformation.

As it was, Henry, pious and conscientious as he was, let his clergy think for him, willingly accepted their sanction to his wars, knew as little as he could about their persecutions, and pursued his views on France until the time should come when he would have peace at home in England and France, and recover the Holy Land.

And thus good Bishop Hallam died, exhausted by his efforts for purity in the Church; Huss, and many another struggler for truth, perished in the flames; the ambitious and venal clergy prevailed, and hollow tranquillity was purchased at the cost of corruption ever increasing.

(To be continued.)

EARLY SCANDINAVIAN HISTORY.

(BY THE AUTHORS OF 'EARLY EGYPTIAN HISTORY.')

LETTER IX.—HAKON THE GOOD, PART II.

A.D. 937–961.

My dear Boys,

After the breaking up of the Spring Thing at Froste, Hakon had an interval of a few months untroubled with any question about sacrificing, for the next great national gathering did not take place till after harvest time. Then Earl Sigurd made a grand sacrificial feast at Lade, at which the King was obliged to be present. Earl Sigurd had always been celebrated for his magnificence at the public festivals, as his father, Hakon Griotgardson, had been before him. On one occasion, he provided the horses and other animals for the sacrifices at his own expense, and caused ale and food without stint to be distributed to all who attended the celebration. He was rewarded for his boundless hospitality by having a ballad written in his honour, of which Snorro has preserved a verse—

'No need of platter or of can
Have guests who seek that noble man,
Sigurd the Generous, who can trace
His lineage from the giant race;
For Sigurd's hand is bounteous, free,
The guardian of the temples he.'

When no magnificent temple guardian or other nobleman came forward to treat the people, it was customary for everyone to bring in his own can and platter a sufficiency of provisions to last for the time he stayed at the festival; while the sacrifices were provided for by contributions of horses, &c., made by the chief landowners of the district. The chief priest slew the animals on the temple altar; the blood he sprinkled on the worshippers and on the walls and floor of the temple, but the flesh was cooked and eaten by the landowners and their invited guests. In the evening of the days of sacrifice a large fire was lighted in the middle of the temple-floor, huge steaming kettles full of beef and horse-flesh hung over the fire, and round it the guests sat in a circle, handing each other hot goblets of broth and cups of mead across the fire; the presiding priest stood up in the middle, and dedicated each goblet or mead-cup before it passed round—To Odin for power; To Frey for plenty; To Niord for favourable winds and good seasons.

Hakon had hitherto always avoided being present at these orgies. While his nobles feasted in company in the temple, it had been his custom to take his meals alone in a little house or tent apart. This year, however, the people begged that he would not absent himself from their joyous gathering, but would sit on his high-seat in the temple, and partake of the good cheer, as Harald Fair-hair had always done. Sigurd assured the King that it was necessary for him to comply with the request, and Hakon reluctantly yielded. One can fancy how sickening the sight of the reeking altar and the blood-sprinkled revellers, and the meat offered to idols, must have been to one who remembered harvest thanksgivings in Christian churches in his youth.

Sigurd, as presiding priest, dedicated the first mead-cup to Odin, and handed it to Hakon, who hastily made the sign of the cross over it before he raised it to his lips.

'What does the King mean by that?' asked one of the bonders. 'Does he refuse to join in our sacrifice?'

'No, no,' answered Sigurd promptly, 'he is only doing as everyone does who prides himself on his strength—he is blessing the cup for Thor—by marking his hammer upon it.'

The excuse passed for that evening, but the next day the people were not satisfied with seeing Hakon drink the dedicated mead; they insisted on his also eating a piece of the horse-flesh, and this demand Hakon flatly refused to comply with. Then he must, at least, drink some of the horse-broth, they urged, knowing well that the eating of horse-meat was abhorred by all Christians as a peculiar mark of Paganism. Again

Hakon refused; and the bonders grew so angry, that they were ready to tear him off his high-seat, when Sigurd once more interposed as peace-maker between them. He told the people that, though Hakon could not make up his mind to eat the meat or drink the broth, he would prove his willingness to adopt their customs, by leaning over the kettle, and tasting the steam that rose from the meat. Having thus quieted the clamour among the revellers, he persuaded the King to approach the fire, and make a show of acting on his suggestion. Hakon did indeed put his mouth to the handle of the great cauldron, and seemed to be inhaling the steam; but as the people who stood near him perceived that he held a handkerchief up to his mouth all the time, they went away very far from satisfied with his conduct.

He was, no doubt, far more dissatisfied with it himself. How he must have despised his own weakness, and hated the thought of what he had done, when he left Lade after that harvest feast was over!

The next meeting which Hakon had to attend was the great Yule feast, held at Möre, now by his contrivance celebrated on the holiest and happiest day of all the year to Christians. I think he must have been sorry that year for the change, and wished that this enforced participation in heathen rites could have occurred at any other season. The determination of the people to force their king to take part in the sacrifices was stronger than ever at the Yule-tide gathering. Eight bonders had made an agreement together to root out Christianity from the land; and as a preliminary step, four of them had sailed round by Drontheim on their way to Möre, and burnt the churches Hakon had built on the coast, and put all the priests in them to death. With so strong a party against him, Hakon was still less able to resist the will of the multitude than he had been on the former occasion. By Sigurd's aid he avoided actually performing the sacrifices, but he sat in the temple all the days of the feast, drank all the dedicated goblets that were offered to him, and even permitted a few morsels of the abhorred horse-flesh to pass his lips.

He was very angry with the rebellious bonders and the clamorous people, who had forced this indignity upon him; and when he rode away from Möre, he told Earl Sigurd that he would never meet the bonders of the Möre and Drontheim districts again till he could bring such a force behind him as would enable him to punish them for their bad conduct towards him at the three last festivals. All through the winter he remained absent from his capital; and in the spring he began to collect an army, with which, it was said, he meant to make war on the eight conspiring bonders. However, while the destination of his force was still uncertain, news reached him that Eric's sons had landed in Viken, and were plundering the whole country round, and that several of the earls of the eastern districts had declared in their favour. Hakon sent the evil tidings on to Earl Sigurd at Lade; and when the Möre and Drontheim people understood that they were really in danger of

losing their good king, and having a son of Eric's in his place, they repented of their discontent, and hastened to his aid; the eight conspirators being foremost in raising troops, and showing their zeal for Hakon's cause. The opportune invasion saved the country from a civil war. Eric's sons were defeated and driven from Norway, and the ill-will between Hakon and the bonders does not appear to have risen up again. I suppose that each party yielded something to the other. Hakon gave up trying to instruct the bonders in Christianity, and they abstained from forcing him to attend Yule festivals, and drink goblets of horse-broth against his will.

There was sufficient peril from foreign foes during the latter years of Hakon's reign to leave him little leisure to think of further internal reforms. No summer passed without a descent on some part of the coast by Eric's turbulent sons at the head of a Danish army, and the country-people could neither sow their lands nor reap their harvests in peace. They grew so apprehensive, that they took every unknown sail that approached the coast for one of Eric's son's ships, and were constantly lighting the signal piles Hakon had caused to be raised along the shore, without cause. So much inconvenience resulted from these mistakes, that Hakon was obliged at last to inflict severe penalties on everyone who gave a false alarm. Between fear of punishment and fear of pirates, the country-people must have had uneasy lives in those days, and they do not appear to have acted in the matter of the watch-fires very judiciously. Hundreds of times the beacons blazed on the hill-tops when they were not needed, carrying dismay into all hearts through the length of the land; and twice, when they would have been of the greatest service, no one had presence of mind to fire them. Eric's sons succeeded twice in landing their forces before any alarm was given.

On the first occasion, Hakon, who chanced to be in the neighbourhood of the place where the Danes had landed, marched to meet them with a small force he had with him, and, by means of a clever stratagem, succeeded in driving them back to the shore, and in capturing several of their ships, without any great loss to his own band.

The second invasion occurred when Hakon had reigned twenty-three years, and had much more serious results. Hakon was in guest-quarters that spring, at a place on the coast called Stord; and one evening, when he was sitting down to supper with his attendants and several of the bonders of the neighbourhood, the coast-watchmen observed a fleet of strange ships sailing up the fiord. 'Shall we tell the King, and fire the beacons?' they said one to another; but Hakon had so often been angry with people for giving false alarms, that no one liked to be the first to stir in the matter. At length, a coast-guardsman went into the house where the King was feasting, and called one of the company, a bonder, named Eyvind Finnson, to come out and look. He was a resolute and clear-sighted fellow, and it did not take him long to make up his mind what was before him; he perceived at once that a

strong band of Danish pirates was rapidly approaching the shore, and that there was no time to lose. He ran back into the dining-hall, stood straight before the King, and called out,

'Short is the hour for acting, and long the hour for feasting!'

'What's in the wind now?' said the King, looking with surprised eyes at his face.

'Up, King,' said Eyvind, 'the avengers are upon us; Eric's sons are close to the shore! I know it's no light thing to bring war tidings to you, but I hold your honour dearer than life, and I say to you, up, and be ready!'

'You are too brave a fellow to bring false alarms, Eyvind,' the King answered; and he gave orders for the supper-tables to be taken away, while he went out himself to look at the ships. There could be no mistake about them now; they were Danish war-ships, clearly enough, a great fleet, apparently well manned, already approaching the shore.

Hastily summoning his little band of soldiers round him, Hakon put the matter before them. 'We are but a few men,' he said, 'and it is plain to see that we shall have to fight a greater army than has ever come against us hitherto. Shall we get into our ships, and slip away northwards before these fellows come in? or shall we stay and fight it out with them?'

No one was in a hurry to answer the King, but at last Eyvind spoke. 'It does not become us to fly northwards when Harold Ericson comes sailing from the south. Let us take shield in hand, King!'

'That's manly counsel after my own heart, Eyvind,' said Hakon; 'but I will hear what the others say.' The others, perceiving now on which side the King's wishes lay, declared unanimously that they were ready to fight, and would scorn to fly for a few Danes more or less; and Hakon thanked them for their resolution, and bade them arm at once. He himself girded on the good sword Quernbiter, which his kind foster-father Athelstane had long ago sent to Harald Fairhair, took spear and shield and a shining golden helmet, and called to his side one or two of the bravest of his men, whom he instructed to follow him closely in the coming fight. Gallant Eyvind was foremost among these, and next to him Thorer the Strong, whose sword Footbreadth rivalled Quernbiter.

When all were ready, Hakon led his small band to a rising ground overlooking the shore, and there awaited the approach of the enemy. At the moment of meeting—was it a paroxysm of the old Berserk rage that came over the Christian Hakon? or was he seized with a fit of weariness of the life he had failed to make worthy? we cannot tell—but suddenly, in sight of all his followers, he flung aside his coat of mail, cast shield and spear behind him, and with bare breast, Quernbiter flaming in his hand, and his golden helmet shining on his head, he threw himself impetuously into the midst of the foe. Thorer, wielding Footbreadth, however, maintained a place by his side, and brave Eyvind Finnson

was never far behind him. Dreadful slaughter made these three among the Danish forces. Helmets split like ice, iron coats of mail divided like water, before the blows of their wide-sweeping swords. The King's golden helmet, shining in the sun, made him the mark for every arrow; and he had neither shield nor coat of mail to protect him, yet he received no wound. Once Eyvind Finnson put a cap over the shining helmet; and the discomfited Danes, losing sight of their most formidable foe, rallied for a time. 'Does the King of the Norsemen hide himself? or has he fled?' cried a chief tauntingly. 'Come on, as you are coming, and you will find him,' answered Hakon, striking down the boaster with one sweep of Quernbiter as he spoke. This sight spread dismay through the Danish army. The men turned and fled in disorder down the hill to the shore, and Hakon and his followers pursued hotly after, making so great a slaughter among the fugitives, that the strand was strewn with heaps of corpses. Many, who escaped the swords of the Northmen, perished in the sea as they attempted to swim to their ships.

The triumph of the Norwegians was complete; but as Hakon was pursuing the last band of fugitives along the shore, a little shoe-boy of Queen Gunhild's suddenly took it into his head to have one more shot at his foes before he plunged into the water to swim to his ship. 'Make way for the King-killer,' he cried, pushing a clear space for himself among pursuers and pursued. Then an arrow flew from his bow-string, and struck deep into Hakon's arm, a little below the shoulder. Thousands of arrows had been flying about him all day without being able to reach him; but that last one of the little shoe-boy's had his death-warrant written on it. He did not know at first how fatally he was wounded. He was carried on board his ship, had the arrow extracted and the wound bound, and ordered his men to row him to a house he had at Alrekstad, a little way north of Stord, where the battle was fought. But the wound, though bound, would not cease to bleed; and before evening came, or the end of the voyage, Hakon felt that his strength was ebbing fast. His men put in to shore, and carried him to a little hill, named afterwards Hakon's Hill. Here he called his friends about him, and told them what he wished to be done with regard to the kingdom. Having no son—only a daughter Thora, who could not succeed to the throne—he charged his attendants with a message to Eric's sons. They would be kings over the country when he was gone, and he besought them to treat the friends who had been faithful to him with respect and honour. He did not wish to be king any longer, he added; and even if he recovered from his wound, he was determined to leave the country, and go to some Christian land, where he could do penance for all the sins he had committed against God; if he died, he told them they might bury him as they liked, for since he had lived like a Heathen he was not worthy of anything but Heathen burial. His faintness increased as he finished speaking, and a few minutes afterwards he died.

There was very great sorrow all through the land when the news of his death was spread about. Hakon the *Good* people began to call him then, remembering his wise laws, his just actions, his good will towards everyone, and his condescending ways. They gave him a great Heathen burial, laying him in his grave-mound in his kingly dress, with his good sword in his hand—as Heathen warriors liked to lie—and celebrating the funeral with all the sacrificing and feasting on horse-flesh that had been such a trouble to him while he was alive. A scald, too, recited a long poem over his grave, in which he described to the people how, in spite of his Christianity, Hakon's soul had gone straight up to Valhalla—how Odin had welcomed him, and appointed him a seat next himself at the endless feast—and how Bragi had introduced him to his eight brave brothers—sons of Harald Fairhair—who, like himself, had died sword in hand, and won high seats in Odin's banqueting-hall. The Christian priests sent from England had been slain long ago, you know; so there was no one standing by the grave to wish better wishes than these, or breathe a Christian prayer for the soul of Athelstane's godson.

(To be continued.)

COMPARATIVE DANISH AND NORTHUMBRIAN FOLK LORE.

(BY THE REV. J. C. ATKINSON.)

CHAPTER VIII.

ELLE FOLK.

Let us now select an instance or two, illustrative of the popular belief in the Elf-people, their characteristics, and their doings. The first is from the district of Rønnebecks-holm, near Nœstved:—

'Old Peter Hendrick relates how, in his youthful days, when he was in a farm-place in the village of Rønnebeck, he had one day to go out to the forest to mow some grass. It was about Midsummertide, and two servant lasses were his companions in labour. It was in the south-east corner of the forest, close by the moss called Olsö Crook, that his work lay; and when he had disposed of the meat he had taken with him, about noon, he lay down at full length to get a nap if he could. The two girls also seated themselves a little back from where he lay, and so rested. But before ever he closed an eye, he saw all at once a female come out of the alder-brush on the moss, stop in front of him, and beckon to him with her hands. The lasses cried aloud to him, "Peter, do you see that?" But he shouted out, "Be off with you, I say, be off!" And the moment he so spoke, the Elf-woman turned

about and disappeared among the brush. At the same moment, however, there pealed a sharp thunder-crack, which rattled for all the world the same as if a planked wagon were driven quickly over a rough stone pavement. Peter Hendrick tells how the Elf-wife was mighty handsome to look at in front, and she was dressed in bright gold, which flashed and glanced in the sun; but when she turned about, her back was all hollow, and sorely misshapen, and as black inside as a grimy pot. He reckons it was a bit of strange good luck that he didn't go and join her and take her hand, for in that case he must have gone with her, whether he would or no. He also tells a story, how, when he was a young man, it befell a chap called Rasmus Hansen, who lived out at Myrup. He, Rasmus, was one day out in the meadow, near the turf-moor, busy mowing, and, while out there at his work, there came an Elf-woman straight before him, and beckoned to him to join her. No sooner had he come towards her, than she caught hold of his hand, and away they went, farther and farther, over meadow and moor. And Rasmus Hansen says that he danced with the Elf, his companion, again and again, and yet again; and that he had no recollection of anything except hearing never-ceasing music, and dancing with the Elf-woman hand in hand, and round and round, without stopping. What he had to sustain him, he knew no more than the dead. But it so chanced one day, when he was no great way off Myrup, the Elf-woman let go of him, and so he went to his home. That was three weeks from the day when he went to cut grass in the meadow, and in that space he had become so thin and emaciated, that it was scarcely possible to recognize him.'

The next is from Öland. An old lady relates as follows:—'My father was a man noted for his understanding; but he was a little inclined to take a drop too much, (literally, "to take a tiny tear atop o' the thirst.") At that time the Elf-folk were still in the country; but now no one ever hears a word about them. The women, to look at, were the handsomest maidens conceivable. They wore gold circlets on their heads, and, in a word, had the gay appearance of brides on their bridal day; but behind, they were as hollow as a dough-tub! The men wore glittering belts about their body, and hats on their heads. On one occasion my father and mother went from Easterby to Westerby to be present at some *gilde* or feast. When it came to going home at night, it wasn't too easy to get my father to stir his pegs, and he had lots of inclination to take plenty of time; but my mother hastened him all she could, and got him to move off a little faster with her, for she was *synsk*,* and had caught sight of a whole troop of *Elle-folk;* and

* *Synsk* is explained by Molbeck as qualifying a person 'who has or thinks he has visions,' or the power of seeing things not visible to other people. In these Danish legends there are many persons referred to as possessing this endowment or faculty: in some cases it enables them to see Nisses, in others, the Elves; and in others still, the Dwarfs or Trolls. Legendary opinion in Funen expressly attributes this property

it was a terribly near thing, when the Elf-people stopped and looked fixedly * at anyone, that they did not at once join company with them. However, she got my father on along with her, though the Elf-folk followed them right up to their own door. In sprang my mother in a twinkling, and caught hold of a knife and stuck it in between post and door: for she had heard that that was the way to deprive the Elves of their power. And from that day forth never again did they offer themselves to her notice.'

Again, another tale from Öland. 'There was a man in the island, he "knew a little more than his Our Father," and besides that he was *synsk*. One day he went out into the forest, and a woman with him. In the forest he fell in with a number of Elf-women, who would fain have got him to associate with them. But, inasmuch as he was tolerably wide awake, they could not rightly get any power over him. The woman saw well enough that he was in a sort of fix—the Elf-women, however, she could not see, for she was not *synsk*. The Elf-folk continued to harass and solicit the man right up to his own door. Once there, he rushed in, slammed the door in their face, took a book down from the shelf, and set himself to read, so grimly, that the perspiration streamed down upon the book. And thus the Elf-people no longer had any power at all over him.'

The next extract, from a collection appertaining to the Sorö district, presents a picture that is somewhat new, both in respect of materia details, and in those of disposition and action. The *Elle-frue's* usual style of dress is a dark blue skirt, with a light blue apron over: on their head a brown hat, with a light blue under-cap. But the hats are not

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to those who are born on a Sunday: 'they are able to discern all supernatural beings and their doings;' and besides that, the Trolls are not able to affect them in any way, to their hurt or otherwise. This last feature peeps out in more than one of the legends given in the text.

There is also in Northumbria a notion still existing, and embodied in the term 'Sunday-bairn,' that a person born on the first day of the week can see more than others. But, besides that, there are certain plants which have the virtue of making things and beings that would otherwise have remained unseen fully visible to such as have a portion of them anywhere about their person. Thus:—'Many years ago, a girl who lived near Nether Witton, as she was returning from milking with a pail on her head, saw the fairies playing in the fields, and though she pointed them out to her companions they could not see them. The reason, it seemed, was her *weise*, or pad for bearing the pail on her head, was composed of four-leaved clover, which gives the power of seeing fairies.'—*Keightley*, p. 310.

The same belief as to the possession, and even the attainment by certain specified observances, of the power or faculty expressed in the word *synsk*, exists also in Sweden; and several plants have the virtue of imparting it in a greater or less degree; among others, the self-same four-leaved clover named above.

* Here, in Cleveland, as will be more fully noticed by-and-by, looking fixedly at beings of the Elf order—the Will o' the Wisp, for instance—gives them an irresistible power of attraction over the gazer.

fashioned like those at present worn by the well-to-do yeomen's wives, but is twofold, like those which used to be worn two generations ago. 'Several years since, a young person gave birth to a child in secret, and she concealed her baby in an alder-ground, which lay not far from the house where she was in service. It was her wont to slip out once every day to see after the poor little infant; but she always found everything as nice and clean and fresh as could be. That was because the Elf-women had taken the bairn in charge. When matters had gone on thus more than a year, the Bonder and his wife chanced to notice the circumstance that the girl never missed going out for a bit every day, however throng with work she might be. So one day they watched her out, and, following in her steps, found her seated on an alder-stub, and nursing her little one. The good old couple felt their heart soften over the child, and they took it home as their own; though all the neighbours cried out on their folly, as, always when the Elf-folk had had the first part in the nurture of a child, it was sure to turn out ill. However, they held firm to their purpose, and the child grew up both strong and good: and it was the mother herself who gave this account, and vouched for its truth.'

The next tale is so circumstantial, and so picturesque in its simplicity, that it would be a pity to abridge it. It is told by an old lady at Magleby, in the Stevns district. 'Three years before *Margrete Per Michaels*—Margret, the daughter of Peter Michaelsen—was confirmed, I was servant with her parents at that same time. She went down to Boel Jœger's* to fetch milk. As she was coming back with a pitcher of milk and a stone bottle full in her hands, she was passing along the Lady-causeway—nay, in good sooth, she had almost reached the Black Runnel—when there came a great female, with a black cap on her head, and such long fingers! My! how she worked them and twined them about! At first she was of the bigness of a man, but she became bigger and bigger, and always bigger! Margret went on her way, though, and she had just got to the Runnel—it is very deep there—when she felt the long fingers on her shoulder, and saw them too. And in a moment she was flung down into the Runnel, and the leaves rustled and shook on the tree-tops, and Boel Jœger's dog howled. And next she was thrown up on to the other side; but the figure now had become like a black cow, it being just the time when the sun was on the down-slide. When, at last, she reached her home, which was not very far the other side of the forest, the cork was out of the bottle, and half the milk spilt out of the pitcher; and she was a little strange for three years. Her confirmation came then, and she was able to read nicely. But one day, when the cherry trees were in flower, she gathered all the blossoms she could reach, and went in and read in her Psalm-book. Of course, we noticed how she went on; and afterwards she took to her bed, and lay there nine days. But on the ninth night, while her

* Literally, 'Boel the Huntsman.'

father watched by her bed, there came and stood a little man by the foot of the bed: he had a blue jerkin and white breeches on: it was just midnight, and the maiden slept quite calmly. And while she still slept, he took himself off. Now that was a piece of good-fortune, indeed; for, the day after, there came one who said, that if she hadn't been asleep, as she was, she would have been carried off, and no one ever have set eyes upon her again. For that was an *Els*, who wanted to have her, and would have had power to take her, because some blunder had been made in the act of baptising her. After this, when I had to go out with her and the other bairns to gather firewood in the forest, she was always missing. When we called of her, she cried in reply, 'Here I am!' but it was always near the Black Runnel that we found her; so that at last I said, "I'll have Margret with me no more." She's only *awvish* (elvish, half-witted,) to this day.'

Our last selection is from the stories gathered at Tingsted in Falster. 'There are many Elf-mosses in this township, and Elf-folk are especially to be fallen in with in Hannenov Forest and Oak-moor. In the forest just named they are a cause of much risk to the folks about, for they try all they can to lead them astray and bewilder them; and they are pretty sure to get their will too, except folks chance to have their bit of May-Rowan-tree with them, and keep it in their mouths. But when one has become bewildered, there is no way of setting himself right, unless he plucks off his jerkin and turns it inside out. There are many persons about who have seen the Elf-folk in the mosses, leaning with their backs against a tree or stub—of course, an alder tree. If anyone can catch one of them in this position, and asleep, and has an old Psalm-book handy, and can clap it beneath her chin, he gets power over her, and can force her to make him foresighted. Mother Telse, who lives at Taaderup, managed this one day, it is said. But people also say that she "knows a little bit more than just her Our Father;" —nay, some even hint that she is a witch. Anyway, she is known to have a "Cyprianus," (or Seperianus; a book of magic,) and some will have it that it was no Psalm-book, but her Cyprianus, she placed under the Elf-woman's chin. In the Oak-moss, too, these malicious beings have a practice of shooting at the cattle, which are therefore said to be "Elf-shot," or "Earth-shot." When struck, or "shot," they become stiff, and surely die unless speedy help is at hand. The quickest and surest remedy consists in driving the beast up out of the moss, and firing a shot over it. But care must be taken to fire from over the head in the direction of the tail. However, the risk is wont not to be great, if only people, the first time the cattle go out to grass, are careful to lay an axe at the cow-house door, so that in going out they have to pass over it.'

There is another class of legends, singularly wild and picturesque in their details, and which will be noticed at length by-and-by; one of which, however, from its introduction of Elf-women in another character

—no longer that of the shooters but of the shot, of the 'game'—I feel myself induced to insert here.

'There is an apparition, or supernatural being, called *Gaden*, and which makes its appearance on Holy Three Kings' Eve, (the Eve of the Epiphany.) And wherever, in a house or in a yard, there are three doors all in a line, giving egress to a road, and these doors stand open on the said eve or night, the *Gade* comes as sure as possible, and rides through them. He and his horse are like glowing coals, and he is always fell in the pursuit of Elf-folk. A good many years ago there lived a bonder at Wolfslöv, who had a large moss attached to his farm, which moss was badly haunted by Elf-people. In his garth there happened to be three doors exactly such as those just now mentioned, and through them the passenger came on to the highway. It so happened that one Holy Three Kings' Eve, these three doors all stood open. The man himself was out, and when he came home, and would have gone in through the outer gate, to his extreme terror he beheld the *Gade* coming out right opposite him. He was all like glowing fire himself, and rode on a fire-like horse. When he came up to the man, he inquired if he could say where there were any Elf-women? "Ay," says the man, "down in the great moss there are two." Off rushed the *Gade*, and the man was fain enough to run into the garth. But, at the same instant, he heard two reports, and before he had won inside the gate, back rode the *Gade* to him with two dead Elf-women hanging across the horse. "You must have a trifle for your trouble," said he to the man. The man held his hat, and the Gaden chucked a handful of coins into it. But they were red hot, and burnt their way through the hat in a moment, and fell to the ground. The man was about scared to death, and half out of his senses; but, when he came to himself a bit, he saw the pieces of money lying on the ground at his feet. By this time they had cooled, and on taking them up he saw they were silver crowns. He told this story himself to his own children, and he was always held to be a very truthful man.'

To turn now to the attempt to illustrate the foregoing from Northumbrian sources. It must at once be admitted that it is a matter of exceeding difficulty, speaking generally, to identify the Elf proper—the Elf as distinguished from the Dwarf—in the tales or traditions which go to make up North England legendary lore. The confusion, which even in Scandinavia has begun to creep over and involve the once quite separate persons and characters of Elf and Dwarf—and the practical effect of which has been first to render indistinct the natural sharpness of outline, and tone down the colours and the very features themselves, of two images or figures, originally quite separate and readily distinguishable, and then to blend the two into a single one of vague figure and proportions, and undefined or uncertain detail—has gone far further in North England. And it is scarcely possible, even

with the most delicate manipulation, and the most careful application of restoring processes, to make out which portions of the blurred and confused image, as yet apparent on the canvas, are due to the figure and features of the Elf, and which to those of the Dwarf.

True it is, that here and there a shred of costume, or a suggestion of personal peculiarity, under careful treatment and steady examination reveals itself to our notice; but they are but shreds and suggestions after all. It has happened to many an old family portrait—after such artistical remodellings by a country painter, as painting out the powdered peruke and painting in a fierce moustache, exaggerating the nose, and putting more colour upon the cheeks—to do duty as the sign of a village inn. Swinging, when thus 'hung,' through summer sun and winter's winds and rains and snows, even the new colours—and laid on with little economy as they were—have faded, and grown, so to speak, more and more transparent, until, at last, a kind of whimsical dissolving view, with the dissolution remaining incomplete, and permitting many features of each separate slide to be seen in their several distinctness, has been the result. The case of Northumbrian Fairy mythology proper is one that is, in some particulars, and to some considerable extent, more or less analogous. The case of modern English Fairy Mythology —that is to say, as it comes before us from the hands and treatment of such artists as Shakspeare, Drayton, and others—may, with no very startling impropriety, be likened to the faded sign-board, with its dissolving-view character, taken in hand and re-painted, by a true artist, with yet a third figure in new and brilliant costume; and yet, so as to permit traits and recollections of each preceding figure, and its own peculiar accessories, to remain discernible below the new portrait.

Thus, as such shreds of costume or suggestions of personal identity, as regards the Elf, especially as taken in connection with our Danish relations, the following may be named—'Awfshots.' I quote from an authority which is only not a home authority, or belonging to Cleveland proper; namely, 'A Glossary of Yorkshire Words used in Whitby and its Neighbourhood.' 'Awfshots:—fairies are said to shoot at cattle with small arrows headed with flint; hence those numbers are to be accounted for which are found in the ploughed soil. . . . To cure an *awf-shotten* animal it must be touched with one of the *shots*, and the water in which one of them has been dipped must be administered.' It seems almost a pity the author should have dragged in the word 'fairy' here, when 'awf,' the good honest Yorkshire translation of Danish *Elle*, English 'Elf,' would have done as well or better. But still it is suggestive: under the portraiture of modern Fairy, peep out, not indistinctly, the lineaments of the Elf proper.

But to go further north than North Yorkshire: 'Cattle,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'which are suddenly seized with the cramp, or some similar disorder, are said to be *Elf-shot*; and the approved cure is to chafe the parts affected with a blue-bonnet. The triangular flints,

frequently found in Scotland, with which the ancient inhabitants probably barbed their shafts, are supposed to be the weapons of Fairy resentment, and are termed *elf-arrow-heads.*' 'Elf-arrows,' in Aberdeenshire; 'Elf or Fairy-stones,' in Berwickshire; 'Elf-arrow-heads,' in Banffshire; 'Fairies' arrows,' in Caithness; 'Elf-shots,' in Scotland; 'Elf-arrows,' in Ireland.'

Nor was it only the brute that was supposed to suffer from the archery of the Elves. 'Elf-shot' is explained by Jamieson as meaning also 'Disease, supposed to be produced by the immediate agency of evil spirits.' Place side by side with this, the following from the Landnamabok; —'The arrow, (or shot,) lit upon Thorarinn, and he went distraught.'

Yet another lingering trait, or simple suggestion of general likeness. In a note, the compiler of the 'Statistical Account of Kirk-michael,' says, 'Notwithstanding the progressive increase of knowledge and proportional decay of superstition, these beings—that is, fairies—are still supposed by many of the people to exist in the woods and sequestered valleys of the mountains, where they frequently appear to the lonely traveller clothed in green, with dishevelled hair floating over their shoulders, and with faces more blooming than the vermeil blush of a summer morning. At night, in particular, the wandering enthusiast is frequently entertained by their music, more melodious than he ever before heard.'

Yet another, of Cumbrian origin, and put into tedious doggrel by a 'Cumbrian minstrel.' A countryman, who had been to the mill for a bag of oatmeal, hears, as he plods his heavy way homewards, ravishing music, which evidently proceeds from a 'clay-built cottage' near a wood. He goes to the door and looks in, and

> 'Since he first beheld the light,
> He ne'er had seen a fairer sight!
> A band of fairies heavenly fair,
> Arrayed in green with neatest care,
> In youthful bloom, whilst every grace
> Adorned each lovely Elfin's face;
> And as the music gaily played,
> A thousand antic springs they made;
> Now here, now there, now high, now low,
> Now strangely quick, now gently slow;
> Still as the minstrels changed, so they
> Their movements changed, and danced away.'

Delighted with the gay scene, and entranced by the ravishing music, he stays on—a little, as he proposes and thinks: for he never lays aside his sagging burden; some quarter of an hour, as it seems—and then moves more hastily than he had been doing before, in order to make up for lost time, and not keep his family hungrily waiting for what he bore on his shoulder. Arrived at home, or what should have been home, he finds all things strangely altered. To the residents, however, the strangest object in the scene is himself—for he is taken for his own ghost.

His very wife,

'As soon as she her man beheld,
Her aspect seemed with terror filled:
She screamed aloud, and back retreating
Endeavoured to avoid the meeting!'

Amazed, and a little bit irritated too, he remonstrates with her about such strange behaviour on her part, only to hear in reply—

'This seven long years you have been dead.
The fact I recollect too well,
As all the neighbours round can tell.'

It was a fact:—he had been away seven years, and his wife, after a decent widowhood of twelve months, had married again. At last, however, by dint of reiterated explanation and asseveration, he, his wife, and his fellow villagers, are mutually convinced, and his conclusion is thus delivered:—

'Nay then, quoth he, the thing's unriddled;
For seven long years they danced and fiddled,
And mine the folly—not the crime—
Was looking at them all the time.
I find I've been a stupid Elf;—
Now let me haste, and hang myself.'

The Northumbrian Auwis-bore, Elf-bore, Fairy Dance, Fairy Hillock, Fairy Ring, Elf-mill, Elf-cup, are all suggestive; and I believe, are all referrible, and admitting of identification as referrible, to the Elf proper. Both Swedish and Danish legends—or Folk-lore—seem to place that beyond doubt. But I must content myself here with a short notice of the Fairy Ring or Hillock, and Dance. Our Danish Collection in one place characterizes the Elle-folk as 'mightily given to the pastime of dancing. They prosecute the dance, night after night, in a certain circular spot within the forest (in Öland) which is girt in on all sides with hills. In this place no grass grows, and the prints of the Elf-maidens' feet on the soil are plainly to be seen.' 'They impress upon the surface the marks of circles,' says Sir W. Scott, 'which sometimes appear yellow and blasted. The removal of those large portions of turf which thunder-bolts sometimes scoop out of the ground with singular regularity, is also ascribed to their agency;' while Mr. Waldron, 'a scholar and a gentleman,' gravely declares that he has himself seen 'the impressions of small feet among the snow,' which he believes to have been due to the feet of the airy Elves. And in Northumberland 'spots are pointed out in sequestered places as the favourite haunts of the Elves. A few miles from Alnwick is a fairy-ring, round which if people run more than nine times, some evil will befall them. The children constantly run this number, but nothing will induce them to venture a tenth run.'—*Keightley, p.* 310.

This is exactly paralleled by a case in this district. There was a

singularly fine fairy-ring, at Fairy-cross Plain, in this parish—a place which will be mentioned again before long, in connection with the Elfin race—round which children, in the time of my parish clerk's childhood, (and he is not fifty yet,) would run any number of times short of nine, himself among the number. Nothing would induce them to run the ninth, for if they did it would 'raise the fairies,' who were held to have great power to harm, and a willingness too, if treated neglectingly or despitefully.

(To be continued.)

LILLA'S RELATIONS.

CHAPTER IX.

'I DON'T believe it—it is some joke of yours, Miss Lilla.'

'But, Serle, I assure you it is true; ask my father.'

'And master going to be left at home alone?'

'You see he cannot go because of the Confirmation.'

'Why don't you wait till after it, then?'

'My aunt cannot delay her journey so long.'

'Humph!'

'Now, Serle, don't "humph" at me; you are always wanting me to see the world. I thought you would be pleased.'

'You'll be getting into some mischief among they there French Counts and Marquises, and coming home a Papist; besides, as to my wanting you to see the world, it depends on who you see it with.'

'Well, I am sure you could not find a nicer person than my aunt for anyone to go with.'

'That is as people think, Miss. She is not my sort.'

'Now, Surly, you are always saying people are not your sort. You used to call Mr. Hingston "that there fellow," till you came to know him well. I believe it is only lately you have come to approve of him.'

'Miss Lilla, Mr. Hingston has his faults, I don't deny; but at the same time he has sense at the bottom of it, and he is not deep, like some people.'

'What people? Who is deep?'

'Never you mind what people, Miss Elizabeth. I know my place, and it's no business of mine to put people against their relations.'

'But, Surly, I wish you would not set yourself against my going; it is only for two months, and my father is to come to us after the Confirmation.'

'Of course, Miss, I cannot set myself against anything Mr. Seyton wishes; only I think he will repent of it when you are gone; and I, for my part, wonder you like to go away and leave him like that.'

Lilla looked extremely grieved.

'Well, Serle, I thought about it a great deal, and I said at first I would not go; but my father said he really wished it, and Mr. Hingston advised my going too, and so I consented.'

'You didn't want to go at all yourself, I suppose?'

Lilla detected the tone of sarcasm, which it was rather difficult to reply to, because she was still in the painful position of longing to go, and yet not bearing to leave her father. Just as she was hesitating for an answer, Serle made it for her—

'There, there, Miss Lilla, I know all about it, and 'tis natural, I dare say; only I feel for master, poor man!' With these words Serle, whose hands had hitherto been covered with the dough and flour of a batch of bread, wrung them as if she would express her utter abandonment of the whole business, and stalked majestically out of the kitchen towards the flour-bin. Lilla took advantage of her absence to escape, passing through the back regions and emerging by a side-path into the garden. Four of the Woodleigh guests were entering this low side flower-garden at the same moment—Mrs. Vivian from the drawing-room window, Grace from the front-door, Mary and Charles together from the shrubbery. Equally with her own, all their faces were overclouded with different shades of perplexity, with the exception of that of Charles, who alone of the whole party looked at ease.

Mrs. Vivian accosted her son—'Charles, you are extremely imprudent; Mr. Dobson said three or four turns in the sun—I am certain you have been out at least half an hour, and in the damp shrubbery too.—Mary, I am surprised at your encouraging your cousin to do what you know must be bad for him.'

'The blame rests on me alone, Mother. I went of my own free will from under the burning rays of the sun, which was strong enough to throw anyone into a fever; and Mary could not have encouraged me to do so, seeing she has only just returned from carrying something to one of the Vicar's old women.'

'Oh, indeed, I fancied I saw her walking up and down with you.'

'You must have sharp eyes, if you were sitting where I left you, to see into the shrubbery-walk, Mother.'

Grace could not restrain a smile, knowing that it was she who, standing at the window, had told her mother that Charles and Mary were walking together in the shrubbery.

'As it happens, however, Mary and I did take one turn,' he continued; 'we were talking about the everlasting expedition; there was no imprudence though, for Dobson's order about three or four turns was dated a week ago, and he has just been here and given me leave to start if I choose with Mr. Hingston, on Tuesday, when he goes.'

Mrs. Vivian's countenance cleared.

'I am very glad to hear it—particularly glad, besides your getting well, at your going with Mr. Hingston to choose our lodgings; you know better than he what we shall want.'

'Hingston comes down to-night, does he not, Lilla?' and Charles turned abruptly to her.

'Yes. I think he will consider you a remarkable specimen of quick recovery, seeing that not three weeks ago you were in bed in high fever. I begin to think his view of this second injury being a good thing for you correct, though I thought it very absurd when he first promulgated it.'

'Mary, my dear, I think you should not stand out in the sun,' said Mrs. Vivian in her most dulcet tones; 'I must not have you over-exerting yourself. Grace and I were remarking only this morning that you are pale and languid just now, and unfit for much fatigue. I hope you have not been rambling far this hot morning.'

'Why, I thought Woodleigh air had done Mary so much good,' said Mr. Seyton, who now joined the party on the lawn. 'I hope, my dear, you did not fag yourself about that message for me.'

'I think she has a little cold,' said Grace, before Mary had time to answer; 'I have heard her cough once or twice to-day.'

'Well, go in and rest now any way,' said Mrs. Vivian;—'Charlie, my boy, I want to speak to you;'—and Mary, who was quite impressed at the formidable appearance of illness which she must present to attract her aunt's attention, went into the house, much flattered with the tone of unusual interest, but withal unable to accuse herself of any of the bodily symptoms with which she was charged.

Her uncle followed her into the house—'You are certainly looking pale and dull,' he said; 'really one gets very thoughtless amongst so many people—to think of my never having noticed it before! I hope, my dear, you do not feel very unwell.'

'No, really I do not, Uncle Basil. I felt much as usual till just now. I have a head-ache at present, but that is only because everyone is telling me I look pale.'

'Well, come and sit down in my cool study; it has become quite deserted since the drawing-room is in such general use. You never come into it now.'

'You have so much speaking and company that I am sure you must be glad of a little solitude sometimes,' she answered, seating herself well pleased, nevertheless, where he had placed a chair for her.

'I shall have time enough to enjoy my solitude when you are all gone,' he answered with a slight sigh; 'but tell me, are you looking forward with great delight to this Parisian journey?'

'Oh, no—that is, I do not mind it so much as I thought I should when I heard of it at first.'

'You will write to me, will you not, and tell of yourself, and how Lilla seems to get on? and, Mary, much of my comfort in letting her go without myself is that you and she have become so much greater friends than promised at first.'

'Lilla would enjoy it so much more if you were there.'

'Yes, she did not wish at all to go without me; but as your aunt's arrangements were made, and as it seemed impossible to change them or to make them miss all these fêtes in Paris, I could not but let her go. After all, it is but six weeks.'

'Yes;' and Mary's tone unconsciously sounded sad. 'In six weeks she will be at Woodleigh again, as if nothing had happened.'

Perhaps the Vicar could not quite echo the certainty of the tone, for he answered as if pursuing his own train of thought—'Hingston advised it, and I could not always have kept her with me; she will have to face the world alone some day.'

'Lilla is too good to be hurt by it,' said Mary, catching his thought; 'you are not afraid for her?'

'I am always afraid for her. It is my great error, being too anxious.'

'If I had a father,' she said, 'I am sure Paris would have no attractions to make me leave him.'

'You forget,' replied Mr. Seyton, defending his darling from the slightest breath of disapproval, 'you forget that I told you she refused at first to go, and that it was only my desire which made her go. Although of course she has the natural liking for change and new sights which young people generally have. Because you are constitutionally disinclined for bustle, dear Mary, you would not wish to blame those who are differently constituted from yourself.'

Three weeks ago this speech would have made Mary miserable for a week as an unjust reproof of supposed censoriousness, when in reality her speech was in all simplicity dictated by the wish that she too had a father to watch over her. Now Mr. Seyton's observation passed unnoticed. She was learning to take things more as they came, without calculating the exact weight of every syllable in its relation to herself.

'How dreary you will be!'

He smiled—'It is, as you say, only for six weeks, and we must not make a fuss about six weeks separation. How hot it will be in Paris in July; for you will have to submit to crowded quarters. I suppose the royal visit will raise the price of lodgings. But you are certainly unusually melancholy. I am sure you must be ill, my dear; what is it?'

Mary made an unsuccessful attempt at a smile—'It is really nothing, indeed; only that I have been foolish, that is all.'

Mr. Seyton remembered the scene at the beginning of their acquaintance, and said, half reprovingly—

'You are not letting yourself get morbid again, are you? It is no fancy about Lilla or Grace?'

'No, it is not, indeed. I cannot tell you quite the whole that is making me unhappy.'

'Tell me part, then.'

'Well, part—the greatest part—is going away from Woodleigh.'

His face cleared—'Oh, is that all? Then pray put your sorrow away; you will come here again.'

'I shall never forget your being so kind to me, Uncle.'

'Never mind that. Are you sure you had better not tell me the whole of what vexes you?'

'I think going away *is* the whole, or at least it all comes from that; it is so different when I am with Aunt Vivian.'

'What do you mean, dear Mary? is she not kind to you? Oh, yes, I am sure she must be. Is she not? Tell me, I charge you, what you mean.'

'Indeed, Uncle,' Mary answered, frightened at his unusual agitation, 'I only meant that—that it was so much easier to do right with you than with her. I never see exactly what she wishes me to do. It always seems as if I had done something wrong.'

'What sort of things—are you not careful to please?'

'I cannot explain exactly the sort of things I mean. I could not put them into words even in my thoughts; but I think they make me unhappy.'

Mr. Seyton mused for a little while, resting his head upon his hand, and then said—'Though you cannot quite explain the things, dear Mary, to me, you know there is one Friend who can understand without explanations; and though it may be you cannot put them into words even in your thoughts, you may put them without words into your prayers.'

The conversation closed; he gave her something to do for him, and when he had blessed her, went away leaving her to cool her cheeks and eyes safe from observation in his quiet room.

He encountered Mrs. Vivian, care upon her brow, and a large picturesque-looking straw-hat upon her head, which last was so modestly and becomingly arranged, that no one could put it down as an unsuitable article of dress for her years.

She was *crooking* herself about the lawn with a camp-stool turned into a stick, and a gleam of satisfaction lighted up her countenance as she perceived her brother-in-law.

'Do you know where Mary is?' she inquired, linking her arm into his passive elbow; 'I hope she is not out in the sun.'

'She is in my study; do you want her? shall I send her out to you?'

'By no manner of means. I am rejoiced to be sure she is out of mischief. I feared she was roaming about.'

'Seriously, are you anxious about her?'

'Well, she certainly seems to me not to be quite the thing. Oh, dear Basil, it is an anxious thing, the bringing up of children.'

'I hope Mary does not give you real trouble.'

'Not intentionally, poor child, though it is for her sake that I am anxious now. How one needs a wise adviser; we poor women do at least.'

Mr. Seyton made no direct reply, but murmured something indistinct.

'It is a very delicate subject,' she pursued, 'one that I hardly like opening even to you, and yet I feel I must. Have you ever noticed

anything in Mary which might lead you to suspect any preference for my boy?'

Mr. Seyton started—'Does he feel it? do you think there is anything in it?'

'Oh, I was not imagining such a thing on his side, dear open boy; you have only to look at him to make sure he is quite heart-whole; but what I was meaning to say has reference exclusively to her.'

Still no audible reply; truly Mr. Seyton was too much taken by surprise to answer, and Mrs. Vivian went on—

'I need not tell you how grievous such a supposition as the one I am alluding to is to me, or how gladly I would save the poor child with my life, if it was necessary, from the suffering of a hopeless attachment.'

'Are you sure there is no feeling on his side?'

'My dear Basil, look at him, and you will not think it necessary to ask that question. I have other suspicions which I will not mention at present—other hopes which are still too vague to be openly spoken of.'

'They must be separated,' said Mr. Seyton, as unconscious of the hidden meaning of this speech as he would have wished Lilla to be; 'they must be separated at least for a time. I have little doubt that what you suspect has some foundation.'

'She has spoken to you about it, then?' and Mrs. Vivian started and looked eager in her turn.

'She has not spoken to me about it,' said Mr. Seyton; 'should you think she was likely to do so, or that if she had done so I should betray her?'

'I beg your pardon; no, I did not really imagine it. It was only a momentary feeling.'

'No,' he went on, hardly noticing her reclamations; 'I know too well what I should feel were the case mine and Lilla the person in question. I know what I did feel once, though not quite in a parallel case, till Hingston convinced me by his observations that I was wrong.'

'Was that long ago?' and Mrs. Vivian again forgot herself in her eagerness.

Mr. Seyton had little difficulty in parrying so direct a question. He went on now as calmly as if he had only pursued his train of thought —'Hingston reassured me at once by convincing me that I was mistaken in the idea I had conceived. He has such a wonderful power of observation, that he reads characters and detects motives in a way which seems like witchcraft.'

'What a charming person he is! I regretted so much seeing so little of him; you know I only arrived here on the Friday after poor Charlie's accident, while he left Woodleigh on the Saturday morning.'

'You will see him to-night, I hope. He writes word that he hopes to be here about eight.'

'Of course I need hardly say, for dear Mary's sake, that what I have said must be regarded as in the strictest confidence.'

Mr. Seyton's 'Of course' was hardly needed to convince even Mrs Vivian; and the latter went on—'All this time I have not consulted you as to what we must do to bring about a separation for a time.'

'Do you suppose Mary cares much about this Paris expedition? I know she said to me that she did not care about it; but would she really mind giving it up?'

'Oh, I should think not—why?'

'Because the simplest plan of effecting the temporary separation we desire would be for her to remain where she is—here with me.'

Well manœuvred, Mrs. Vivian! She had gained her object, but, skilful tactician as she was, she displayed no undue elation.

'Would that suit your plans?' she answered doubtfully; 'would she not be in your way?'

'You know I am used to having a young girl in the house,' he answered; 'she must take Lilla's place while Lilla is with you; and her delicate health, which you have observed, will be a good excuse and a true one for her avoiding the bustle of a foreign tour.'

It was the year of the royal visit of England to France, and Mr. Seyton's long-cherished plan of taking Lilla abroad, had been merged by the force of contending circumstances, and an unexpected Confirmation, into Lilla's going with the Vivian party to see the sight.

The cortege consisted of Mrs. Vivian, Grace, Charles, Mr. Hingston, (who magnanimously sacrificed himself to soothe the vicar's anxieties about his daughter, and went in the capacity, as he expressed it, of male chaperon,) Lilla, and, till the last alteration, Mary.

Their destination was not in the first instance Paris, which they were only to pass through now on their way to F——, where Mrs. Vivian had friends. Two or three weeks there would bring them to the time fixed for the royal visit, and they were then to go to Paris for the remainder of their holidays. Mr. Seyton agreed to Lilla's going without him, after many a qualm of anxiety sternly repressed as a duty, under Mr. Hingston's advice. He was also not a little anxious as to how his niece would bear to stay behind.

'I hope Mary will not be much disappointed at having to give up the trip,' he took the opportunity of saying at his next confidential interview with his sister-in-law; 'shall you break it to her, or I?'

'I think you had better leave it to me, dear Basil; a woman, you know, is cleverer in managing her own sex than most men. Disappointed I fear she will be, considering that my son is of the party; but a little sorrow now, poor child, is better than much by-and-by. She is in your study, you say. Would you kindly ask her, if you are going in, to bring me my knitting into my dressing-room?'

Mary entered, bringing the knitting, a few minutes afterwards—a cloud on her face.

'Oh, Aunt, I am so sorry, I quite entirely forgot to set it up for you as you told me. I will do it immediately if you can wait.'

'I cannot possibly sit with my hands before me watching you; fetch me my frame from the drawing-room. It is excessively inconvenient, Mary, not having my work prepared, and more than three days since I told you to do it.'

Mary coloured at the rebuke, which happened to be a well-deserved one—perhaps for that very reason she did not feel inclined to take it so patiently.

'By the way, that pink floss silk never came yesterday; perhaps you "quite forgot" to write for that too.'

'No, Aunt, I know I ordered it, and sent a pattern in the letter. Do you not remember my coming in for a piece to send?'

'I cannot undertake to remember all you do,' was Mrs. Vivian's answer. 'I only know that since you have been here you have ceased to take any trouble to remember what I tell you, and have eyes and ears for only your uncle's commissions. Why was not this knitting done this morning, instead of your volunteering to carry that old woman's dinner? I am sure your uncle would never wish you to neglect your duty to one who stands in the place of a mother to you.'

'But Aunt,' and Mary's voice was almost fretful, 'I have not neglected, I did write the letter.' She stopped suddenly in her occupation of turning out a box of floss silks, hoping to find a skein of the missing colour; there in the bottom lay the letter to the fancy shop, sealed, addressed, and stamped. Mrs. Vivian's eye rested on it too.

'Much good your writing a letter for me, if you do not put it in the post. Really, Mary, you are getting intolerably careless. It is quite out of the question that I should be at the expense and trouble of taking you about with me everywhere, if in return I cannot even rely upon you to send a letter for me. I wonder your own pride does not teach you to make some return for all you owe. But as for my taking you abroad, it is quite out of the question; all my things would be lost or mislaid, and I should have no trouble off my hands, only double responsibility on them. Now pray compose yourself; that habit of crying like a baby at every word is most ridiculous. I should have thought you would have been glad to stay in England and save me expense. You used to pretend you cared for nothing like quiet.'

'But am I not to go?' asked Mary through her tears.

'Have I not just told you?—no!'

'But am I to go back to Vivian alone then, Aunt?'

'No, your uncle is going to be here, and I have asked him to take charge of you. It is not fitting, and I think he sees it, that all the burthen should fall upon me. I hope you will see the duty of being more useful to *him* than you have shown yourself to me.'

Mary made no answer to this speech; but the tears which she shed in solitude had this of bitterness in them, that she could not look on her uncle's invitation in any other light than a neglected duty now grudgingly performed. No one noticed to her the traces of tears which

could not be hidden when she came down to dinner, though Mr. Seyton marked them, and gathered confirmation from them of the state of things his sister-in-law suspected; and Charles looked angrily from mother to sister to see if they appeared to have been vexing her. Lilla was too full of the wonders of her promised expedition, to care about anything so ordinary as she had grown to reckon Mary's tears.

A week afterwards, and the travelling party had set off, and Mary and Mr. Seyton were left to their tete-a-tete.

(To be continued.)

A TWELFTH-DAY KING;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF FRENCH LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER I.

Begin then to chuse
This night, as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here
Be a king by the lot.

Herrick.

A NARROW street of the olden time, such as you would scarcely find now in all Paris, though its counterpart may still be seen in the quaint old town of Rouen; an ill-paved irregular street, with picturesque houses, whose upper stories overhung the lower and nearly met the houses opposite; a by-way, one of the many connecting the two great thoroughfares of 'the Ville,'—as Paris on the right bank was called in the middle ages—the Rue St. Denis and the Rue St. Martin;—that is the *place* in which we are going to look for our hero. The *time* being the Eve of the Epiphany Festival, in the year of grace 1404.

He was standing at the door of one of the smallest of the quaint houses that winter day; and though he was very poorly clad, and his curling hair had been ruffled out of all neatness by a tumultuous game with some of the urchins of the neighbourhood, his childish figure had a certain sturdy grace, and his beautiful brown face a rare attractiveness, which made some of the passers-by turn and look at him with interest, and even induced a few to stop and enter into conversation with him.

'I am eight years old, and my name is Jean, and they call me "Cabaret," because I was born at an inn,' he said, as quick as lightning, in answer to the inquiries of a respectable-looking citizen's wife, who, struck by his pretty face, had paused to question him. Meantime he was looking not at her but at a small company of horsemen, who were advancing up the street.

The good woman gave her high cap a little toss, which set its ribands dancing, stroked down the folds of her short woollen petticoat, and went her way; somewhat disgusted with the indifference which the little fellow showed to the notice of so well-dressed a matron. Jean, recking nothing of this, stepped over the threshold and out into the road, gazing with a sort of rapture at the approaching cavalcade. Presently he turned his head back towards the house he had left. 'Mother!' he called, 'I think it is the Duke of Bourbon; the two serving-men that ride in front have a blue fleur-de-lys for their badge.'

There was no answer; but the sound of a woman's voice was heard singing within, and probably the notes of the song drowned the child's words, and prevented his announcement being heard by the singer. Yet her lay—unconsciously to herself—had greater significance for those now advancing, than for any other knights and nobles in the good city of Paris; for she was singing one of the popular ballads about the murder of Blanche of Bourbon, whose story was still fresh in all men's minds.

Translated into English, and modernized, it might run somewhat in this way—

Queen Blanche kneeleth lone in her room,
—Woe, woe, to the Fleur-de-lys!—
A page stealeth soft through the gloom,
Lighteth down on his knee.

'My master, the king, sends thee wine,'
—Woe, woe, to the Fleur-de-lys!—
'He prays thee to drink, Lady mine.'
'It is well,' answers she.

She hath taken the cup in her hand;
—See, it droopeth, the Fleur-de-lys!—
'I haste to obey his command,
I will drink,' sigheth she.

'But oh France! oh my country! farewell,
Adieu, land of the Fleur-de-lys!
Gentle sisters, fond brother, farewell;
For I die young,' saith she.

She hath lifted the cup to her lip,
—Direst woe to the Fleur-de-lys!—
But she pauseth once more ere she sip,
Kneeleth low on her knee.

'Ah, King Pedro, no traitor am I,
—Unstained is the Fleur-de-lys,—
May God pardon my soul ere I die,
As I pardon thee!'

Thus far had the songstress got when the cavalcade came within hearing; and not all the jingle of their spurs, nor the clang of their horses' hoofs on the rough pavement, could keep the ringing notes of that pathetic voice from reaching their ears, as, penetrated with the mournful meaning of her lay, she thrilled forth with unutterable pathos the concluding words—

'She hath drunk, her fair head is laid low;
—Ah woe, woe, to the Fleur-de-lys!—
Blanche of Bourbon! the land you loved so,
Full of mourning shall be!'

'Do you hear that, Louis?' said a handsome young man who rode in the centre of the group of horsemen, and seemed to be the principal person of the party. 'It is well our father is not here; for he is quickly made sorrowful by anything that reminds him of his royal sister's unhappy fate.'

'No marvel either,' answered he who was addressed, in sweet clear tones; 'for all men sigh as they tell her hapless story; and for my part, though she died before I was born, I can never think of her death without a shudder. I wonder who it is that is singing this sad song?'

'Some woman of the people, doubtless,' said the elder youth indifferently; 'it were better that she looked after her children instead of singing ballads; for Eustache well-nigh ran over that child that was standing in the middle of the road. Did you see with what a grand air he retreated to the threshold? not hurrying himself in the least, little malapert!'

'I did not notice,' said Louis, reining in his horse and looking back, for they had passed the house whilst they were talking; 'but now I see him, and what a handsome boy he is! He would make a splendid little king for us to-morrow, would he not, Jean?'

'But we know nothing of him, save that he has a rare bold manner of his own, and that he lives in the house with somebody who takes the liberty of singing doleful ditties about our royal aunt,' objected Jean, rather satirically.

'Assuredly we must learn more concerning him ere we absolutely choose him for our king; but prythee let us ride back and speak with him a moment,' urged Louis, in a gentle almost coaxing manner. 'I am sure his parents must be poor people to live in this wretched street.'

'Well, have your way!' laughed Jean, not unkindly, as he turned his horse's head. 'He would certainly make a better-looking monarch than that little miserable Matthieu, whom my father talks of sending for if we do not find a substitute before evening.'

'Ay, that would he!' echoed one of their companions; and the rest of the party—eight or nine persons in all,—obeyed Jean's summons to halt, while the two brothers and this one attendant rode back to where the child was standing.

He had been watching them with all his eyes, not in the least disconcerted by having so narrowly escaped an accident a few seconds before. 'It is not the Duke of Bourbon,' he said to himself; 'they are both too young. I suppose it must be the Duke's sons; the Count of Clermont, and that other. How I wish I had a horse to ride like theirs, a horse that would toss its head and put its feet up grandly like that! What are they coming back for, I wonder?'

He was not long left in doubt; the young noblemen stopped when they came close to him, and the younger of the two leaning down from his saddle-bow, asked kindly, 'What is your name, my child, and your father's? and who was that we heard singing in your house?'

'It was my mother,' said the boy, answering the last question first; 'I wish she would not sing such sad songs, but she ever does, my Lord, except when she sings to me. My father is Jacques d'Orronville—at least the neighbours call him so, because he is a Picard, and comes from Orronville; and my own name is Jean.'

He did not mention this time the soubriquet which he had received from having been born in an inn, for he suddenly bethought him that he had been loquacious enough already. There was an innocent fearlessness in his manner, and a grave inquiring look in his lovely large eyes, which was indescribably winning. Even his namesake, the satirical Jean de Clermont, felt it to be so. 'Go, fetch one of your parents to speak with us,' said he aloud; and then aside to his brother he added. 'Tis a well-favoured child, certainly. I commend your idea of choosing him for our Twelfth-day king.'

At the Count's command, the child darted through the small living-room, on which the front-door opened, into an inner chamber, from which he presently issued again, bringing his mother with him. She looked a little fluttered—naturally—at being called to speak with such grand personages; but there was a simple sweet dignity about her, uncommon in persons of her class; and though there were marks of pinching poverty in her dress, and her hands were rough with toil, her face was no ordinary one, but had a peculiar touching beauty, which its extreme attenuation and pallor rather enhanced than diminished. As she stood before them, curtsying lowly with unconscious grace, the young nobles felt instinctively that this woman of the people was pure and noble-minded as any high-born lady of their acquaintance.

They told her that they had been struck by her son's bright face, and asked, courteously enough, what she intended to make of him, and what was her husband's occupation, and her own.

'My husband is a lance-maker by trade, an it please your lordships,' she answered quietly; 'but he is infirm and crippled, and can now do naught for his living. Thanks be to the saints, I am able to earn enough for all our wants; for the good brothers of the congregation of the Trinity, hard by, keep me supplied with work. I am laundress to the monastery.'

'And your son, what mean you to make of him?'

'I know not, my Lords; he must work for his living somehow, when he is old enough. He will be proud and pleased to earn money for his father—will you not, my little Jean?' And she put her hand under his chin and lifted his face up to her tender gaze.

'Ay, that will I,' said he blithely; 'I mean to ask Master Simon, the armourer, to take me into his workshop.'

'But would you not like better to be brought up as a scholar, and to grow to be a wise and learned man, an honour to your parents?' asked Louis of Bourbon eagerly.

The child only stared in answer, it was a notion he had never contemplated; but his mother glanced up quickly at the boy-prince, and reading somewhat of his benevolent intentions in his fair young face, answered gratefully,

'Glad, indeed, my Lord, should I be to see my little Jean a holy clerk, skilled in all good learning; though neither his ambition nor mine hath ever reached so high till now.'

'Well, then,' said Jean de Clermont, who was in haste to have the matter settled and done with, 'bring him to the Hotel Bourbon early to-morrow morn, and if the Duke objects not we will make him our Twelfth-day king. He shall be dressed in brave attire and feasted royally, and afterwards a purse of money shall be given him to provide for his education and maintenance; so that he may become a learned priest instead of only a working-man.'

The mother's face looked brimful of surprise, and of questions which she was too modest to put; but little Jean, less scrupulous, cried out, 'What sort of king shall I be, my Lord? Shall I have a gold crown, and will everybody mind me, and shall I have heralds to go before me?'

'I do not know about the heralds,' said the Count, laughing; 'but you shall have a crown certainly, and we will all be your vassals for the day.' He looked as if he were about to ride off without more ado; but Lord Louis, mindful of the anxiety written on the mother's countenance, hastened to explain. 'You do not know, perhaps, that it is the custom of our noble father, every year, on the day of the kings, to take some poor child and make of him a king for the nonce, and afterwards to take care that he be educated in some college or monastery, and his maintenance duly provided for. So hath he done ever since his return from captivity in England, now many years ago; and as at this moment there doth not happen to be any child in whom he feels special interest, he hath left it to us to choose a king for the morrow. Are you content that we should make choice of your son?'

'I am well content, my Lord, for my own part, and grateful to boot; and Father Ambrose, at the monastery, can tell you that my Jean has good parts, and is like to make an apt scholar if he will but give his mind to it; but I know not whether my husband—'

'We cannot tarry longer,' said the Count, whose high-mettled horse was pawing the ground impatiently as if ready to burst away; 'I doubt not that your husband will give his consent willingly if you make it plain to him, that by choosing your son as our little king we undertake to befriend him through all his after-life. Good day to you.—Come, Louis!' and with a good-natured careless nod he dashed off.

The more thoughtful Louis tarried a moment still. 'If your husband likes not the plan you can let us know,' he said, not without a touch of

secret wonder that any demur *could* be made to accepting the offered favour; 'but be very sure my gracious father will be good to the child, and he shall have a right happy day to-morrow, if you will let him come. Farewell to you now—and to you, little Jean.'

Jean's mother never forgot the kindly grace of that farewell; the beaming smile shed on her and her son from those boyish eyes, as Louis turned to go. She had marked with regret how pale the young noble's cheek was, how thin and sharply-cut his delicate aquiline features, what a contrast he formed to his brother, whose robust and healthful manhood was visible at the first glance. 'The saints preserve him, and reward him for his goodness!' she said softly, looking after him. 'How like you the prospect of being a play-king, my Jeannot?'

'I like it well,' he answered, raising his head proudly as if he already felt the crown encircling it. 'I shall be grandly arrayed, shall I not? and able to do all that I please. Will they let you and my father be there to see?'

'Nay, what should a poor woman like me do in the Duke's palace? and your father could not get thither even if he would. We must go and tell him of all this. I fear me he will not like the plan much.'

A shadow fell on her calm brow, and her fingers began to toy nervously with a small wooden cross which hung around her neck, as she returned to the inner room, leaving the child outside. Evidently she felt more timidity in facing her husband than in conversing with princes, and no wonder; for before she could open her lips he began to grumble angrily at her for having been away so long.

In looking at Jacques d'Orronville, however—better known among his friends by the soubriquet of 'le mécontent'—charity might well pardon the sharpness of his tongue, for his expression betokened the presence of constant physical pain. His forehead was scarred, he had lost his right arm, and during this winter weather acute rheumatism was added to his other sufferings; so that as he sat crouching by the wood-fire, which burnt dimly on the hearth, he looked like one whom wounds, poverty, and misfortune, had reduced to the lowest depths of misery. Scarcely the *very* lowest though, for his threadbare garments were neatly patched and darned, and there were traces in the room, as well as in his dress, of a woman's skilful and tender care. Jacques le mécontent, all mutilated and beggared as he was, had such a wife as few peers of the realm possessed.

She bore his reproaches now with the utmost patience, and when they ceased told him all that the young lords had said to her, urging him with gentlest persuasion to consent to their plans for her son. 'For it will doubtless prove a great benefit to Jeannot, the brave boy, the jewel!' said she tenderly, 'although, indeed, it will be hard parting with him if we should be called on to do so.'

'Then why should I put myself to pain for any duke in the world?' grumbled Jacques surlily. 'He will give our Jeannot a purse of money,

quotha? but pray where gets he the gold but from the pockets of our poor citizens, oppressed by unlawful taxes?'

'Nay, nay,' rejoined his wife; 'men whisper that of the Duke of Orleans, but none dare to say it of the good Duke of Bourbon; he is ever more ready to give to the people than to take from them.'

'He is the best of a bad lot, but they are serpents all!' said the impracticable Jacques. 'Do you think I forget how the streets ran with wine and milk from the fountains when our king was crowned, and how those same streets ran with blood but three years afterwards, the blood of honest men like myself? When three hundred of our citizens were hanged and drowned without trial, did the Duke of Bourbon do aught to prevent it, prythee?'

'He did what he could, doubtless, for he is ever merciful. Do you not remember, dear husband, how one from the Bourbonnois told us but lately that when a list was brought to the Duke of the ill-deeds of his own vassals, he asked for one of their *good* deeds; and not finding any such, did presently burn the bad one? I think you need not scruple to let our Jeannot taste of his bounty; and indeed, it were scarcely wise to refuse the favour of so great a prince.'

'Ay, wise, wise; that is the way you always talk, Marie! You will pander to the great, let me say what I may; and will risk neither life nor limb in the good cause.'

'Not when it is a question of risking *your* limbs rather than mine own,' said the good woman, with a smile; 'for methinks, dear Jacques, you have none to spare; but even for your sake I would not do aught of evil knowingly. Only trust me, it cannot be evil to accept the good Duke's kindness for our little Jean; you *will* let me take him to the Hotel Bourbon to-morrow, will you not?'

'Ay, ay, take him to destruction, and let them make a shaven monk of him. It is the way with you women,' grumbled Jacques, unmollified; and probably his real consent would never have been obtained, but that Jean himself made his appearance at this moment and took upon him to plead his own cause with his father.

Jacques' grudge against the whole race of aristocracy, and especially against the royal dukes, was a thing of long standing. As a young man he had joined heart and soul in the revolt of the Maillotins—so called from their having armed themselves with the leaden mallets which they found in the Hotel de Ville—had been enrolled among the civic guard established in those days of rebellion, and had received the wounds which left him maimed and helpless for life, while defending the barricades erected in the streets of Paris against the soldiers of the king. It had been a vain defence; the army, just returned from the victorious field of Rosebecque, soon overpowered the citizens; the taxes for the abolition of which the Maillotins had struggled—and at first not unsuccessfully—were all re-imposed, the chief rebels put to death, and the others forced to resign themselves to the despotic rule of the young king, Charles the

Sixth, or rather to that of his uncles, the ambitious Dukes of Anjou, Berri, and Burgundy.

Jacques le mécontent only escaped punishment by flying from Paris, and taking refuge in the little town of Orronville in Picardy, which was his wife's native place, and where she had some friends. He abode there some twelve years, and then a longing seized him to revisit Paris—for he was a thorough Parisian at heart; so he set off suddenly to return thither, taking his wife with him though she was at that time very unfit for a journey. At an inn some miles from Orronville, where they stopped to rest, little Jean was born; and as soon as Marie was able to move they journeyed on to their destination, and finally established themselves in the small street in which we have found them. It was supposed by the neighbours, and by their little Jean himself, that they were all Picards; and few imagined that they had been in Paris before, or that Jacques had had any share in the revolt of 1383.

Twenty years had passed away since those days of fruitless rebellion, but without bringing much change for the better. The king was mad, though with occasional intervals of sanity; the English were threatening war; the queen and her gay brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, were squandering in luxury the public revenues; and it was rumoured that heavier taxes were to be imposed to replenish the treasury thus exhausted. 'Evil men, and evil times!' Jacques would sigh to himself as he sat thinking; and there was indeed much cause for the exclamation, for men with evil ambitions and rivalries did abound at that period, and evil men *make* evil times; but there were good men and true in those days too, though the surly Jacques would scarcely credit it, and pre-eminent among these shone Jean's would-be patron, Louis Duke of Bourbon, surnamed 'le Bon.' Uncle to the king on the mother's side, and therefore not endowed with such authority as Charles's three paternal uncles, already mentioned—he had comparatively little share in the government of the kingdom; but in his private capacity, as friend and adviser of his unhappy nephew, he had considerable influence, and ever exerted it on the side of right and justice. He was greatly loved and trusted by the king, because, says the chronicler, 'he had never served any master but him, nor had any other ambition or design than for the good of the state,' and he appears to have been almost equally a favourite with the people. Even crabbed Jacques kept a warm corner in his heart for him, though he chose to abuse him in common with all dukes and princes; partly because he found it next to impossible to say a good word of anyone, and partly because he saw that these indiscriminate railings annoyed his wife. Yes; for this gentle loving wife was made a constant victim to the poor man's ill-humour. He did indeed, partly perceive her merits, and would perhaps have allowed with the Scotch proverb, that 'next to nae wife, a gude wife is the best;' but he was very far from prizing her as she deserved. The only person whom he treated with any indulgence was his son, whom he suffered to be as free-spoken as himself, delighting in

his saucy wit and merriment, and not even caring to subject him to a wise control.

Thus the bright little fellow had grown into a much more self-willed, pert, and confident specimen of humanity, than children in mediæval times were usually suffered to be; and had it not been for his mother's teaching, would have become a very graceless little mortal indeed. But she, sweet soul! had done her best to counteract the effects of his father's spoiling, and to train him in all good and courteous ways; and he loved her well enough to respond to her influence in some degree, though not so entirely as might have been desirable.

Grumble as he might, Jacques was not in reality altogether ill-pleased at the thought of securing the good Duke's protection for his little son; and as for the boy himself, having once won from his father the desired permission, he was in such a state of excited joy and wonderment at the thought of all that was to befall him on the morrow, that he could scarce be still or silent a minute, but kept hazarding droll conjectures as to what the Duke would say to him, what sort of robes would be put on him, and what kind of cheer might be expected at the princely banquet. His father humoured his garrulity, and told him wonderful hearsay anecdotes of grand repasts given by the nobles and clergy; beginning with one by a certain Abbé, at which three thousand of the choicest dishes were set before six thousand guests, and ending with a description of the festivities which had taken place more recently, at the Duke of Berri's residence, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke's daughter, the Countess d'Eu, with that very same young Count of Clermont whose acquaintance Jean had made that day. But presently Jacques grew weary and fell into a doze; and then the mother, drawing her boy towards her, soothed him into a graver mood by wistful caresses and gentle counsels, telling him the beautiful story of the Wise Men from the East, and the star which went before them and guided them to the manger-cradle of the Babe of Bethlehem; interweaving it, however, with the legendary lore of the period, which threw a strange halo round 'the three *kings*, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar;' and strayed far beyond the simple Bible narrative, into the wide field of conjecture and romance.

Then, seeing that her husband was fast asleep, and that it wanted still an hour to supper—partaken of in those times about four o'clock, she stole forth to a church near, taking the child with her, and kneeling down in the shadow of one of the pillars, prayed, silently but with unutterable fervour. To her husband, to her son, to the young princes, she had uttered no word of regret that the destiny marked out this day for her little Jean might perhaps take him from her loving arms, and leave her heart more lonely than before; serenely, almost joyously, she had dwelt on the bright prospect opening for him; but now, although her grief scarcely shaped itself into distinct complaint or petition, her tears fell as she recited the Pater-noster, and in her fervent Aves there mingled some such meaning as this: 'Holiest of Mothers, most favoured

yet most sorrow-stricken of all mothers, help me, a mother too, but poor and ignorant and sinful, to bear bravely and patiently the parting with mine only son!'

Then she rose up, and went home, calm and cheerful once more, a brave-hearted devout woman. Her son would be benefited, what matter if she suffered? It was the will of God, who had made mothers' hearts so keen to feel.

(To be continued.)

THE SIX CUSHIONS.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.')

CHAPTER I.

THE RECTOR'S FREAK.

'Six Cushions, each four feet long. Here are canvas, wools, and lily pattern; but how they are all to be accomplished in time passes my conception! They ought to be finished by the time our six weeks' absence is over, or they never will be made up in time for the re-opening!' So spoke the Rector's wife, with a look of dismay and perplexity upon her sensible good-natured face.

'Has no one asked for them?' inquired the Rector, looking up from his calculations.

'Every trustworthy worker is as busy as possible with other matters—for the Altar—lectern—chairs. We really shall have to use the old ones on the great day, unless they can tell me at the Berlin shop of someone who can be trusted—and that I don't half like.'

'Let me have them for the elders of my Friday evening damsels.'

'Those girls!'

'Do you suppose they cannot work well enough? I thought it was supposed to be no very abstruse affair?'

'The work—yes! but now in the very height of our season! If they were all like Clara, or had homes like her, it might answer; but for the rest?'

'That is, if they were all people to whom it would be no trial.'

'Are you content to have the trial made on your chancel cushions?'

'Yes, I am. The poor children are brimming over with good desires, and now that I am leaving them after these months of training, and probably never to return to precisely the same form of intercourse, it will be well to give some practical means of testing their perseverance. I own that I should like the work of the cushions to be the offering of my young communicants.'

'Well. Whom do you propose besides Clara?'

'The two Maclaines.'

'They seem to me to go out a great deal. Sometimes I meet one with Mr. Maclaine on the parade, and then the other with the children on the beach. I sometimes think I never turn a corner without meeting one of them; and as Lady Euphemia knows everybody, it will be worse than ever now that they are both out! I do not think they will have a chance, whatever they may wish.'

'At any rate, I know that Bride Maclaine will never undertake what she has not a fair chance of carrying out. I shall trust to her to tell me whether they can do it.'

'Shall you ask Edith Thetford?'

'Assuredly not!'

'I thought not. Yet the fancy-work those young ladies get through is wonderful!'

'Yes, but I am not going to have my cushions chattered—gossiped—and, I am afraid, flirted over. Besides, Edith has only twice been at the class since the Confirmation, and can hardly be reckoned as still belonging to it. What do you think of Miss West?'

'Miss West!' with three notes of admiration at least in her voice. 'Poor child, she is a harmless little thing, but in that distracting whirl that she lives in, I don't see how it is possible. Nay, I doubt whether she so much as knows how to work. She will set her maid to do it, and think she has done very handsomely all that is required of her.'

'We shall see.'

'Perhaps, indeed, after her constant attendance at the classes, and all that her father has done for the church, you could not well avoid asking her; but if you stipulate against any vicarious performance, I don't think she will accept. Who next—? By the by, I think none of the regular school-room girls should be asked. At their age they are loaded with lessons, and it is important to their parents that the time should be made the most of; nor ought the short space they get for exercise to be encroached on.'

'I believe you are right. That excludes one of whom I had thought, and reduces me to Joanna Harding and Mary Rose.'

'They may do very well. Mrs. Harding will give Joan every facility, and I do not see why little Mary should not manage it. She must have much more time than your prime favourites. And if the work is not finished?'

'It will be a wholesome spectacle for the workers. Yes, you shake your head, but I am obstinate.'

'If you were to be at home, to keep them up to it.'

'The very thing I do not wish. I had rather have it as little as possible a matter of personal influence. There is too much of that already.'

With which words he left the room.

'If three are done in time,' sighed Mrs. Henderson, 'it is as much as I

expect! He only sees the girls when they are devouring every word he says. I know better what they are made of, and above all what it will be to them when this place is at the fullest and gayest. To be sure, it makes little difference to Clara, or to little Mary Rose, but for the rest! Six cushions to be worked by six girls in six weeks! Well, Janet will come home with me, and, between her and me, we will make up for the Rector's freak!'

Dr. Henderson's class of young ladies had been assembled in the winter to prepare for Confirmation, and afterwards had gladly continued to meet, in order to be assisted in becoming devout Communicants, and in acquiring the religious instruction in which, from different causes, many had found themselves deficient.

It had been a large class in the early spring, but had ever since long been diminishing. One bright-eyed girl had been laid in the cemetery, several had ceased to attend after their Easter Communion, and as the days lengthened, family after family deserted their winter quarters, and every week there was some farewell, some expression of gratitude for the great advantage of the pains that the Rector had bestowed on the departing maiden, who bade him good-bye.

Thus the number had dwindled to nine, when they met on the last Friday in July, mostly with a sorrowful sense that this was the end of what had been much valued and enjoyed. Clara Braithwaite, the curate's daughter, who was always the authority for Rectory politics, had pronounced that it was very unlikely that Dr. Henderson would have time to read with them again, when the church was re-opened, after his return home. There were many people whose need was more pressing than theirs; and if he had any young ladies next winter, there would be sure to be a new young lot, who would have to 'begin at the beginning of everything,' said Clara, with the capable business-like air wherewith she was wont to talk of matters ecclesiastical. Also, Clara had hinted at some remarkable proposal that was to be made at this last session; and as she refused to explain further, there was much excitement in consequence, opinions varying as to whether it would regard choir singing, district visiting, or Sunday-school teaching.

'Or perhaps,' observed a small person, with a jay's wing upright in her hat, 'he wants us to put in a Maidens' painted window.'

'Painted by West?' laughed another of the group.

'What do you mean, Bride? Oh, I see; but we might all help a little.'

'Camilla West giving thirty pounds, and we thirty pence apiece?'

'I think I could do it in time,' quoth the aspiring jay, 'if I might only send about my white mouse pen-wipers by the post, and make people buy them at eighteen-pence apiece.'

'True, Alice,' said the lowest and meekest of voices, 'the very humblest may aid in the work.'

'There's the bell changing!' and therewith the party entered the school-room, which was serving as a temporary chapel.

After the service, the nine proceeded to the Rectory, where they were ushered into the study, and were presently joined by Dr. Henderson. The tone of the day's lesson was altogether that of a farewell; and when the reading and comments were over, the Doctor said a few kind words of the enjoyment he had had in going over these things with such earnest and attentive pupils. Whether they could resume these readings on his own return must, he feared, be left doubtful; but he believed that most of them were able to study for themselves, and in case of any difficulty, or desire of advice, he was always at their service.

Tears were in the eyes of several, and there were half-choked endeavours at fervent thanks, and half-uttered resolutions; but the Rector, feeling a good deal himself, and not at all anxious for a scene, hastily proceeded, 'There, there, I know it all, and you know it all, my dears. We have liked our readings, and now we have to show how deep the seed is gone. That is the moral of the thing. And now I have something to tell you.'

The nine hats quivered with agitation.

'I believe,' said the Rector, 'that most of you would like to make some sort of offering of your own to this church of ours, and I see an opening for some of you. The six cushions for the step before the altar-rail remain to be worked, and I have got leave from the managers to put them into the hands of six of you.'

Clara smiled, and looked already informed and superior. Everyone else bent forward eagerly.

'Now listen to the conditions,' continued Dr. Henderson. 'You must remember that this may be called work for the sanctuary, and that it would not be reverent towards its purpose to make it mere idle employment for your hands while visiting or amusement is going forward, so as to have it discussed by way of gossip. Moreover, the work should be entirely your own; and done in time that belongs to yourselves, and not to your parents or your studies; and it must be finished in the six weeks of our absence, or there may not be time to make them up. Even I—little as I know of such affairs—can see that more or less of self-denial and perseverance will be needful in each case; but I am inclined to think,' and he gave the smile that especially gained the hearts of his girls, 'that there lies the very salt of the matter.'

There was a pleased silence, not without emotion. The jay's wing was the first in action. 'If you please, Dr. Henderson, I could do one if Mademoiselle would let me off my practising.'

There was a little suppressed murmur of diversion at the audacious promptness so characteristic of the jay's owner, and at her want of heed of the Rector's speech. He joined the laugh, as he said good-humouredly,

'Thank you, Alice; but I am afraid that is exactly what I did not intend. You—and you two, my dears,' he said to the other juniors, 'are the property of your several Mademoiselles just now, and must be content to wait till lessons cease to be a duty.'

'I know we should have no time,' gently observed one of the rejected to the other; but the ambitious Alice was not silenced yet, and was beginning—

'But, Doctor Hen—' when an equally eager exclamation bore her down.

'You did not mean me! Oh, surely not! I am out of the school-room now, and I'll make everything give way to it!'

'We had thought of you, thank you, Joanna,' he said in a voice calculated to calm and repress both the girls. 'We thought you would still have a good deal of quiet time, even when your mother's comfort was attended to.'

'Oh! Mamma will be so pleased. She will like me to do it better than anything. She is always wishing me to work.'

Alice's black beady eyes sparkled again with a faint hope; 'Mamma and Mademoiselle want me to work—'

But Alice's tongue was so ready that no one ever quite knew whether she were talking or not; and Bride Maclaine, a tall large-boned maiden, with very Scottish hair and complexion, but holding her head with a vigorous dignity that made her look both handsome and distinguished, said, 'Fenella and I should be delighted; but—should we have to find the materials?'

'Right, my dear; I ought to have made it clear that the whole stock of materials has been provided—out of Mr. West's last bounteous help towards our interior,' he added, turning to a slight fair-haired girl, who blushed—under her Parisian hat—up to the ears, which were weightily hung with golden fetters, and timidly answered, 'If you would allow me to try, Dr. Henderson, you cannot guess how happy I should be.'

'I knew you would, my dear,' he kindly answered.

'Thank you; I hope I shall do it well,' she whispered, with a dew of fervour in her eyes.

'May we each have one, then, Sir?' proceeded Bride Maclaine.

'If you think you have time. If that is not certain, as I know you have many occupations, perhaps you had better take one between you.'

'Oh, then—' chirped Alice once more.

'Thank you,' said Bride, unheeding her. 'We will make time.'

'Bride will manage it for us,' said Fenella, a smaller edition of her sister, not so striking, though much nearer being pretty.

'Clara, you for certain—' still persisted the undaunted jay-wearer to her next neighbour; 'but that's only five. Couldn't you say a word for me?'

Clara only signed silence; and Alice's looks fell as Dr. Henderson turned towards the only remaining lady, a little figure in a dove-coloured dress, plain grey hat, and demure, meek, pensive face. 'And you, Mary, would you like the undertaking?'

'Thank you, Dr. Henderson,' in the lowest of voices, 'I will do my best.'

'Then thank you, in Mrs. Henderson's name and my own. And I am further commissioned to say that if all you young ladies will honour her tea-kettle—no, drum-major—what is the fashionable slang for drinking tea in the middle of the day?—eh! kettle-drum, is it?—to-morrow, she will give you the patterns and materials. Will that suit you?'

'Oh, thank you, Dr. Henderson.'

'We shall be so glad.'

'It will be another sight, not real good-bye.'

'Perhaps Mrs. Henderson will be so kind as to excuse it, if we cannot both come; I am not sure that there is not some scheme for to-morrow.'

This was from Bride Maclaine; and the last of the indefatigable Alice Coxe was, 'And, oh! please mayn't I come, just in case anybody should cut her finger, or—anything—you know!'

(To be continued.)

OUR CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS, AND HOW WE MANAGED THEM.

Everybody likes to see snow at Christmas. It is the orthodox thing: and children especially find an inexhaustible pleasure in watching 'the old woman plucking her geese.' Con and Flo were like other children in this respect; therefore Madge and I were allowed to follow our own devices in peace for the whole morning, at a very early hour of which the snow had begun to fall, while our two little cousins flattened their noses against the window panes of the school-room, and gazed earnestly on the ever-whitening landscape beyond. By the time, however, that dinner was announced, the said noses had begun to look quite blue with cold; and when the meal was over, instead of returning to their former post of observation, the little girls closed round the fire, and begged us to tell them a story. In vain we pleaded that we had told all our stories, and that we could by no possibility remember any more. Constance and Florence would not be satisfied. If we could not remember more 'stories out of books,' why, then we must invent them; only stories they must have.

'What do you do on a wet day in London?' asked Madge, while I racked my brains in the fruitless attempt to think of an entirely original fairy-story. 'Who tells you stories all day at home?'

'Why—nobody,' Constance answered; 'but then—'

'But then what?' Madge continued, laughing. 'How do you manage to amuse yourselves in the Christmas holidays?'

'Oh, in a great many ways. On such a day as this, for instance, perhaps we should go to the pantomime.'

'The pantomime!' said I, shaking my head. 'You certainly can't go to the pantomime here, Con!—unless, I continued, after a pause, unless— O Madge, I have such a capital idea! Why shouldn't *we* have a pantomime?'

'And act in it ourselves!' cried Con and Flo, clapping their hands in ecstasy. O Rose, how delightful! But how can we do the beautiful transformation scenes, when the colours keep changing, pink and blue and yellow, you know, and—'

'No, no, Flo; we must be contented without a transformation scene, that's quite clear.—But, Madge, why don't you speak? Don't you think we really might have a pantomime, or at least something of the sort?'

'Well, yes,' Madge answered with a meditative air, 'perhaps we might. But then, what shall we act? and how can we find enough actors? And none of the rooms are large enough to act in.'

These were difficulties indeed; and Madge and I sat pondering over them for some time in silence, interrupted every now and then by suggestions from Con and Flo of a most wild and impracticable nature. There were obstacles in the way, certainly, and at first I thought them insurmountable. We lived in a little village eight miles from any town where it was possible to procure gold and silver paper, and all the other necessaries for theatrical costume, &c. However! these were secondary considerations. First, what should we act? Secondly, how were we to get actors enough?

As I sat staring into the fire, and turning over these weighty considerations in my mind, I was roused by Madge, who had been scribbling something on the back of an old letter, with a particular smile on her face that she always has when she is writing poetry. She now jumped up; and having, much against their will, turned Con and Flo out of the room, she returned to the fire, and sitting down in her favourite position with her feet on the fender, read to me the opening lines of a sort of rhyming pantomime which she proposed to make out of a fairy story we had been reading a few days before. It is easy enough to write poetry when the only requisites are that the lines should have a certain number of syllables, and rhyme tolerably well; and Madge, who can spin any amount of doggrel—and something better too when she chooses—had soon, with some slight assistance from me, written down the whole of the first scene of the intended 'Extravaganza,' as we called it.

The result of our united performance, when it had reached a more advanced stage, was communicated to Con and Flo, and to the other members of the family; and, being received by them with unqualified admiration and entreaties to 'go on,' the preparations of every sort began in good earnest, and I need scarcely add that applications for stories entirely ceased thenceforth.

The school-room became our head-quarters: actors, or rather actresses, were enlisted from among our neighbouring friends—(by the way, some of them were three or four miles off, which was a great inconvenience

when we arrived at the stage of rehearsal.) Mamma's wonderful stores were ransacked for dresses: this part of the business was principally mine, and by no means an easy one it was; for, of course, everyone, from page to queen or fairy-godmother, wanted to be dressed with equal splendour. In fact, the acting mania spread with such rapidity through the house, that at last the head of the family might be seen every morning at the top of a ladder, divested of his coat, and busily employed in nailing up the fittings of the theatre; while our eldest brother, who had made innumerable jokes at our expense at the beginning of the proceedings, at last condescended to turn up his cuffs, and establishing himself in the hall, armed with a large paint-brush, and furnished with a quantity of cartridge-paper ingeniously pasted together in strips, he proceeded to delineate for our benefit, regal palaces and fairy grottoes, with an energy and perseverance quite equal to that of any of the other workers in the same cause. His assistance was not to be despised; indeed, without him we should not have ventured to have scenes at all, and we were therefore proportionably surprised and delighted when he offered his services as scene-painter, though nothing would induce him to be one of the actors.

I really think that in amateur theatricals the more trouble there is in their preparation, the more enjoyment they occasion; to the actors, at all events. We at least found it so; for when we were reduced to the most pressing straits, one of us was sure to hit upon some happy expedient equally ingenious and absurd, sending us into convulsions of laughter. Indeed, during these days of preparation we were always laughing from morning till night, until at last our chief fear was that, even on the important night itself, we should not be able to keep our gravity.

Now, of course, a great many of our difficulties might have been avoided, could we have sent to London and ordered down costumes, scenery, and other stage apparatus, 'regardless of expense;' but our circumstances did not admit of this; and consequently all these necessaries must be produced by what is wont to be called in the family 'native talent.' Moreover, as I before remarked, we are eight miles from anything approaching to a town. To be sure, there is a carrier who goes to and from ——— once a week; but then he generally brings you something quite different from what you send for, unless (as is occasionally the case) he forgets your commission altogether.

But we found some remedy for all our inconveniences; and perhaps some useful hints may be gathered from our experiences by others in the like circumstances. One trouble was the great want of *actors*, and the superfluity of *actresses*. The only actor of the masculine gender whom we could enlist was a fat rosy-cheeked boy of about eight or nine years old: for, as I said before, our scene-painter firmly refused to help us in this way; though one day, in a fit of enthusiasm, he offered to write a prologue, and speak it himself, which generosity on his part astonished and gratified us not a little. Of course there were the characters indis-

pensable to all fairy tales; a king, queen, prince, and fairy-godmother. So the two tallest young ladies were selected as King and Lord Chancellor, and the before-mentioned small boy represented a page.

The school-room was our green-room, and it may be imagined what noise, litter, chattering, and laughter reigned there for a week before *the* day arrived; and between ink, paint, and paste, (for more of the latter was upset than used,) the pattern of the school-room table-cloth became quite undiscernible. Mamma found among her stores a quantity of horsehair, which had once stuffed a cushion; and with this we manufactured a beard for the king, the chancellor's wig, and a pair of enormous bushy eyebrows for Mr. Prologue, who was to deliver his oration in the character of a wizard. These last I considered as rather a triumph of genius; but, alas! as I stood in the hall trying the effect of them on their intended wearer, he suddenly saw visitors coming up the gravel path, and, glancing at me with a look of horror, he tore off the unfortunate eyebrows, and flung them ruthlessly into the fire; which ungrateful act aroused my indignation so much, that I left him to face the callers alone, and fled back to the school-room, where I proceeded to manufacture another pair of eyebrows, amidst the alternate sympathy and laughter of the rest of the party.

One of our grievances was that we could not powder the chancellor's wig to our satisfaction. The flour that we used *would* lie on in little patches, giving it a somewhat pie-bald effect, till at last somebody thought of showering it on out of the cook's flour-dredger, a plan which answered admirably. A splendid ermine tippet was manufactured for the king out of white cotton wool, on which were tacked little tags of black velvet, and at a short distance off the effect was capital. But perhaps most discussion was caused by a comparatively trifling matter. It was necessary that at one period of the piece distant guns should be heard to fire. One suggested pulling crackers behind the scenes; another, getting someone to fire off a gun outside the window; but at last it was accidentally discovered that by raising the lid of the piano and letting it fall again with a loud bang, we produced the exact sound desired. Short full skirts of crimson and green silk were somehow manufactured for the children, and these were profusely trimmed with gold and silver stars, made out of the gilt paper which forms the covering of crackers and bonbons: for Con and Flo had brought down a large parcel of them from London, and, as the sweetmeats contained in them had all been devoured on Christmas Day, the wrappers were quite at our disposal, and very useful we found them for a variety of purposes.

The important day at length arrived. Our corps of actors gradually assembled in the school-room, which soon began to look (if possible) more littery, more untidy, and more chaotic it its confusion, than before. Some were still conning over their parts, which they had put off learning till the last minute. Some were trying to find the various articles of their own and their neighbours' dresses, and were putting them in

different heaps round the room—for this was our only dressing-room. Some were writing play-bills; and Con and Flo were adding to the confusion by always getting into the wrong places, tumbling over the carefully-arranged heaps of clothes, and otherwise making themselves objectionable, until we kept them quiet and gave them employment for some time, by setting them to make crimson, blue, or white rosettes for the shoes of the whole party. The hall, which was larger than any room in the house, was divided by a curtain into a stage on one side, and pit, boxes, and gallery, all in one on the other. The school-room opened on to the stage side of the hall, and by erecting a side-scene we hid the entrance to it, and showed instead a vista of arches in perspective, which looked remarkably well.

The foot-lights cost us a good deal of anxiety; but the difficulty was solved at last by making use of carriage lamps, a number of which we easily borrowed. These were placed in flower-pots filled with sand, and when the dark side of the lamps was turned towards the audience, a strong light was thrown upon the stage alone, and illuminated it most brilliantly. The flower-pots were concealed by a thick wreath of evergreens, and festoons of the same were carried along the top of the curtain in order to cut off the view of the ceiling, always a desirable thing to effect in arranging a stage, and particularly necessary in our case, as the ceiling was rather low.

And now, having arranged the stage, we retired once more to the school-room to dress; and Madge's and my own troubles as stage-managers really began.

I defy anyone who has not acted in that capacity to fully understand all that we went through on that occasion. Of course, had we been entirely absolute, we should have got on better; but, under the circumstances, this was not possible, and the demands made on us by everybody at once when we were in the greatest hurry and bustle, were of the most unreasonable and bewildering nature.

'I say, Rose, can't you tie on my wig a little tighter? It will slip over one eye, and then the powder gets in and makes it smart so!'

This was followed by, 'Oh, please!' from a small fairy, 'the star has come off the end of my wand; won't you fasten it on again?'

Whilst complying with these requests we were accosted by the small boy, who earnestly begged us to sit down and write him some more, as he had so little to say!

'Write you some more! I dare say!' cried the Prologue, indignantly pushing past him. 'They are not quite Sheridans enough for that yet.—I say though, Madge, lend us some pins, do; I want to pin my whiskers at the top of my head, they'll be too long if I don't.'

Pins! Oh! what frantic searches for pins we had; and yet I thought I had provided a sufficient quantity of them the day before. But everything had a marvellous faculty of getting lost the very moment it was wanted.

'Out of the way, Con; you're standing on my eyebrows!' 'Madge, Madge, Julia has spilt some tallow on my wings!' Such were some of the various and confusing exclamations that sounded all around us; and they were further increased by the small boy's mamma, who would keep knocking at the door about every five minutes, to know if any of us had caught fire.

Then the page's dress prepared for the aforesaid small boy was another source of difficulty, for we had had no opportunity of trying it on, and of course it proved much too tight, and it cost us a world of trouble to squeeze in the plump little figure of its wearer. Then, when we were all dressed and the curtain was about to ascend, the queen was seized with a nervous fit, and vowed that she had quite forgotten her part, and could not, and would not, act at all. To make matters worse, the page suddenly became infected with the same despondency, and began to cry, or rather to roar, in a manner that drove his unfortunate fellow-actors into a state bordering on distraction, and caused his excluded mamma instantly and rather unreasonably to decide that he was in course of being reduced to a cinder. All our united eloquence was expended on the queen, and all the sugar-plums we could muster on the page, before they could be persuaded to rally their drooping spirits.

At last all was ready. The Epilogue, (for we had an Epilogue as well as a Prologue,) who had also undertaken to be prompter, was stationed in a convenient corner; then the dinner-bell was rung violently, and the curtain drew up. The Prologue delivered his oration with great spirit, though its effect was somewhat impaired by the conclusion; for as he bowed profoundly on retiring behind the scenes, he contrived to leave his beard upon the stage. As, however, this mishap was only received with renewed plaudits from our very indulgent audience, we were not at all discouraged by it, and the piece proceeded through the first act with great éclat, and without let or hindrance, except that in a short scene which had been composed expressly for the chancellor and another of the courtiers, the loose sheet of paper on which it had been written in order that they might look over their parts till the last minute, suddenly vanished. The courtiers therefore had to proceed, as best they could, without the aid of the prompter. Outwardly they appeared progressing smoothly enough, but the anxious friends who were watching from various loop-holes behind the scenes could not conceive why the chancellor's eye, when he was spouting forth his rhymes with the greatest apparent ease, should turn now and then with a look of wild agony towards a particular corner of the stage. However, when the act was over, he rushed behind the scenes, and tearing his wig with vexation, explained to the sympathizing actors, that while glaring madly round the stage as he endeavoured to remember the next verse of his speech, he had seen, sitting close to the foot-lights, a small dog which we had pressed into our service, and employed in quietly tearing up, crunching, and devouring, the very bit of paper which we had taken up so much time in looking for.

At the conclusion of the first act the scenes had to be shifted; and while this was going on, it had been arranged that music should be heard from behind the scenes in order to drown the noise made by the hammer of the stage-carpenter. Our first, and I may add, like Claud Halcro, 'our only violin,' (or rather pianiste,) was a young lady, who also enacted the part of one of the courtiers. She was implored to play her loudest and most stirring pieces at this critical time, which she did with great effect, until she was obliged herself to jump up in order to make some alterations in her dress, which were necessary in the next scene. In the awful pause which ensued, the hammering of the carpenter was so distinctly audible, mingled with the chattering of the actors who were changing their dresses, that the King (who is famed for never touching a note if *she* can help it) could bear it no longer, and rushing to the piano, began to play in desperation. *Her* Mamma, who was one of the audience, heard her, and thought within herself, 'Dear me, I wonder what has happened; it must be something dreadful if Madge is obliged to play!'

With the exception of these little misfortunes, all went off capitally. Nobody broke down; and, what was equally fortunate, nobody laughed, except in the last scene, when, after the hero had paid a short visit to Fairyland, he returned to find (as people always do in fairy tales) everybody grown seven years older than when he left them. To help this illusion, one of the actresses, a pretty girl of seventeen, would insist on putting on an enormous pair of blue spectacles, which made her look so utterly absurd that we all went into fits of laughter whenever we looked at her.

After supper, we had a very merry dance in the hall, in which audience and actors mingled indiscriminately; and as we danced in costume the effect was extremely picturesque, not to say grotesque. The sight of a Lord Chancellor gravely waltzing with a fairy, the powder of his wig flying about in all directions, is one not often to be seen in large ball-rooms, where there is a more extensive choice of partners than we could boast of; nor (except at fancy balls) is it common to see a gorgeously dressed mediæval monarch performing Sir Roger de Coverley with a modern young lady in white muslin.

By the time this was over it was one o'clock, and we were all too worn out to do anything but go to bed: in fact, Con and Flo were so tired that they fell asleep on sofas, before the conclusion of the evening, and had to be carried up-stairs to finish their night's rest on their legitimate couches. But the only bad effect of our unwonted dissipation was, that breakfast was not over next morning until—I am afraid to say what hour. Our dramatic successes were, however, pronounced to be unequivocal; and the retrospect made a topic of conversation and merriment which lasted through the rest of the Christmas holidays.

If any hints that we may have dropped should serve to excite in our readers a fancy for making a similar attempt during the forthcoming season, we wish them every success, and shall consider ourselves as having, in the language of Dr. Johnson, done anything but 'diminish the public stock of harmless amusement.'

ROMAN THE READER.*

(A RUSSIAN CHURCH CONSECRATION.)

BY MADAME ROMANOFF.

ROMAN's birth caused great joy to his parents, who had been married twenty years ere they were blessed with a son.

His father was a deacon, in a considerable village not far from the Siberian tract. He lived in a wooden house of his own, with a palisaded garden in front, if that may be called a garden which was but a narrow slip of ground, so thickly planted with lilacs and raspberry and black-currant bushes, that at the time the fruit was ripe there was scarcely any possibility of getting at it. The dwelling consisted of a large lofty kitchen, a bed-room, and a parlour, all on the ground floor. The walls were not lath and plastered, there were no carpets on the floors, nor curtains at the windows; the furniture consisted of a birch-wood sofa and a dozen chairs, covered with a large-patterned cotton print, a table before the sofa, and two smaller ones beneath the looking-glasses in the piers; besides this ordinary furniture there was a psaltery, on which the Deacon used to perform various sacred melodies on holiday evenings. The corner formed by the two windowed walls was hung with pictures of the Saviour, His Mother, the patron saints of the master and mistress of the house, and of the master's deceased parents; some with silver or metallic settings, others in the rough and extra pre-Raphaelitish style called Souzdalsky, from the town where they are painted by thousands. The other walls were covered with portraits of the Imperial Family, and a few sentimental engravings from English annuals, with English titles that nobody in the village could read, and no one even knew where they were originally picked up; they were the parting gift of one of the many stanovoys† that had ruled at Elenovka.

The bed-room contained only one bed properly so called; the bedding of the children (who slept on large pieces of thick felt, spread at night on the parlour floor, with pillows in cotton-print cases, and patch-work quilted counterpanes,) was stowed away under the bed-stead during the day. The kitchen was like all Russian peasant homes; the whole house was scrupulously clean and neat; a faint smell, reminding one of incense, wax, and church oil, pervaded the place, and proceeded from the clothing, long hair, and person in general of the Deacon, a quiet, sober, thrifty man; not very bright, but well-intentioned, and faithful in the performance of his duties. When he married he had every chance and hope of having

* See the Sketches of the Rites of the Greco-Russian Church in our former numbers.

† Representative of the law in villages. He has civil rank, and is subordinate to a superior officer in the district town.

a comfortable place with Priest's orders; but his patron, the Rector of the Seminary, died suddenly before he had been able to fulfil his promises, and Dmitry Hypatievitch Gideonoff was thankful enough to accept a Deacon's place and calling. But he always lived in the hope that some of these days the desire of his heart would be accomplished.

A Deacon of the Greco-Russian Church is capable of becoming a Priest if he undergoes a certain examination; he often marries a Priest's daughter, and in his turn gives his daughters in marriage to candidates for Priest's orders; but he is considered a degree lower in position than a Priest. The habits and mode of life of all classes of ecclesiastics are so similar, that I may say the only difference rests on the proportional state of the finances of either. The families of all, however, are always superior in town to those who have been born and bred in the country.

There is a peculiar charm in the village dwellings of these hard-worked and ill-paid Ministers of the Gospel. I do not pretend to dispute that many are ignorant, 'given to much wine,' and lovers of lucre; but it is but fair to state that their faults and failings are grievously exaggerated in many of the books of Russian travel that have fallen into my hands. These hasty judgments leave a lasting impression on the minds of the public, and the result reminds me of the opinion the Russians have formed of English schoolmasters, founded on the Squeers of Mr. Dickens's 'Nicholas Nickleby,' which they suppose to be a faithful portrait of the pedagogues of Great Britain. Nothing can be more unpleasant to an English person in Russia, or to a Russian in England, than the ignorance concerning each other that he cannot but observe in both nations; and the feeling of amusement that this at first excites changes into irritation or indignation when his endeavours to set the errors to rights are futile, for the Russian is as opinionated as the Englishman—or *vice versa*; but I must go on with my story, and not grumble at my fellow-creatures.

The Deaconess was not a lively or amiable person by nature, and circumstances combined to make her less and less so every year of her life. In the first place, she could never forgive her husband for being a Deacon and not a Priest, and took every opportunity of casting the same in his teeth; reminding him that she was a Priest's daughter, and reproaching him for having married before he was sure of the place, hinting that the history he gave of himself to her father, and the good-will of the Rector, were nothing but humbug. She had an almost annual disappointment too in the births of nine daughters, and did not attempt to conceal her relief and satisfaction when four of the number were removed to a happier home. She was idle, inefficient, and fussy, as mother of a family and mistress of a house, and had it not been for the pious Deacon all would have gone to rack and ruin in their little household. One circumstance only, connected with her as housewife, which contributed to the earthly comfort of her husband, was her magnificent culinary talent. The notion that it was carefully cultivated from purely selfish motives did not, fortunately, spoil the healthy appetite

of the hard-working son of the Church, and it was decidedly a creature comfort to see, as well as to partake of, the simplest and cheapest dinners when prepared and served as Pavla Lavrentievna did when she intended partaking of the same herself.

In personal appearance the husband and wife were very ordinary; but he had a 'redeeming point' in the form of a benevolent expression of countenance and a frank and cheerful manner which, from constant ill-temper and discontent, were for ever strangers to the plain face of the Deaconess.

All the nine little girls were as like as drops of water, with their father's pleasant grey eyes and luxuriant light hair, and their mother's round fat face and wide mouth; but all had the Deacon's good-temper and industry. As the survivors grew up they contributed infinitely to the cheerfulness and comfort of their home; and it was with great personal regret that their parents parted with them when suitable bridegrooms asked for them. At the time of their brother's birth two were already married, two rapidly growing into womanhood; then there was a gap of eight or nine years, caused by the deaths of the four babies, and then No. 9, a good, quiet, fat child of five, Nadejda by name.

Hypatitch, as the Deacon was familiarly called, had gone to the nearest town to buy a few little luxuries, such as tea, raisins, sweet cakes, and nuts, for an approaching holiday, when his son was born; and his happiness and satisfaction on hearing the joyful news were greater than he had ever experienced since he was praised by the Inspector before all the scholars. The Priest of the village and the Stanovoy's wife were invited to be sponsors to the child; and in the meantime the name of Romàn was given him, partly because he was born on the eve of St. Roman's day, partly because his father had a friend of the name whom he greatly valued. His mother, naturally a hardy vigorous woman, was inclined to avail herself of the importance and interest with which her new maternity invested her, and give herself up to laziness and enjoyment; but her young daughters' cookery did not suit her taste at all; and on the third day of her infant's existence, after partaking of some very indifferent pea-soup, (to which Evpraxia, the eldest girl, had added a pint of cold water by way of making it 'do' for the family supper,) she declared her intention of rising the next morning to cook a decent dinner, and greatly shamed poor Evpraxia by calling the pea-soup pig-wash. The Deacon attempted a remonstrance, but was met by such a storm of reproach that he could but reply by begging her to do anything but be angry—no, that is—distress herself.

So the next day she prepared a tasty little meal; and by way of teaching Evpraxia to take more pains in future, she compelled her to eat the remains of the pea-soup before she touched anything else. She considered that now she had every right to be as exacting and cross as it was possible for mortal woman to be, and made everybody in the house (except the baby) as miserable as she could desire. The elder girls

whispered in secret after some unmerited scolding, 'Never mind, they would soon be old enough to be brides;' and that they would consent to be married to the squintingest and ugliest suitor that might make them an offer sooner than remain at home to be scolded from morning till night like that.

'But *tyàtinka?*'* said the younger, a very tender-hearted damsel of fourteen.

'Yes! poor tyatinka! I should be sorry for him, certainly, and for Nadinka;'—but the shrill voice of the mother would put a stop to their confidences.

Little Nadinka, who was too young to be made useful in any other manner, was stationed on a little stool by the side of the liulka,† and commanded, with dark threats of unheard-of pains and penalties should she leave her post, to rock her baby brother unceasingly. The patient little thing would long for a game of play with the cats, for a run in the yard, for a nestle in tyatinka's lap, but never stirred from her stool. When her mother passed she would raise her imploring eyes to her face, but never got a word of encouragement or caress; nothing but a shake of the fist and a promise of the corner, deprivation of supper, and the like, if Romanoushka woke before his time. Her plain little face shone with delight when a hardly perceptible movement in the closely-curtained liulka gave notice that the tightly-swaddled baby was awakening. Nadinka's efforts would redouble, and she would rock with all her little might, singing her lullaby song, or saying 'Go to sleep, Romanoushka! sleep, my angel! sleep, batinka!' until her mother came to relieve guard. Then she would jump from her stool; but, much as she longed for motion, she never left the side of the liulka until she had been allowed to kiss the little boy. Pavla Lavrentievna, as soon as she felt the soft light burden on her lap, seemed to become another woman, and all the sweetness of maternal love shone in her face. Tender words, before unknown to her lips, and unheard by the nine baby girls, were lavished on her unconscious son. Little by little, fear of awakening or alarming him caused a marked softening of her voice and tone when giving orders to, or finding fault with, her husband and daughters. The latter thanked the Almighty every hour of their lives for giving them a brother; and the Deacon, who had been grieved from the bottom of his pious heart for twenty-one years by his wife's perpetual bad temper, took courage, and prayed night and morning that this blessed change might be lasting. All the hopes of the husband and wife were now centred in the 'pope,' as they began to call him from the first hours of his life; and dreams of a splendid career at the seminary, of a town appointment, a rich and lovely bride, for him; and for them, of a very calm and happy old age—were cherished by both in the colours most pleasing to either.

* *Papa*; used by the merchant and lower class of ecclesiastics, and others.

† Cradle: it is suspended from the ceiling, and rocks up and down.

Roman throve beautifully; his first smile and first tear, which are considered by the Russians as harbingers of reason in an infant, were quite epochs in the family history, so much was said about them. He was a fair, plump, good-tempered child, and had all the beauty of the family, being really a remarkably lovely infant, although strikingly like both his parents. His father insisted on his being vaccinated; and as this involved a journey to the district town, where each had relatives and were sure of a welcome, Pavla Lavrentievna was pleased to consent. And thereby arose a terrible dispute. Evpraxia and Antonina had had the small-pox in their early childhood, and escaped almost without a single pock; but little Nadinka had neither been vaccinated, nor had she ever been sick of any rash-complaint whatever. The Deacon proposed taking her to town also, and having her vaccinated with the baby; but his wife set her face against it with an obstinacy that was as aggravating as it was unreasonable.

'Think, Mother, reflect for a moment! Nadia is a little girl. Of course I should be sorry if either of them were stricken with small-pox; but of the two, Nadinka's personal appearance is the more-important, she being a girl.'

'A girl! a girl! she'll do just as well as the others, please God. Look at Evpraxka and Antoshka, are they not fine girls? 'blood and milk,'* one may say! and were they not ill, Wisehead, eh? And did not you groan over them, God forgive you, as if they were painted pictures, or picked-out beauties?—Ugh!'

'Whatever they may be to other people,' shouted the Deacon, roused, for his girls were his delight and pride, 'they are painted pictures for me! Yes! and better than picked-out beauties, for they are godly good-hearted girls. And they are my born children, Mother, which is everything in one word. And shall I ever forget my Katinka and Lubinka, when that same small-pox was on them? or God's angel, Doushinka, who died of it, Mother! I wonder at myself, I declare,' said the fond father, 'that it never entered my head before. And I *will* take Nadia. So get ready her things, Mother.'

The real fact was that the poor little girl had not a frock fit to wear in town, before her grand relations, and the little lamb-skin shouba, in which she frisked about in the yard, had but a very shabby and well worn cotton-tweed covering. It mattered not if the expedition were postponed for a few days, while the little wardrobe was being brought into order; but Pavla Lavrentievna argued and argued that go they must that very week, and so worried the Deacon, that he was on the point of giving in, when the innocent object of dispute leant her plump arms on his knees, and looking up into his face, said coaxingly,

'Yes, do take me this once, Tyatinka!'

'Yes, I will! you shall go, my lapinka! We'll see what we have got in our box, eh? Come along.'

* A literal translation, expressive of a fine complexion.

We need not repeat the reproaches and grumblings that were elicited by this decision. Nadinka was overjoyed, and accompanied her father to the bed-room, where there stood a large gaudily painted iron-bound chest, out of which he took pieces of all sorts of draper's and mercer's wares; linens and calicoes, pieces of silk and satinet for future gowns and cloaks for the elder girls; then home-spun linen, lace, thread, and at last, cotton prints.

'Don't touch that blue one, Deacon! it is a full dress, and will do for a grown girl. Nor that pink remnant, fright that you are! it will be just enough for the pope—please God—at three or four years old.'

'The pope shall have a prettier one, Matoushka! This will just suit us: eh, Nadia?—Now girls! Who is my handiwork-woman and dress-maker? Both? well, wait a minute. Where's the lining? and have you some white thread to sew with? Yes? well then, mother will cut it out for you directly, and I know it will be ready by to-morrow evening.'

He then put back all the things as tidily as a woman, and taking his son from his wife, wheedled her into cutting out the little frock in her best style. Evpraxia undertook to wash other appendages to her little sister's toilette, and all seemed to be the happier fo the child's pleasure.

The girls anticipated having great fun during their parents' absence, but carefully concealed their airy castles, for fear of means being taken for their prevention. The Deacon asked a neighbour, the sister of the Reader, who was a great hand at singing Christmas songs, telling fortunes with cards, and 'guessing fate,' to keep house with his darlings, and secretly left them a little stock of tea and honey, nuts and sweet biscuits, for it was Christmas time, and he l ked them to be happy and comfortable in their own way.

Early in the morning the horse was put to, and the wicker-carriage on the country sledge made as comfortable as hay and carpets could make it. Little Nadia, in her old best dress nicely washed, her shouba cleaned and considerably improved by a binding of cotton velvet—all the work of her clever sister, Evpraxia—was in the state of restlessness and impatience that most children exhibit when on the point of making an unusual outing; but at last the delightful moment arrived when she was lifted in by her mother's side, and the Deacon's long legs vaulted after her.

They had not gone more than six versts from their village, when Romoushka began to manifest symptoms of discomfort, and in a short time these turned into a violent fit of screaming, which his mother in vain endeavoured to pacify. Supposing that the cold must affect him in some way, they determined to stop at the nearest hamlet, and warm the little fellow before proceeding further. Altogether they had forty versts to perform.

Hypatitch was well known in every hamlet of h is own parish and in many others as well, and had no difficulty in decidir g at whose house to stop. Pavla Lavrentievna knew the mistress well tc c, and had informed

her of the object of their journey before she had been in the warm kitchen five minutes.

'Well, you know best, of course,' said the woman; 'it's your affair, not mine: but God forbid I should ever allow a child of mine to be vaccinated. Can we be greater than God Himself? If He pleases to afflict us, dare we dispute His Holy Will?'*

'But, Yakolevna, consider,' argued the Deaconess, 'if you were to break your arm, or get a bad cough, would you not try to be cured? Is it not the same thing? only vaccination prevents, you know.'

'Well, you know best; you are grammatical, of course: but still it is the mark of the Beast! Yet who knows? Now there's our Vasilka has been laid up with it these five weeks, and if he will get up with his eyes or without them, God knows. It is His Will!'

The Deaconess turned pale. 'What! the small-pox in your house? Let us be off this instant!' cried she, catching up her baby and rolling him anyhow in his wrappers. 'Hypatitch! Father Deacon! where is that malefactor? Akh! Gospodi! Gospodi!'

It was at least a quarter of an hour before the Deacon could be hunted out. The master of the house where they had stopped had led him to a neighbour's to look at a horse that was for sale. The infant, soothed by the warmth, had ceased crying, and, heedless of the entreaties of the good people to wait and have dinner, spite of the smoking viands on the hastily-spread table, the whole party left the house in less than half an hour after having entered it.

They reached the town towards evening, and stopped at the house of Pavla Lavrentievna's brother, a priest, who was married to a lay lady, with whom the Deaconess could never get on at all; though, to be sure, she did not get on very well with anybody. However, they met with a very kind welcome, and the sister-in-law quite won Pavla Lavrentievna's heart by going into raptures with the 'sweet baby.' Nadinka too came in for a large share of petting; and her cousin, a girl of sixteen or seventeen, made her perfectly happy by curling her hair at night, an operation she had never undergone before, and by making her a whole family of rag dolls, with embroidered features, and hair stolen from the cook's distaff.

The country visitors had to remain longer than they intended, in consequence of the vaccination day at the hospital having been altered from Wednesday to Saturday, the latter day being more convenient for the country people, who came with things for sale to the markets. The Deacon reflected that the girls at home had sufficient provisions to last them an extra day or two, and was rather pleased than otherwise to have a little holiday. His wife was quite in her glory, and took the opportunity of learning how to dress several new dishes, and to bake various fashionable rusks and biscuits, from her brother's clever town cook.

* This feeling is so universal among the peasants, that Government *compels* them to have their children vaccinated, but frequently they bribe the vaccinators to leave them alone.

Saturday came; and the operation was duly performed; and immediately afterwards they set out on their journey home, the children being extra-warmly wrapped up.

'Only look, Hypatitch!' said the Deaconess, about a week after, 'how the dear son's arms are swelled! My lamb! my pigeon! But there, never mind! he will be a beauty all his life; a smooth delicate-faced boy! and not pitted and pocked as if the hens had been pecking at him, a popik that he is!'

'Hm. And how are my Nadejda Dmitrievna's arms?' said the father, turning towards the child, who was arranging the sugar-loaf-paper furniture that her cousin had cut out for her, in a corner of the deep window-sill. 'Come here, girly, and show yourself to me.'

He bared the little arms, but to his surprise there was not a sign of inflammation on either; merely the traces of the three slight scratches, now quite healed, that had been inflicted by the experienced hand of the assistant-surgeon. 'What is the meaning of this, Mother?'

'It does not take with everybody,' said the Deaconess indifferently. 'I have heard of people having their children vaccinated three times, and it's not succeeding once.'

'Yes; I have heard of it too. But what I mean is this; have we let her catch cold with it? Because you know that would not be over and above safe for her, Mother. Has she been out into the yard or anywhere in the cold?—Girls! hey! Evpraxinka, has Nadia been out since we came from town?'

All the family at once declared that to their certain knowledge she had not crossed the threshold.

'Well; God forbid! but if it does not take this time, I shall send her to Ivan Lavrentievitch's with the Reader on Friday, and ask him to have it repeated, and to keep her there till all is finished.'

This was said on Sunday afternoon, and on Tuesday Pavla Lavrentievna began to observe that the little girl was languid and irritable, did not care for her meals, and towards evening complained of pain in her back. This made her father declare still more vehemently that the vaccination had got a chill, and he groaned much as he abused himself for not leaving her with her aunt and uncle. They put her to sleep in the best bed, gave her raspberry tea, and covered her with several fur pelisses to promote perspiration. She fell into a restless slumber; and the parents, ill at ease on her account, went to bed at a late hour.

The next day the little sufferer had something that nobody could understand—a faint, or a fit. Evpraxia and Antonina firmly believed that she was going to die directly, and set up lamentations of the most dismal description. Pavla Lavrentievna immediately sent Antosha for the old woman who attended the family in sickness; and as soon as she heard an account of all the symptoms, she said at once that the patient was sickening for small-pox! The Deaconess said that when the others had it, she did not remember anything like a fit; but the old woman

remarked that perhaps it had taken place during the night, and had passed off itself, unobserved. Hypatitch was away at the time, carrying home hay; but when he arrived and heard the sad news, he stuck to his first conviction, that the vaccine matter had been thrown inwards by a chill, and agreed with the old woman that it was now coming out in the form of 'natural' small-pox. And it was not until the poor little darling was lying fearfully ill, that he and his wife recollected the circumstance at the hamlet on their road to town.

She had it violently, and at one time her medical attendant, the old woman, pronounced her in a hopeless state. Nothing like medicine was administered, but they used to take her to the bath every day and steam her, to bring out the eruption more freely. She did not die; it was when the days were much longer and the sun much warmer, when drops began to fall from the roofs, and the fowls to venture out into the yard, that she was dressed for the first time after her recovery—awfully disfigured, but with eyes uninjured. Those of the Deacon had been often very red and swollen during his little daughter's sickness; Pavla Lavrentievna was too much taken up with her baby to bestow much time or thought on the patient. 'If she dies, she will go to the Kingdom of Heaven,' she said to all whom she saw; 'but if she lives, God's Will be done! But she will be a Christ's-bride* all her life; remember my words!'

Great was Nadia's happiness when she was strong enough to hold her little brother, now a fat grave child of nearly six months old. As months passed on and turned into years, she was still his careful nurse and indulgent playfellow, and he repayed her with the most ardent affection and implicit confidence. Evpraxia married a layman, much to the displeasure of her mother; but the Deacon liked his future son-in-law so much, that he insisted on his wife's offering no foolish objections. Antonina followed her sister's example at an early age; but her bride-groom, however, was a candidate for Priest's orders, with an excellent situation in view; and the silly mother did not conceal her preference for this daughter and son-in-law before all the rest; and why? Because the latter had a better place than the others; that was all!

Roman was a fine little boy, intelligent and bold, and very gentle-tempered and tender-hearted withal. He and Nadia ran wild until he was nearly seven years old, when his father began to teach him the Sclavonic alphabet, that bugbear to all ecclesiastical children; and Nadia, in order to help him, and perhaps from a natural love of acquiring knowledge, learnt it at the same time.

'*Az*, *nash*, an; *glagol*, *est*, *liudi*, *yère*, gel; angel. O Nadia, I cannot! I really can not!' the poor little fellow would sob. 'When shall I get to hear it with my ears? If tyatinka would but let me read straight off, it would be much easier. *Booki*, *ik*, boo; *rtzi*, *ya*, ria; Booria; *rtzi*, *ya*; . . . Oï!'

* Spinster. The term is applied to sickly or afflicted maidens who are not likely to marry.

Nadinka was not as quick as Roman, but she was persevering, and older than he, consequently she overcame the difficulties of the Church alphabet sooner than her brother. Evpraxia's husband, hearing of her feats with Sclavonic, sent her a 'civil' spelling-book, as they call it in distinction to that of the Church. In the former, the letters are called as in other European languages, 'a, b, v, g,' and so on, while the same letters in the Sclavonic or Church alphabet are named *az*, *booki*, *vedi*, *glagol*; so that to spell the syllable *ga*, the wretched learner must pronounce thus, '*Glagol*, *az*, ga.' The ear can play no part whatever, and the eye very little, until the sounds are drummed into the head. The process of *reading* in Sclavonic is easy enough to those who can read civil Russ; but nothing can be more puzzling to a beginner than the absurd old system of *spelling* in Sclavonic.

Pavla Lavrentievna was very vexed with her son-in-law's present to Nadia, and threatened to take it from her, and lock it up. 'Thank God!' said the pious mother, 'my other girls never read anything but the Holy Scriptures, or the Lives of the Saints, as it becomes maidens of ecclesiastical family, in the language of the Church; but if we let that wild thing learn the civil spelling-book, we shall have her reading novels and song-books; who knows? Not to speak of the time it takes, drawing her attention from the distaff and sewing to nonsensical pictures and verses and fables, and what not. Tphoo?'

Dmitri Hypatitch read the whole volume through, from the picture illustrating the letter A, to the National Hymn at the end; including a new system of arithmetic, moral reflections, an epitome of sacred and Russian history, orthodox prayers, and fables of 'the Fox and the Crow,' 'the Wolf and the Lamb,' and others, familiar to every learner in Europe; and he pronounced it excellent, and to contain nothing contrary to sound faith and doctrine. And henceforth Nadia's Sunday afternoons and holidays were passed in the perusal of the spelling-book, and in copying out on a slate the moral reflections, which were very much to her taste.

Roman little by little conquered the Sclavonic difficulties; and picked up not a little knowledge from his sister, (who could not read otherwise than aloud;) the civil spelling-book did him a good turn also, and the clerk of the stanovoy taught him to write a good hand, so that when it was considered time to send 'the pope' to the district school, previous to entering the seminary, he was as well prepared as could possibly be expected of him.

From an early age his father used to take him to church, and encouraged him in joining his little voice with those of the singers. Accustomed from his babyhood to the idea of ultimately becoming a priest, he entered into the services with interest and intelligence; and his favourite amusement during the long winter evenings was christening, marrying, and burying dolls; he even had canonicals for that purpose, made by his indulgent sister out of blue s ar-loaf-paper, an article

much in favour for harness, houses, and other playthings, with the rising generation of holy Russia.

It is doubtful whether Pavla Lavrentievna would ever have made up her mind to part with her darling, had it been possible for him to become a pope without leaving the paternal roof; and as it was, she made a great fuss and to-do when her husband on his return from town one day seriously desired her to get the boy's wardrobe into perfect order, and placed at her disposal various ginghams and prints, while he carried off two pieces to the village tailor, to be made up for the future scholar.

Like most children all the world over, Roman was delighted at the prospect of a change; and it was not till he absolutely pronounced the word 'good-bye' to the weeping Nadia, that he felt an atom of regret at leaving his home.

Both his parents accompanied him to town, and placed him in comfortable quarters with the widow of a reader, who maintained herself and family by taking in little boarders. Many and sincere were the tears shed by the Deaconess during a conversation with Roman's landlady, while the Deacon went to the Head Master of the Ecclesiastical school, to introduce the new pupil to him, and to beg his acceptance of a small tub of honey. Pavla Lavrentievna bought a pound of nuts and some sweet beans and biscuits for the fellow lodgers of her son; and besought them not to ill-use, beat, teaze, or laugh at him. The following day the parents returned home; and the Deaconess, by way of soothing her grief for the absence of her son, sought distraction and entertainment in leading Nadia 'such a life as never was,' to use the sum and substance of Petrovna the Reader's wife's report of home doings to Evpraxia, when she met her at a neighbouring village fair.

And a 'life' it was, in very truth! The poor young girl, never a beauty, was nothing less than ugly now, from the effects of her dreadful illness; and her unamiable mother upbraided her with her ill-looks every day in the week, calling her a hen-pecked phiz, an object, a fright, a pea scare-crow, and by a dozen other terms of ridicule and contempt, in which the Russian language is as rich as it is in those of affection and caress. No reason can be positively assigned for this treatment, except the general one, that Pavla Lavrentievna could not exist without scolding somebody; and as she had no one left but her husband and Nadia, she selected the latter as being a completely defenceless and unrevengeful object. Nor did Nadia deserve the constant fault-finding that embittered her life; she was an obedient, hard working, and singularly submissive girl. Never did a word of insolence, and seldom one of self-justification, pass her lips; and whatever was required of her, she fulfilled to the best of her ability. The secret of all was, that, despite her plain face, she was her father's idol, and the decided favourite of the light of Pavla Lavrentievna's eyes—her adored popik; and it is to be feared that jealousy was the chief cause of her heartless treatment of her daughter;

unless I allude again to the necessity of having one upon whom to vent her ill-temper.

Nadia's days were passed in active household work, all of which, except the actual preparation of food, fell to her share; and that is no trifle in a Russian family, even in so humble a home as that of the Deacon. There were two cows, calves, sheep and goats and pigs to feed, and the cows to milk: she was fond of all her dumb charges; but the out-door department that was especially to her taste, was the care of the poultry. She knew the habits and tastes of every feathered creature in the yard; and had many curious facts to relate about each.

Then her in-door business was considerable: she was maid-of-all-work; and when everything was brought into the precise state of order that her mother exacted, she had flax to spin, and the yarn to weave when all the flax was spun; and then the linen to bleach. Holidays, and the period that elapses between the weaving of last year's flax and the pulling up of that of this year, were passed in performing the laborious handiwork peculiar to the Russians: ornamenting the ends of long narrow towels and the edges of sheets with a kind of hem-stitch in many rows, which forms an open ground on which to embroider, in thick glossy flax-thread, various devices, generally of a very primitive and unartistic description; a stocking was always lying on the window-sill, ready to be taken up at odd moments.

Thus brought up, it is not surprising that Nadia, at fifteen years old, was very nearly as ignorant as any of the girls of the village; for though she could read and write, (that is, form characters with a pen or pencil—a letter she had never occasion to write,) she had positively no time to think of anything but what she had to do. While Roman was at home she could always pour out her little troubles or great vexations to him, child as he was; and she often heard him read aloud and con his lessons, the substance of which remained in her retentive memory; but since he had gone, she had no food for either mind or heart, except a very respectful adoration for her father.

When she had attained her seventeenth year, and was still without a single suitor, her position became more and more painful. Her mother, always eager to seize on any real cause for complaint, began to taunt her with her maidenhood, telling her that her four sisters were wives and mothers at her age, and bringing forward examples of other ecclesiastical damsels who had lately been wooed and won. Her other daughters, too, had been remarkable for their good voices and excellent singing; no wedding in the whole blagotchinié * was complete without the Elenovka Deacon's girls to act as leaders in the wedding choruses. In poor Nadinka there was nothing exterior to be proud of.

Roman had not been educated to very delicate feelings or elegant manners; but at the time he was placed at school, he was a ure-

* Ecclesiastical district.

minded, warm-hearted, and decidedly well disposed child. The tricks, the bad words, the malingering and laziness of his fellow boarders, at first shocked him extremely; and he once or twice attempted to remonstrate, but he was always met with such round abuse, (accompanied often by blows and kicks, to which he was entirely a stranger,) that he left off expressing his horror or indignation, and little by little got accustomed to it all. This hardening system was pursued with the utmost vigour, unpunished, and it would seem unnoticed, by Denisovna, the landlady, who fulfilled her engagement to the letter, gave the boys full meals, washed their linen, and sent them to the bath every Saturday, and on the eve of every holiday; but as far as their morals and conduct were concerned, she never interfered in the least, except indeed when their tricks and mischief were likely to affect her own property or quietude.

The teachers of such schools are not answerable for the conduct of the pupils; they are paid for teaching some particular branch of knowledge, and each arrives at the school when the hour of his lesson approaches, mounts his high desk, delivers his lecture or lesson, during which at least one grand thrashing, and several minor ones, are administered, (not by the teacher, but by the keeper of the building—generally an old soldier, whose business it is to light the stoves, sweep the school, and thrash the boys,) makes his bow and goes away. Minor punishments, such as standing or kneeling in the corner, and other old established forms of discomfort, were largely inflicted; and every teacher, except one, was hated with a whole-heartedness that might have done wonders in a good cause.

The teachers themselves were not a little to be pitied: they had a thankless task; and not one had a notion of altering the old beaten form of instruction; or if he had, pluck was wanting to put it into execution. A dislike of innovations, a general horror of anything out of the old original well-known track is, I think, one of the most remarkable traits in the Russian character; and nowhere is it so marked as in the ecclesiastical class. I do not refer to religious opinion or forms, because alterations or innovations with regard to them, are looked on as impossibilities, and in fact, I may say that they actually are so.

Among the half dozen of Denisovna's boarders, was one whose previous habits and tastes had more in common with Roman's than those of the rest. He was the orphan grandchild of a Protopope, in one of the neighbouring manufacturing towns, and was distantly related to his landlady. He had been petted, coddled, and doted on by his grandmother, dressed and attended to like the son of a noble, taught with the utmost gentleness by his grandfather, and then suddenly thrown into the little whirlpool of childish vice, which every large public school, more or less, presents. His principles were more lax than those of Roman; he was ready to join every plan of naughtiness, and applaud every bold stroke of impertinence or lying. He would soon have become as bad as any

of the worst in the school, had it not been for Roman and Roman's protector, a great muscular lad of fourteen, stupid to the last degree at learning, but not vicious, and with fists that were the terror of his companions. He had saved Roman and his friend from more than one beating, and instructed them in the art of self-defence with a zeal that either of the teachers might have done well to imitate. Thus protected by physical force, Roman and his chum, who rejoiced in the name of Appolon, dared to be well-behaved, and in comparison with many others, good boys.

The idea of inquiring into the character of Roman's comrades never crossed the minds of his parents; they warned him in general terms against association with bad boys, against improper language, and other vices; and placed him with Denisovna, because she had the reputation of being very conscientious and honest, and kind and motherly to her little lodgers.

Boys—children, in a word—are exactly the same in Russia as they are in England; just as fond of 'awful fun,' all the more delightful if seasoned with mischief, just as apt to shirk, to malinger sometimes, and just as much the anxiety, pride, and delight of their parents; each of them having twenty redeeming points for their various failings; have they not, mothers?

Suffice it to say, that Roman did not pass unscathed through this beginning of ordeals. He learned to lie, to pretend he was very bad when he only felt lazy; but he hated himself for yielding to the temptation, acknowledging its full guilt in his soul; and always protested against bad language and pilfering: he was Denisovna's champion in all the evil designs of the three naughty ones on her edible property. He was the leader of the virtuous party, backed by the vote of the pretty Appolon, and the fists and bass voice of Grisha Banin, who delighted to thwart the others, just for the sake of thwarting, and of showing off his prowess.

As for the learning itself, the progress and improvements fluctuated now one way, now the other; but the result was, that when he was fifteen, he was removed to the Ecclesiastical Seminary at the Government town. Great were the disappointments, trouble, and anxiety, and many were the sleepless nights that fell to the lot of Hypatitch before he attained his object—the free admission for his son to the Seminary, with board and lodging. Pavla Lavrentievna's relations found connections who managed the affair; and the success of their efforts was the wonder of all who knew the circumstances; for the vacancies for free admission are supposed to be kept for orphans, or the sons of very poor or retired members of the clergy; and the Deacon of Elenovka could not be called a very poor man, though he was by no means a rich one.

Roman had been several months at the Seminary, when he learned by mere chance that his godmother's family were residing at the Government town. Her husband had had several removes since she stood sponsor

for Roman; and gradually the Gideonoffs had lost sight of her. Her godson was not as bashful as one might expect of a boy educated as he had been; and he wished extremely to see his godmother, to penetrate into the bosom of a lay family; and he communicated this desire to Appolon, who had been admitted at the same time as he; and was urged by him to try by all means to make himself known to her, representing that the renewal of his acquaintance with the wife of a counsellor might prove very beneficial to him. Roman had a very high opinion of Appolon's advice, and of his knowledge of the world, and was pleased that he approved of the plan.

The first time a holiday occurred after the consultation, Roman asked leave to visit the Counsellor Haraldin.

'What business have you with Counsellor Haraldin?' said the teacher on duty, with a sneer in his voice that roused Roman's blood; but he answered respectfully in the plural, as well-bred people always do.

'The Counsellor's wife is my godmother!'

'Thou liest!' was the reply; 'how could she happen to be your godmother, when they live here, and your father serves in the country?'

'Her husband served at our place also,' said Roman; 'he was the Stanovoy; and Katerina Antonovna stood for me fifteen years ago.'

'A—ah! hm!' said the teacher; and he thought, 'a Counselloress's godson! upon my word!—Well, get along with you. Behave yourself decently, I humbly beg; and if I find you have deceived me—the threshold!* Do you hear?'

Roman murmured an answer; his heart beat high while the teacher wrote his name on the pass, without which no one can leave the Seminary for fear of being called a truant.

'Come along, lad!' said Appolon, almost as pleased as Roman himself; he was a good-natured boy; 'we must get you up a bit. I'll give you some of my pomatum, and lend you my gloves: only mind you bring me something good!'

'Of course!' said Roman, as he threw off his coat, and commenced a tremendous ablution. 'Listen, Polia!' he continued, with his face all over a thick lather, and his eyes tightly screwed up, 'what shall I say to them, now that I have got leave to go? I feel quite—you know—'

'Nonsense! fiddlesticks, brother! Wash yourself thoroughly, and then we'll speak on that subject. Round your throat! your nape! slovenly that you are!'

Roman obeyed, and succeeded in 'cleaning' himself to his friend's satisfaction. Appolon was a bit of a beau, and liked to have everything as smart as the rules and notions of the Seminary would permit. He had a little store of such appendages to the toilette as many of the Seminarists had never seen, and very few possessed. Besides a clothes-brush, and a large ivory comb, small toothed on one side, and large

* Floggings are inflicted on the threshold of the room in Seminaries.

toothed on the other, he had a tooth-brush and a pound-pot of clove-pomatum; two needles, and a skein of black and white thread; stamped envelopes, directed to his grandfather, in the old man's hand; and other property, which gained him the title of the 'Seminary Libinberg,' the name of a well-known dandy of the Government town.

When the clothes had been thoroughly brushed and beaten, and a most generous supply of pomatum applied to Roman's hair, Appolon handed him a pair of cotton gloves, and began to give him instructions how to behave, and what to say. Roman became impatient, and did not pay much attention to the latter part of the lesson, said he should be late, and ran away; while Appolon shouted after him, 'And mind you don't pour your tea into the saucer, nor turn the cup upside down when you have done!'

'All right!' answered Roman, from the bottom of the stairs.

Katerina Antonovna, the Counsellor's wife, was very surprised to see her godson, and very agreeably surprised to find him a nice-looking and tolerably well-spoken boy. She gave him a very kind welcome, asked him to stop all day at her house, and introduced him to her children—a boy of sixteen, and two little girls of twelve and eleven. A quarter of an hour sufficed to make him feel quite at his ease; the young Haraldins were pleasant and talkative, and showed him all sorts of games and amusements, of which he had hardly an idea. He had never spent such a delightful day in his life. Alexandre Haraldin was a gymnasist, full of the new ideas of progress, civilization, emancipation, and liberty of thought, that have become the rage in Russia during the last eight or nine years, or so; he enchanted Roman with his eloquence, and was in his turn enchanted by the attention and respect with which his god-brother drank in every word he said. It is true that Roman did not perfectly understand all that he heard; and indeed it required an ear accustomed to the jargon that Alexandre made use of to follow his ideas. As for the little girls, they were lady-like quiet children; they seemed quite to feel with their brother, and occasionally joined in his rhapsodies.

After dinner—such a dinner as the humble guest had never beheld—Katerina Antonovna proposed a drive, and Roman had the satisfaction of standing on the zapiatka* with Alexandre, and dashing rapidly through the principal streets behind a pair of restive well-fed horses. Madame Haraldin, the little girls, and a guest, occupied the sledge, covered with a handsome velvet rug with a bear-skin lining. The Seminarists who had leave of absence, and who happened to be walking in the streets through which the Haraldins passed, recognized Gideonoff, and envied him from the bottom of their hearts.

Before tea, the young ladies played duets on the piano—another novelty for Roman! and after tea, at which meal he did not forget Appolon's injunctions, the whole family, Counsellor and all, played at 'biographical loto.'

* A sort of shelf at the back of a sledge.

When he took his leave, the Counsellor patted him on his back, called him a molodetz,* and bade him come to see them whenever he liked. Godmamma added a few kind words; and the young people appointed the following holiday for their next meeting.

Was it for the better or for the worse that things had taken such a turn? Roman was quite elated; and the whole of next day's recreation was passed in describing to Appolon the house, the furniture, the costume of the ladies, and everything else that could be described, with as much of the conversation as he could remember. Appolon came to the conclusion that the Haraldins must be a very learned and superior family, and congratulated his friend on his having met with so kind a reception.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS ON GEOLOGY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'IVON,' 'MINNIE'S DOLL'S HOUSE,' ETC.

LETTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Dear H——.

And so you find all the 'Text-books' 'horribly tough,' and Messrs. Dana, Jukes, Page, &c., little less stiff than a Greek Chorus, while that great book on the 'Antiquity of Man' is only more unintelligible still? and yet you don't like to give them up altogether till you are older and wiser, or till the royal road to wisdom and geology is made: so, what is to be done?

You think I might help you, by reading the dry books instead of yourself, and translating them into language you can understand. Perhaps I might; but as for making the study of geology easy, that is happily impossible; 'happily,' I say, for I am sure we neither value nor remember what has been acquired without a certain measure of labour. 'Lightly come, lightly go,' is a very true proverb.

If, however, you are prepared for some 'hard names,' and some dry explanations, I will do my best to give you a general idea of the subject, and to make it as interesting and little tedious as I can.

Before beginning the Earth's history, it will be as well to remind you of the position and rank she holds in our Solar System.

Nearest to the Sun, the centre of our system, round which all the planets revolve in their different orbits, comes the planet Mercury. He receives from the Sun nearly seven times as much light and heat as the Earth; but his atmosphere, which is very dense, may act as a parasol to his inhabitants, if such there be. Venus, which comes next, has phases

* Fine fellow.

like our Moon. Mountains twenty miles high have been seen in her, and some several miles high in Mercury; but both these planets, from being so near the Sun, are difficult to make observations upon.

Next to these comes our Earth, attended by her Moon. Continents occupy one-third of the Earth's surface, and seas the remaining two-thirds. The land is in some parts level; in some parts sinks into valleys; and in others rises into mountain-chains, the highest of which do not exceed five miles in height, and are therefore, you see, scarcely one-fourth the height of those in Venus. Round the Earth is a sort of envelope, composed of gases, which we call the atmosphere.

The surface of the Earth's attendant, the Moon, is also varied by valleys, hills, rocks, mountains, and round holes as much as five miles deep and forty miles across, which are believed to be the craters of worn-out volcanoes. She has neither lakes nor seas; and no traces of living beings have as yet been seen in her.

Looking at the Earth in its position in the Solar System, we can but come to the conclusion that it is not one by itself, but one of many worlds, in common with which it makes its journey round the central Sun. It is not distinguished in any way above the rest; it is not by any means the largest, nor is it the smallest; it is neither the nearest to, nor the farthest from, the Sun; nor is it the only one honoured with a moon. Jupiter has four moons; Saturn eight, and a wondrous ring besides; Uranus eight; and Neptune one or two. Its surface also does not seem to differ from that of its companion planets; for, in the atmosphere of Calcutta, Mr. Grant says that the planet Mars appears 'actually as a little world,' and such as the Earth would appear if seen from a distance. Continents and oceans are clearly traced on it; and the snow of its poles is even seen to disappear beneath the summer heat. Clouds float over it; and, wherever there are clouds, there are water, evaporation, electricity, rain, hail, and snow. Where there are mountains as well as clouds, there are also rivers; so we may picture Mars to ourselves, as in all essential particulars very like our own Earth, and either fit, or in the way of being fit, to be inhabited.

Whether or no it, or any other of the planets, be inhabited, we cannot of course positively determine, until we have telescopes far more powerful than at present; and the question therefore is, not whether they are, but whether, as far as we can tell, they could be inhabited. We may see that the Earth is not distinguished from them in any such way as to make us think it favoured above the others, or singled out for the reception of inhabitants; and we may thence conclude that the balance of probabilities is in favour of the other planets being inhabited worlds, or in course of preparation for becoming so. That they should be peopled by beings like ourselves, cannot appear necessary when we consider the various forms of life upon our own globe. The fish might think, if it thought at all, that no beings could exist out of the water; so also might the bird with regard to its element; and the inhabitants of the torrid

sone with regard to the ice and snow of the Arctic region. Yet all these would be utterly mistaken, because they judged only from their own circumscribed point of view, and could not admit the idea of a race adapted to any other state than their own. Fish are fitted to live in the water, birds in the air; we are fitted to live upon the Earth; and why may not other beings, possibly superior to ourselves, be fitted to dwell in the other planets, or even in the Sun or Moon? The absence or extreme rarity of the atmosphere of this latter has been made a great objection to the idea of its containing living beings. Yet, again, why need this be any objection? why may it not be just the state of things which suits them? We must have a low idea of the Creator's power, if we think He can endow with soul and spirit no other forms but those of our own bodies.

If people are to argue only from themselves and their own feelings, what, think you, must be the reasoning of a Selenite (Σελήνη (Selene,) the Moon .·. inhabitant of the Moon) as he looks at this Earth? *It will appear to him as a gigantic globe, twelve times larger than the Sun, immoveable, constantly at the same height over his head, and giving thirteen times more light than the Moon sends us. But its aspect will change continually, from the constant commotion of its atmosphere; one day it will be covered with clouds and give a white light, and the next its atmosphere will be limpidly transparent. At one hour the dark oceans, at another the green plains and grey wastes of sand, will appear; so that, as with themselves everything is calm and unchanging, no clouds obscuring them or thick atmosphere covering them, the Selenites will probably have settled that the Earth is uninhabited, and was suspended in the heavens solely for their benefit. Little will they guess all the tumults among its different races, and the wars which excite the minds of its nations. To them, living upon a solid sphere, it will seem impossible for any rational creature to exist on such a shifting watery mass. Our atmosphere will look to them like a thick covering which would smother or drown a Selenite; and the Earth's quick motion on its axis will seem of itself sufficient to prevent anyone *like themselves* from living here. Just so; but here we are! and so we must suppose we are *not* like the Selenites; and—why should we be?

Turning from the worlds above us to the worlds beneath our feet, the worlds whose relics geology shows to us, we may well see another argument in favour of the idea that our planet is not the only one in the universe inhabited. If the Creator thought fit to occupy it, before man's appearance, with so many forms of life, so different that they might seem to belong to different worlds, is it conceivable that He should have left all the other planets empty, while in this small Earth were condensed all the wonders of His power?

And again, if the Moon was intended merely for a lamp to the Earth, why was her surface varied with mountains and valleys? A smooth ball

* M. Camille Flammarion.

of lime or chalk would have answered the purpose better. In examining the past history of our Earth, we shall see that it was convulsed by earthquakes, and deluged by water and lava, before man inhabited it. We cannot tell the past history of the planets; but in the Moon we can see extinct volcanoes, whose presence proves that she has not always been in her present state, and therefore that the law of change which prevails upon the Earth, prevails in her also.

In the letters which I propose writing to you, I hope to speak of some of the changes through which our planet passed before it was fit for the reception of man. May it not be that, if we could but read it, every planet and star around us would give a similar history of the way in which it too has been, or is being, prepared for its inhabitants?

You will not expect, nor, I think, wish me to write you very scientific letters. It will be enough if, in reading them, you lay a foundation for future study of the subject from deeper writers, and if you get some insight into the interest and pleasure of the study, such as may encourage you hereafter to overcome all the difficulties in the way of its pursuit.

(To be continued.)

OUR SICK POOR.

THE present winter is one which perhaps more than usually presses upon us the question, What are we doing, or can we do, to help our Sick Poor?

Perhaps it is partly because England has again been threatened with another visitation from the much-dreaded epidemic, which has made so many homes desolate in other lands, that the question seems to come home to us now; but certainly it seems that the subject, at all times important, is one which we may not now put aside, but which should lead us to inquire whether all has been done that can be done to ameliorate the condition of the poor by such means as are within our reach.

Sickness, which brings its own peculiar trials to all, is a time which brings many and heavy troubles to the homes of the poor.

It is not only that poverty places beyond their reach all those little additional comforts, and, in many instances, we must say necessaries, which a time of sickness is wont to demand; but also because, under the pressure of work which is essential to procure the means of livelihood, the sick one is unable to receive that constant care and gentle nursing which perhaps is imperatively needed, but which no one has the time, or probably the skill, to bestow.

In London, efforts have for some time past been made to remedy this state of things, by the employment of nurses in connection with the

Parochial Missions; and this system, if fully carried out, will be one of the greatest temporal blessings that can be conferred upon the working classes. For immense as is the amount of suffering relieved by our large hospitals, and great as is the number of patients who are at all times carefully housed and tenderly nursed within their walls, there still remains, and probably always will remain, a vast number of sick poor, who have no more quiet resting-place in time of illness, than the one or two crowded rooms which usually form all that the London working-man can call by the name of 'Home.'

And it would be an incalculable benefit to be able, in all cases, to send into these homes a well qualified and experienced nurse, who would understand and see that the doctor's orders are carried out—who would know the value of fresh air, clean clothes, and all the other necessaries of life, more than ever essential in time of illness; and who, at the same time, would be able to relieve of much anxiety the overworked mother, now perhaps working harder than ever, because there are no father's earnings coming in; and to bestow words of kindly sympathy upon the sick child, whose anxious mother has perhaps left it alone, only that she might, by her washing or charing or working, earn something towards procuring the additional nourishment, which doctors so frequently order, and which perhaps the circumstances of the case require.

As we have before brought this effort before our readers, we will not say more about it now—except to remind them that it is one which should enlist the hearty aid of all who are interested in the well-being of our working-men's homes, and one which needs a large amount of aid, both in money and clothes for lending, to make it really efficient.

But what shall we say of country towns, which have not the advantage of the large London hospitals as a place of nursing for their sick poor? True, most of the large towns in England have now their own infirmary; but these infirmaries, almost invariably resorted to in cases of accident, can only afford accommodation for comparatively few of those cases of ordinary sickness, which perhaps none the less require its special care.

It is by no means possible, any more than it would be desirable, that all illnesses should be nursed away from home; and if the sick poor are to be nursed in their own homes at all, who has the ability to see that they are really receiving all the care which their case requires, and that the doctor's injunctions are strictly obeyed?

We must remember also that there are numberless small villages which own neither hospital nor infirmary, and which perhaps are situated at a considerable distance from the nearest town where such advantages can be obtained.

We have known in some villages of an establishment called a 'Cottage Hospital;' and there are now several places in England where these cottage hospitals have been commenced. We believe the first actually established was commenced some few years ago at the village of Cranley, in Surrey. The following particulars respecting this cottage hospital,

and another at Bourton-on-the-Water, are taken from 'The Penny Post,' February, 1863. The first was intended to accommodate six patients, who make weekly payments towards their maintenance, the remainder being contributed by the clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood. The outlay for thirty patients, in the year 1862, amounted to one hundred and seventy-six pounds eight shillings and twopence, out of which the patients or their friends contributed forty-four pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence. One nurse was sufficient for this hospital.

At Bourton-on-the-Water, a village on the Cotswold Hills, a similar hospital was established by the clergyman of the parish, the surgeon, and other gentlemen in the neighbourhood. From the first report, it appears that twenty pounds were contributed by the patients themselves towards the working expenses, which amounted to fifty-eight pounds.

Particulars are given relating to the cases of the patients treated at this village hospital, twenty-two of whom were in-patients; and special stress is laid upon the help that such hospitals afford to country labourers meeting with accidents while at work, and who are thus saved the painful jogging over miles of rugged roads, which would have been necessary to convey them to the county hospitals.

Cottage hospitals such as these—partly self-supporting, and partly maintained by voluntary contributions—would be a great blessing in every village throughout the country.

At present, the poor are in most cases wont to look to the rectory or the hall for all the comforts required in the sick-room; and many such rectories there are, where the supply of sheets and towels and lending-linen is always at hand, with one or two soft cushions, and perhaps an easy-chair into the bargain. And we *have* known also—perhaps greatest comfort of all—a Bath-chair kept for the special use of the invalids of the parish—and which, early on the Sunday morning, we have seen drawn out of the rectory gates, to convey some infirm or aged person to church, who would not otherwise have had an opportunity of attending the House of God.

But supposing these cottage hospitals were established in every parish, from whence would come the properly-trained and well-qualified nurse, who might with confidence be placed at the head of the little establishment?

And this question leads us to speak of that which we wish especially to bring forward now—the effort which is being made in some of our large country towns, to train suitable nurses in connection with the town or county hospital or infirmary.

Such a work is now being commenced at Southampton, (the town in which it will be remembered the cholera broke out in October last.) The prospectus of the proposed undertaking states that:—

'The difficulty of obtaining trained nurses, properly qualified to carry out faithfully the directions of medical men, is so generally acknowledged, that institutions have been founded in different parts of the country for

the training of a class of nurses, who shall have special opportunities of qualifying themselves, will submit to proper discipline, and remain under observation a sufficient length of time to ensure, as far as possible, their admission with safety into families, and with a reasonable expectation that they will use all the means which a merciful Providence has taught man to discover and employ for the relief of pain and sickness.'

It was therefore resolved to establish a HOME AND TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES, in Southampton, similar to one which has been now three years successfully in operation at Bath.

The prospectus further states:—

'It is proposed to rent a small and suitable house near the infirmary, and to furnish it simply, where the nurses will be lodged and boarded, under the management of a lady superintendent. The Committee of the Royal South Hants Infirmary have expressed their approval of the object, and their willingness to allow (under regulations they approve) the nurses to be trained in their wards.'

It is further proposed to keep a register at the Home, so that families in need of nurses could apply direct to the Institution; and it is added—'It is proposed to extend the aid of the probationers, and such qualified nurses as may be unemployed from time to time, gratuitously, to urgent cases of sickness occurring amongst the poor.'

This last paragraph is one which we are sure will command itself to all our readers.

The success which has attended the establishment of such institutions as the St. John's Training Institution for Nurses, in Westminster, and others of a similar character, has proved how much the services of trained nurses are needed.

If every county, or better still, if every large town, had its own home and training school for nurses, working in connection with the county hospital or infirmary, on a similar plan to that which it is now proposed to carry on at Southampton, what a desirable centre it would form for all future requirements!

There the small cottage hospitals, if established in all our scattered villages, would always be able to apply for fresh recruits, if the work in hand, or the gradual extension of their labours, became too great for the one appointed nurse. There the various parochial missions would always be able to procure the services of the much-needed nurse, to work under the district clergymen in our large town parishes; and there private families would be only too thankful to obtain the assistance which a trained nurse is capable of rendering in any sudden emergency or case of severe illness.

We feel as if we had something further to say about convalescent establishments; but we will let this alone just now. Our business at present is with the invalid, not with those who are recovering—with the sick, not with the convalescent.

HINTS ON READING.

CHRISTMAS is sure to bring us a tempting variety of books of all varieties to mention. Few are more attractive to the eye than *Alice's Trip to Wonderland*, by Lewis Carroll, (Macmillan,) which has been beautifully illustrated by John Tenniel. The cleverest 'picture,' to our mind, is that of the 'mock turtle,' with a calf's head looking out of his turtle-shell, calf's feet behind, and a most lackadaisical pair of fins hanging limply down before. Moreover, there is a Cheshire cat—the very impersonation of a grin! We are told that the story grew up out of narrations to a merry party of little listeners; and we can figure to ourselves the shrieks of laughter with which it will be hailed by many a like circle of small people as a Christmas treat. It is one long dream of sheer nonsense; but they will not like it the worse for that.

Mrs. Packer, whose lesser books we mentioned among our former Hints, has now put forth a prettily illustrated autobiographical sketch of an English and a French school, under the title of *Agatha and the Black Sheep*. (Rivington.) It is extremely amusing, though we doubt if the girls are not rather too naughty and the teachers too ridiculous to be quite edifying. The best part is the description, evidently taken from life, of the Paris school; but we hope the catastrophe is not likewise taken from life!

Aunt Sally's Life, by Mrs. Gatty, which some of our readers may remember in our former state of existence, has now been brought out by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, with very spirited illustrations.

We are glad to see that *Thinking for Oneself* is likewise appearing under the auspices of Mr. Masters. We have been confirmed in our liking for the story by having read it to a class of village school-girls, who entered into it with great delight.

We are very glad also that Miss Louisa Twining is putting forth a book of *Readings for Visitors to Workhouses and Hospitals*, (Hunt: Holles Street,) consisting of selections chiefly intended for the sick and aged. It will supply a want that has long been felt.

One or two of the Second Series of *Biographies of Good Women*, (Mozleys,) have already appeared in our own pages; and we think our readers will find the rest full of new interest.

A Few Words to Church-Goers, (Masters,) is a little tract likely to serve as a useful explanation of ecclesiastical decorations.

But while noticing the books of the day, we cannot but think much of one of our ablest writers, who has so suddenly passed from us. Some few of her books, not being designed for the very young, have never come within our scope; and we much wish that the publishers would separate the tales now bound up in a single volume, under the title of *Lizzie Leigh, and Other Tales*. *Hand and Heart*, one of these, is evidently written very early, on the Edgeworth model, with an impossibly set and formal mother giving wonderful good advice; but still an admirable child's story. *Bessy's Troubles* is of the same calibre, but more natural, and both most useful for poor children. *The Sexton's Hero* is a glorious and touching fragment, which (omitting a little fling at the army) would be excellent for penny readings or night-schools. *Libbie Marsh* is equally admirable in its way; but these are mixed up with the extremely comical and clever *Christmas Storms and Sunshine*, and *Mr. Harrison's Courtship*, both in the Cranford style, but one inappreciable to those who would be benefited by the others; and therewith a frightful ghost story from Household Words, which no child ought to read; and *Lizzie Leigh* herself, a tale touching in itself, but fit only for a very limited class of readers: so that the book is rendered useless for all but reading aloud, by the ill-advised medley of its contents—all excellent in their own way, but incongruous. Perhaps few books have ever been more deeply touching than *Mary Barton*, where the character of old Alice is, we

think, Mrs. Gaskell's master-piece, as a picture of patient faith and unselfishness; and the scientific Job is such a wonderfully clever sketch. Who can forget his scorpion or his baby? We believe *Sylvia's Lovers* is the foremost as a work of art of the tragic school; and there is a severe adherence to probability in the lot of each of the personages, that makes us feel that it was conscientious writing, not for popularity. We might also call the *Life of Charlotte Brontè* a great tragedy; for verily no book we ever read left us so sad, or with so strong a sense of the power of both subject or author. She drew a life lovingly, with all her heart; and yet, spite of one flaw from eager partizanship, with such essential truth that it cannot fail of its deep lesson. Yet as tragedy, in its perfection, goes hand in hand with comedy, the subdued mirth of the scenes in *Cranford* seems to us unrivalled in its delicate humour, with the pathos ever lurking at hand. Broader fun has often been seen, but seldom any so exquisite. And the last of her works—*Wives and Daughters*—though with a sustained plot, belongs rather to the Cranford type than to the deeper one, which she seems to feel best befits the strong rugged natures of the lower classes of her northern folk. We have deep distress indeed, and both Cynthia and Molly both touch us greatly; but the acting spirit—Mrs. Gibson—belongs to that order that must either be hated or laughed at—and not being grand enough for the one doom, must fall into the other.

We long for another Mrs. Gaskell to contribute tales to the *Curate's Budget*, which contains some good and useful though unexciting stories—William Baird perhaps the best of them. We believe they have been found very useful to read aloud in night-schools.

The S. P. C. K. has put out an excellent little book, called *Evenings at Beechwood*, consisting of Conversations upon the Psalms, which we greatly recommend, both for lending-libraries and for home use. It has, however, one omission, which is a serious drawback to its usefulness—namely, the want of an index, which is the more serious, as the Psalms are treated of according to the supposed date of their composition; so that to have a chance of being able to refer to the explanation of a Psalm, it is necessary to remember when it is here supposed to have been written. There is not so much as a list of the contents of the chapters; and we can hardly conceive how the committee should have suffered so important an omission to have passed without being supplied.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WITHIN THE CAMP.

LETTER IV.

CHOIR-WORK. (*continued.*) SCHOOL-WORK.

My dear Child,

I am glad to find that my letter about choir-work has been of use to you, and that you have begun so happily in this happy part of your work. I am very pleased, too, to hear that you are content to let what you call 'the managing' be done for you; for, as I said before, it is the being under orders yourself that is at present the bond of union between yourself and those with whom you have to work. Still, you ought to perceive how this 'managing' is done, and to learn how to do it yourself, for there may come occasions when authority is needed in your own person, and then you must know how to exercise it. Of this I am sure, that one great element both of command and of obedience is mutual trustfulness; you must trust your choir, and your choir must trust you, before they will submit to you, or you can control them. And the generosity of English people makes them very susceptible to

the influence of this moral reliance. Of course it must have its limits, or it becomes chimerical and absurd. Give all your directions, feeling it is as needful for the choir to obey them as for you to enforce them, and to this end let them be as brief and as simple as possible. There must necessarily be a great deal of minutiæ in choir-work, and therefore it is most unwise to *worry* the learners with troublesome injunctions about non-essentials. And with regard to any fault or misconduct, notice it, and try to check it at once if it is within your province; if not, report it as soon as you can I always pity the offender condemned at last for an offence which he has repeated half a dozen times with impunity, but which he would probably never have tried a second time had he been made to understand at first that it would not be allowed.

I think I must have begun at the wrong end of my present subject in my last letter, by giving you first of all my hints upon choir and organ-work *in church*, for that is of course the climax to which all this preparation leads, while the preparation itself requires most labour, most tact, and most skill.

Good parish choirs have now been in existence in most places long enough to be composed for the most part of those who have learnt the rudiments of music upon some good system: still, it not unfrequently happens, as it did at Hartstoke, that with the choir are incorporated several members of the 'gallery band,' whose supposed knowledge of music is vaguely theoretical, and some younger men, whose love of music has led them to join, but with whom music did not form any part of education. With these conflicting elements some common basis of instruction must be established, or there will be no end to the misapprehensions of the elders; or worse still, to their contempt for the youngsters who sing only by ear. I do not know what your system may be; ours was the Hullah method somewhat modified, and with us it answered admirably: the diagrams reduced what was before an abstruse mystery to an intelligible arrangement, and the arbitrary signs became a sort of memoria technica, recalling the desired knowledge upon the slightest hint. The diagrams require judicious selection, if you cannot afford to buy the whole series; some in the first part are not needful, while some in the second part are. I began at the very beginning, in order that we might all start fair upon the same understanding, getting in two or three sharp boys from the school Hullah class to act as fuglemen. And I soon found that I was able to explain a great deal in the very rudiments to which my oldest scholars had not attained before, while their pleasure was great when they recognized anything of which they already had an inkling. We went on in the same way with time-keeping, sol-fa-ing, and at last reading by sight; and very proud we were of our first catch, and our first part-song.

And this leads me to speak of the desirability of having a stock of good secular music, for the sake of exercise and practice. I would never let a singing class think that the end of their labour was to be able to sing glees and catches, but I would make the latter kind of music the practising ground for higher things. I mean, let the technical and mechanical difficulties be overcome, and let the meaning of music be learnt upon these lower themes, and then anthem, chant, and hymn, have more chance of going smoothly and well after a moderate amount of *practice*, but without any *drudgery* over the music at the expense of the words, or any lessening of the reverence due both to sacred words and to sacred music.

Carol-singing is an excellent link between these two kinds of music; we learnt more carols than were ever used in the Christmas Eve progress round the village, and their joyous invigorating tone was highly appreciated. It would be invidious to particularize when there are so many good ones; and the same with the secular songs I have been speaking of, and the many others that there are upon the carol level. You will find plenty with which to please yourselves, only let me advise you not to begin too many at once, and to fall into the evil habit of *trying*, without *perfecting*.

I have spoken of the school singing-class; this is a necessity, I think, in order to keep up the supply of musicians for the choir. Children are always proud of being

able to sing, and the training them would be a pleasant office for you to have. The school-master or mistress is often too taken up with more important things to be able to give the singing-lesson the brightness and point that it ought to have; and the pupil-teacher's knowledge is often too fresh and crude to be easily imparted. But if you take this part of the business on yourself, make some definite arrangement, and stick to it.—It is unfair to put the classes in confusion because some members of each are gone to their singing-lesson; and the children have generally had enough of learning and attention by the time school is over, nor do their parents like their being kept behind when others are gone home. I think some time in the weekly holiday is best, and once again during the week, if practicable; but whatever is settled, keep to it, and learn to be reliable. So much for parish music, sacred and secular, at least for the present.

Writing about one kind of school-class makes me think of the other kinds of help a young lady may render in the school: but really in the present day I do not think there is much, save interest and attention, that can be given in school hours. Many little services may of course be done by you, both to teachers and scholars; but in the matter of teaching, I think you will be apt to hinder more than to help, unless there is some special branch, like the singing, which you can take exclusively.

The Sunday-school class is quite another matter, and, no doubt, a source of great interest to you. I think it is a great advantage to be able to teach, as much as possible, *viva voce*; but this requires a great deal of previous preparation. It has always been my aim to *individualize* each Sunday in my scholar's minds, as may always be done by the study of the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, and of the appointed Lessons, even when no special fast or holy season is commemorated. Even one's own reading of the Christian Year is enough to give its tone to the teaching of the day; that is, if our words are the result of our thoughts, and our mouths speak out of the abundance of our hearts, as should be the case more than ever here. I would not give my Sunday-scholars too much to learn by heart, for I am sure that the so-called learning *by* heart often comes to learning *without* heart; but I would insist upon whatever is to be learnt being thoroughly mastered, and fluently repeated, without that unfortunate mixture of gabble and stammer, which has, I suppose, distressed us all time out of mind.

You will think that I must always end with a caution; now, ere I quit the subject of scholars and learners, let me add an earnest word of warning against petting and favouritism. I know how hard it is not to feel grateful to the bright answerer that responds to your glance, and to look more frequently towards him than towards his heavier companions; and I know, too, how easily one is influenced by the externals of looks, manners, dress, interest in parents, and a hundred other circumstances more outside the school than in it. Still, while always preferring the good to the naughty, never prefer the clever to the dull, unless cleverness and goodness go together, and then no more than strict justice requires. Besides the loss of influence which is inevitable if you put one before another for no better reason than your own liking, you lose all chance of improving the idle or stupid ones, who will not bestir themselves to understand what you want or mean, if they know that upon their silence you will turn at once to another, to whom it is no trouble to answer. And there is another class of scholars, too, the very shy, whom this system, or rather want of system, checks and perplexes hopelessly.

But I am sure you are too kind, and too much in earnest, not to wish to avoid such a state of things; only be on your guard, recall your own school-days, put yourself in your scholars' position, and I doubt not that you may learn as many life-long lessons from them, as you wish them to learn from you.

Your loving Godmother,

F. G.

A COMPLAINT.

Sir,

Can you bring your influence to bear upon the stupid custom now so prevalent among the middle class and second-rate gentry, of addressing people by their name at every sentence? It is meant I believe for politeness, but is also a sort of middle course between saying Sir or Ma'am, and saying nothing at all. Now Ma'am is a very harmless piece of respect. A servant's 'Yes M'm' slips off her tongue almost unnoticed; if omitted, you are sensible of a little familiarity, but you would not resent the omission: whether such little marks of deference to station are desirable, I will not pretend to say—they may hurt the pride of the rising generation: but the constant repetition of your name—whether long or short, pretty or ugly—is a terrible infliction. I believe they use it among themselves, and teach it to their children, by way of civility. I have sometimes had it said to me by young men and children, whose parents did not use it, and who meant it for respect.

The tradesman who says 'Ma'am' over the counter, will say, 'Yes, Mrs. So-and-so,' when he gets you into his musty parlour on some business of charity. Young farmers' wives, and boarding-school girls, especially deal in it; in fact, all grades—from the really well-bred, down to the very poor; and I fear it will creep among them, and be copied from those just above them. It is used, I fancy, by American servants, and may be an American product. It now gets into second-rate novels and tracts, where you constantly meet with this, and the kindred vulgarities of 'Yes, Miss,' 'Yes, Aunt,' 'Yes, Teacher.' I am very careful not to give the tracts that teach this. Do not you think you could do some good if you told them it was never done by ladies—hardly known to many. You may think me too sensitive; but consider my annoyance.

I married twenty years ago, much to the satisfaction of my friends, because my husband was rich—whether to my own, is not the question. But there was one small objection—such a name! Could not it be changed? I may have once wished this; but I soon found that the Higginbottoms of Nettlethorpe were a very old county family, thinking much of themselves. I soon resigned myself to my fate, did not mind seeing my name, and heard it very little. I always called my husband John, and called him 'Your Master' to the servants. I was often called Mrs. John, because of my mother-in-law; and my eldest girl was always called Miss Fanny, because of her aunts. But of late years, whether from the increase of the practice, or my being more acquainted with those who adopt it, I am constantly assailed with 'Yes, Mrs. Higginbottom,' 'No, Mrs. Higginbottom.' Two or three families, not of the highest breeding, but very good people, have settled in the parish, whom I should be sorry not to visit; our Churchwarden, who is a large timber merchant, is treasurer to the school, and we do a good deal of business together; his daughter, and others of her grade, help me with mothers' meetings, coal and shoe clubs, &c.; one farmer's wife is famous for finding girls places; and this brings us together; and all these deal in 'Yes, Mrs. Higginbottom.' Two governesses have done it. The first, a farmer's daughter, by name Evelina Russell, a good clever girl, but touchy and sensitive about her position. I bore it a good while, and then thought it would be kind to speak to her about what would really be a disadvantage to her; but she was dreadfully offended, and we never got on well after; it was evident she thought her own manners far better than mine; and at last she left me, saying she was not treated with consideration, (N. B., I found this meant that I had not asked her to drive so often as my own girls;) and I got a nice little German, who had no touchiness, called me Madame, but never could master my name, happily; and though her French was much worse than Miss Russell's, I would have kept her, but she was wanted at home. Now I have another English woman, a very nice pleasant person; but alas! there is the old trick; and I dare not speak again for fear of losing her.

We have just got the school under Government; and the certificated mistress, who frightens me a good deal, not only calls me Mrs. Higginbottom, but has taught the children, before I was aware, to call her 'Governess.' They had always said, 'Yes

Ma'am,' to the old humble school-mistress; and why not go on? Besides, a governess means a lady by education, if not by birth, who teaches ladies' children; and even Evelina Russell might well complain of being in the same category with a labourer's daughter, who teaches reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as possible, but nothing more. I have asked my husband, who says legally she is a school-mistress. She is called nothing else all through the revised code; but it is no use to interfere, as she does well. But I know I shall keep a sharp look out that she does not let them say, 'Yes, Miss,' or 'Yes, Teacher,' to my girls.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have told you my trouble, which, if you happen to have a short or a pleasant name, you can hardly realize—but having a great respect for your opinion, I want to know if this practice is simple vulgarity, or mistaken politeness, or pretension—the vanity of being able to be called something, and the device of a courtesy, that does not imply inferiority—for of course they mean me to answer, 'Yes, Mrs. ——,' though I do not.

Your humble servant,

MARY HIGGINBOTTOM.

Nettlethorpe House. Nov. 21st.

WE fully sympathize with our Correspondent. We believe that there is an inherent instinct in the mind, that it is more delicate (shall we say) to avoid the harshness of a direct personal address.

Therefore our Christian Western nations have always changed the singular personal pronoun in the second person. *Vuestra merced*, contracted into *usted*. *Ella, Sic, vous—you*—all witness to a sense that there is rude familiarity in a direct individual address. Thus, when words needed, as it were, a direction to the ear of the listener, courtesy found refuge in general terms of respect, such as Sir, or Madam, by which titles everyone spoke to those who had any claim to respect. Our fathers so addressed their parents; middle-aged gentlemen sometimes do so still to those of an elder generation; and it has a truly respectful deferential air. We do not, however, expect to see the use of these gracious old forms return; but we believe the proud awkwardness that dropped them, now finds itself in a difficulty, from feeling the rude bluntness of plain Yes or No. Moreover, the example you mention in books, is partly owing to some not being by authors of first-rate manners; and next, that the speech being in plain black and white, without the language of the eye and voice, needs to have its intention shown, for the mere convenience of the reader. Some egregiously fail in mere knowledge of life among the upper classes; *e. g.*, when the daughter of the house is answered as 'Yes, Miss,' by the butler, or a lady is spoken to as 'Miss Sarah,' by an equal, this latter being really only used by *old* servants towards the young ladies they have known from babyhood.

We own that plain 'Yes' and 'No' may sound gruff and rude; but 'Yes, if you please,' 'Yes, I believe so,' and 'No, I think not,' or any little prolongation of the reply, removes this inconvenience, and is what well-bred equals use with one another. What can be more tiresome than a luncheon, where everyone replies in turn, most uselessly, to the hostess, 'Yes, if you please, Mrs. White;' 'No, thank you, Mrs. White?' Yet unlucky children are taught to do this, as a matter of good manners!

Let them be assured that the *best* mannered persons never speak to one another by name at all; unless in case of necessity, when a real vocative is needed to rouse the attention, or show who is meant; a courteous tone, look, or gesture, polishes off the speech. And this obviates much awkwardness as to the exact name by which a person is to be called by the interlocutor, whether there is a doubt as to the use of the Christian name, or any of those troublesome varieties of appellation that must prevail where many branches of a family live in the same neighbourhood. The usage of the House of Commons is a witness to the courtesy of avoiding the naming of a person in his presence; and our readers may be assured that the less names are uttered the better.

ED.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Will you allow me to occupy a little space in the pages of The Monthly Packet, in the endeavour to interest some of your young lady readers in a Society which is deeply interesting to myself.

It is a Clothing Society for the benefit of Poor Clergymen of the Established Church.

In a work of this kind, everything depends upon the way in which the necessary aid is administered, so as to deal gently and delicately with the recipients of the charity. For only consider what it must be for a clergyman—a gentleman by birth and education—to be so reduced, as to be thankful for the timely gift of a little money—of blankets—nay, even of the cast-off clothes, which it is the purpose of this Society to collect and distribute.

The administration of it is in the hands of a lady, who is eminently fitted for the office she holds; and the letters of fervent gratitude printed (without names, of course,) in the published reports of the Society, are of themselves sufficient proof of this.

She alone communicates with the applicants for relief, and apportions the assistance given, according to their necessities, and the means in her hands for supplying them. And to assist her in this charitable work she earnestly implores the bounty of those whom Providence has blessed with greater abundance. Nothing, as she says, comes amiss to her. Money, books, blankets, *worn* garments and *new*, of every sort and size—all will be made available by her wise and judicious management.

Now, it has struck me that some of your young lady friends, who are naturally anxious to do something for their fellow-creatures, may find an opening here. Pretty nicely-made clothes for children would, of course, be always in demand. Remnants of suitable materials do not cost much, and work fit for the drawing-room would at once be provided: and the care necessary in shaping such little garments, and the taste which might be expended in the making of them, would be well bestowed, where the mother who receives them for her little ones may very likely be as well born and as delicately nurtured as the young lady who enjoys the privilege of assisting her.

I have only to add the name and address of the manager:—

Mrs. Bredy,
Mayfield Lodge, Merriman's Hill,
Worcester.

I remain,
Yours gratefully.

P. S.—I believe there is another Society with purposes of the same kind in Southampton Street.

I need not say that I have no wish to draw away any of its subscribers; but I do not think the two need interfere with each other.

Sir,

As I often see that your Correspondents inquire about books proper for reading in schools or for village libraries, allow me to mention the Ballantyne Miscellany, published by Nisbet, in Berners Street. These are really charming little books; they are written in pure simple English; their tendency is good; they are very fairly illustrated; and the price is only tenpence each: they are quite a marvel of cheapness combined with superior execution.

The following are particularly interesting:—

Fast in the Ice. Chasing the Sun. Fighting the Whales.

A series of fifteen volumes is advertised.

Notices to Correspondents.

Esher *would be glad to know the author of these two passages—*

'Flame in the forehead of the morning sky.'

And—

'Leave a lofty name,
A Light, a Landmark on the cliffs of fame.'

Miss Ainger gratefully acknowledges contributions received from Miss New *and* M. B. H. *in aid of the Kanaladorp School Building Fund, (the first letter is K.)*

Declined with thanks.—Uncongeniality.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 2. FEBRUARY, 1866. PRICE 1s.

PRACTICAL READINGS ON THE APOSTLES' CREED.

ARTICLE IV.

'SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE; WAS CRUCIFIED, DEAD, AND BURIED.'

BURIED.

HERE I profess my belief that the only begotten and eternal Son of God, for the confirmation of the reality of His death which was past, and of His resurrection from the dead suddenly to follow, had His body, according to the custom of the Jews, prepared for a funeral, bound up with linen clothes, and laid in spices. And that, after that usual preparation, it was laid in a sepulchre hewn out of a rock, in which never man was laid before, and by the rolling of a stone unto the door of it, entombed there.

Our belief in this part of the article appears to be necessary, because it gives testimony and assurance of the truth of Christ's death and also of His resurrection. Men are not put into the earth before they die. Pilate was very inquisitive whether our Saviour had been any while dead, and was fully satisfied by the centurion before he would give the body to Joseph to be interred. There can be no true resurrection where there has been no death. That we might therefore believe that Christ truly rose from the dead, we must be first assured that He died; and a greater assurance of His death than this we cannot have, that His body was by His enemies taken down from the cross, and laid by His disciples in the grave.

A profession of belief in Christ buried is also necessary to work in us a correspondence to and likeness of His burial. 'For we are buried with Him in baptism unto death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.'

Further, His devout and honourable burial may teach us that they err who would think the dead remains of us mortals unworthy the respect and reverence which has ever been paid them; not only among Christian

people, but, in the main, among heathens also. The heathen respected the dead bodies of men in reference to the souls that formerly inhabited them. How much more shall we reverence those who have not only been the living temples of the Holy Ghost, but which shall one day be raised again, and made like unto His glorious body, Who bought them with His precious blood?

'Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to His arms.

'The graves of all His saints He blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

'Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.'

(To be continued.)

EARLY SCANDINAVIAN HISTORY.

(BY THE AUTHORS OF 'EARLY EGYPTIAN HISTORY.')

LETTER X.

HAKON THE CRAFTY, AND OLAF TRYGGVE'S SON.

A. D. 961-995.

My dear Boys,

After Hakon's death, Gunhild's sons came back to reign in Norway, and brought civil war and anarchy and wasteful times with them. All the good effected by the consolidation of the country under Harald Fair-hair, and by Hakon's wise legislation, they set themselves to undo as fast as they could. Each district of Norway had again its independent king; and as they vied with each other in keeping showy courts about them, and were obliged, in self-defence, to maintain large bodies of armed men, they were all more intent on squeezing money out of the unhappy chiefs and bonders, than on upholding the laws, or promoting the general prosperity of the land.

Harald, the eldest of the family, surnamed Grey-skin, because he wrapt himself in a grey wolf's skin one day, and so made wolf-skin mantles fashionable throughout the country, was considered head-king; but his brothers paid very little obedience to him, and his witch-mother,

Gunhild, took upon herself to interfere frequently in public business. It grieved her sorely that Godrud and Tryggve should still continue to rule the districts Hakon had given them, and that Sigurd, Earl of Lade, should have been permitted to seize the Drontheim district, and hold it without paying either duty or homage to her sons.

'I wonder at your want of spirit,' she said to her sons one day when they were all talking over their affairs together. 'Your grandfather, Harald Fair-hair, thought nothing of taking a sub-king's or an earl's life, when it stood in the way of his subduing the whole country; but you let strangers settle themselves in the best parts of your heritage, while you go about making Viking cruises in foreign parts!'

'But you should consider, Mother,' answered Harald Grey-skin, 'that it is not just as easy to slay Earl Sigurd as to kill a kid or a calf. All the Drontheim people hold with him. It would fare ill with us if we went among them, after attempting anything against Earl Sigurd.'

'Trust me,' the cunning woman replied, 'to find some way of getting rid of him without your putting yourselves in danger.'

After this, Gunhild laid many snares to entangle Earl Sigurd; but he was too wily an old fellow to be quickly caught off his guard.

At length she managed to gain over to her side a foolish brother of the earl's; and by his treachery Sigurd was betrayed into the hands of Gunhild's soldiers. They had the cruelty to set fire to a house where he was celebrating one of his favourite harvest-feasts, and to burn him alive in it, with about two hundred of his followers.

Sigurd's death happened just ten years after Hakon's. Gunhild's treachery in compassing it, instead of increasing the power of her sons, raised a new host of foes against them, and plunged the country into a fiercer civil war than it had yet known.

Sigurd had a son called Earl Hakon. He was as brave, as wily, as staunch a worshipper of Odin, as his father; as much beloved by the Drontheim people; and, having his father's cruel death to avenge, a yet more determined enemy to Gunhild's family.

Many years of bitter warfare followed between him and them; and the unhappy country people were reduced to the last degree of misery by the constant raids of the contending parties on each other's dominions. Sometimes Gunhild's sons had the best of it, and Earl Hakon had to slip off in his ships to Denmark, leaving them to pillage and burn and slay all the summer in Drontheim District; but the next year Earl Hakon would come back with a fresh pirate band, and avenge himself by killing Gunhild's friends and ravaging their property.

To make things worse for the poor Norwegian people, the seasons seemed to set themselves against the unnatural warfare, and to refuse to follow their usual course. Corn would not grow on the blood-stained fields; fish would not swim to the shores always echoing with battle shouts; spring forgot to bring soft winds and sunshine; and the snow remained in the valleys till midsummer. The people began to think that

the reign of the Frost Giants had returned, and that all the snow and ice of Ginnungagap had fallen upon them. Even the bards paused in their battle-songs to describe this sad state of things. Here are four lines of what Eyvind Skaldaspillan, the greatest scald of the time, wrote one summer morning when he came out of his house, and found the fields, where his cattle ought to have been feeding, all covered with deep snow:—

> 'Tis midsummer, yet deep snows rest
> On Odin's mother's frozen breast:
> Like Laplanders, our cattle kind
> In stall or stable we must bind.'

In the course of the war, the two sub-kings, Godrud and Tryggve, who had taken part with Earl Hakon, were killed, as were also several of Harald Grey-skin's younger brothers. At length Grey-skin himself fell in a battle with a Danish chief, called Gold-Harald, whom subtle Earl Hakon had contrived to draw into the quarrel, and induce to fight his battles for him. After Grey-skin's death, Gunhild, with two surviving sons, once more fled to the Orkney Isles, whence they did not return again to reign in Norway.

The Danish King, who had furnished Gold-Harald with the troops that had defeated Grey-skin, now seized the head kingship and all the southern provinces of Norway for himself; and Earl Hakon took possession of the Midland and Upland districts, where his father Sigurd had always had so much influence.

You have heard of this crafty earl before: he is the man who defeated the Jomsburg Vikings, and had such dark dealing with the witch Thorgerd Hordabrud. He was all his life a sturdy obstinate old heathen, as his father had been before him, but not altogether a bad governor for the Drontheim districts, in the state they then were. Some sort of order came back to the country under his strong rule. The fields got sown; the harvests were gathered; fish-boats put out into the fiords; and scalds were no longer obliged to part with their silver bracelets to buy herrings—as Eyvind tells us he had to do in the evil times of Gunhild's sons.

Hakon's hatred to Christianity came out in a very terrible way on one occasion. Otto Emperor of Germany made war on Denmark; and the Danish King, Harald Gormson, sent for Hakon, to help him to defend his country. After many repulses, Otto effected an entrance into Jutland, and would not evacuate the country till he had persuaded, or rather compelled, the Danish King and all his army to accept Christianity and receive Baptism.

Earl Hakon, in ignorance of what was going on, marched up to the Danish camp while this peculiar form of truce-making was in progress. Sorely against his inclination, he and all his men had to take part in the Baptism ceremony; and when they again set sail for Norway, the Emperor compelled them to take a band of priests and learned men on

board, who were to instruct them further in the religion they had professed. Hakon had little relish for such company. As soon as a wind rose, he put all the learned men on shore again, and started off as quickly as he could without them; but instead of sailing direct to his own districts, he landed in Gotland, which belonged to the Danish King, with whom he was now offended. There he offered a blood-sacrifice to Odin; and marched through the country, pillaging, burning, and slaying, wherever he went, till he reached his own territory, in order to show his disapprobation of the Danish King's ready acceptance of the new faith, and to wash away any tincture of Christianity that might be supposed to linger about him and his followers after their Baptism. Whether this fierce rejection of better teaching had any share in deteriorating Hakon's character, I do not know; but it is certain that he did grow more cruel and tyrannical as time went on—till at length his crimes began to wear so dark a complexion, that even his own heathen subjects were revolted by them, and began to look round on every side for some deliverance.

The last of Gunhild's sons was now dead, and there seemed little likelihood that a scion of the true Yngling race would ever again reign in Norway. The chiefs and bonders, who had understood Hakon the Good's policy well enough to be really anxious to see their country united and independent, must have begun to despair. Yet all the time the true prince, who was destined to lay the foundations of a free and Christian kingdom in Norway, was growing up, and learning the lessons requisite to fit him for his kingship.

To understand this, we must now go back a little.

You will remember I told you that the two sub-kings, Tryggve and Godrud, both grandsons of Harald Fair-hair, had been killed in the war between Earl Hakon and Gunhild's sons. Tryggve had a wife called Astrid, who, when she heard the news of her husband's death, fled from her home, which she knew would be ravaged by Gunhild's soldiers, and, with her faithful foster-father Thoralf and one or two servants, hid herself in a desert island in the middle of a lake. It was summer time when she had to fly, luckily for her; so a desert island life was not quite as bad as it might have been. A little baby was born to her in her island; and she remained safe in her hiding-place till the nights began to be long and cold, when she was obliged to return to the mainland in search of warmer shelter for herself and her baby. The spies of Queen Gunhild, who had by this time heard rumours of the birth of the poor little beggar prince, were by this time scouring the country in search of him to put him to death; so Astrid had to proceed very warily. By day she journeyed along the least frequented wood-paths, carrying her baby, or letting good old Thoralf carry it; by night she begged shelter in the most solitary farm-houses she could meet with. One cold night, a rich inhospitable bonder drove her from his door back into the woods again; and an hour after, Gunhild's spies came to that very place to look for her. The churlish bonder told the spies he had just driven a beggar

woman from his door, and that she would doubtless by this time have made her way to the next farm-house along the road. The spies pursued her, and again came to the very house where she was; but her good host, guessing who it was he had sheltered, woke her up from her sleep, and sent her out by a back way before her enemies had seen her.

After this narrow escape, she once more betook herself to the shelter of a lake-island; and it was not till after adventures and hardships such as perhaps no queen-mother ever underwent before or since, that she made her way into Sweden, and sought and received protection from Hakon the Old, who was reigning there. For three years Astrid and her son, who had been named Olaf after his grandfather, lived in peace in Sweden; and then, as the Swedish King was constantly assailed by embassies from Gunhild, threatening with vengeance if he persisted in harbouring them, Astrid thought it best to put a yet greater distance between herself and her foe, and set sail for Russia, where she had a brother called Sigurd, living in great favour at court. Her foster-father Thoralf, and his son Thorgills, sailed with her. The fate which condemned Queen Astrid to strange adventures followed her on the sea. The ship in which she sailed was captured by Esthonian pirates, and its passengers and crew were parted among the sailors, to be sold as slaves. Little Olaf was separated from his mother, and became the property of a man called Klærkon, to whose share also fell Thoralf and Thorgills, Astrid's foster-father and brother. Klærkon apparently did not esteem his lot very highly: he killed old Thoralf out of the way at once, not thinking him worth keeping; and he sold the two boys, Olaf and Thorgills, for a good stout sum. The man who bought the boys soon sold them again for an old cloak; and with the master who purchased him at this price, Olaf remained in Esthonia for six years. He was not by any means badly off in his servitude. His master's family treated him well; and as he grew up strong, good-humoured, and pleasant-looking, he won favour for himself among all with whom he had to deal.

One day, when he was nine years old, he went into the market to make some purchases for his master, and chanced to catch the eye of his Uncle Sigurd, who had come to Esthonia to collect taxes for his master, the Russian king. Sigurd did not recognize his nephew; he could not, for he had never known him; but he was so much surprised to see in an Esthonian slave boy the courageous blue eyes, abundant golden curls, and straight features, which were everywhere known as the characteristics of the true Yngling race, (descendants of Yngve Frey, the fair summer king,) that he could not help going up to him and asking what his name was, and whence he came. 'I am Olaf,' answered the boy, 'the son of King Trygve and of fair Astrid.' Then Sigurd knew that his long-lost nephew stood before him. He did not immediately inform Olaf of their relationship, but he followed him home, purchased him of his master, and carried him to Russia when he returned there.

While Olaf was living with his uncle in Russia, he one day met the pirate sailor Klærkon, who had so cruelly put poor old Thoralf to death. Olaf had a little axe in his hand at the moment, and the sight of the man who had slain his good old friend roused such fury in him, that he struck a stout blow and clove the pirate's head in two on the spot; then he ran home and told Sigurd what he had done. Sigurd immediately hurried him to the palace, related all the circumstances of the case to the queen, and entreated her protection for a king's son, whose fate had hitherto been so hard. 'He is, at all events, a great deal too beautiful to be slain for killing a pirate,' the queen said; and though the townspeople who had witnessed the murder of Klærkon surrounded the palace and clamoured for Olaf to be given up to them, the queen stood his friend, appeased the angry crowd by undertaking to pay a liberal ransom to Klærkon's friends, and ever afterwards regarded Olaf with special favour.

He remained in Russia for some years after he was grown to manhood, fighting battles in the king's service, and proving himself a brave swordsman and generous leader of men; but after a time he discovered that his favour at court was raising him enemies in the country, and he entreated the queen to furnish him with war-ships, and allow him to go out adventure-seeking on his own account. The queen complied with his request, and sent him out, wishing him a good voyage, and prophesying that he would be found a brave man wherever he went.

He was fortunate from the beginning; the very first storm he encountered drove him to a country, Vendland, where the king's daughter fell in love with him and married him, and endowed him with a province, over which he ruled for three years, with intervals of sea roving. At the end of three years his wife died; and Olaf felt his loss so keenly, that he could not bear to live in Vendland any longer. So he fitted out his war-ships again, and consoled himself, as Ragnor Lodbrok did when Thora died, by sailing to unfortunate England, and ravaging wide round in the land. Ethelred the Unready was reigning then, so the country lay before him unguarded, an easy prey. For four years he roamed up and down our shores, continually heaping up, the ballads of the time tell us, 'ill-shaped Saxon corpses,' and leaving plentiful meals for 'shy wolves' and 'witches' horses' (viz., ravens) wherever he went. A praiseworthy occupation, the ballad writers seem to think. 'Why should it not be told,' they ask, 'how red bold Olaf's sword was dyed, and how high-piled were the heaps of dead on Cumberland fields and in Welch valleys?'

At the end of the four years, his ship was one winter lying in harbour in the Scilly Isles, when he heard that a wonderful seer lived on one of the islands, who could foretell things to come. To test his discernment, Olaf dressed the handsomest man of his crew in the best clothes he had, and directed him to go to the seer (who was in truth a holy hermit) and tell him that he was a king. The sailor went and presented himself in that character to the hermit, who, looking at him for a minute, answered, 'Thou art not a king; but I advise thee to be faithful to thy king.' The

sailor repeated the hermit's words to Olaf, who was very much surprised by them, for he had carefully concealed his kingly descent from all his present followers, and was only known to them as Ola, a Russian captain of pirates. Convinced that the hermit was a true seer, Olaf went in person to consult him, and begged to know what sort of fortune in life awaited him. 'You will be a renowned king,' the holy man replied; 'and what is more, you will be converted to the true Faith, and will be the cause that many shall receive Baptism: but nearer at hand, a great danger lies in your way. You will find, when you return to your ship, that a large party of your followers have mutinied against you. You will be wounded severely in a battle with the rebels; you will be carried on board your ship on a shield for dead, yet in seven days you will recover, and again seek me.'

It all fell out exactly as the hermit foretold. Olaf fought, was wounded, recovered from his wound, and went a second time to the hermit's cave. 'How do you come by such wisdom in foreseeing things to come?' he asked during their interview; and the hermit told him that the Christian's God had permitted him to have that power from his conversion; and he went on to tell him many other examples of the wonderful power and goodness of God, which so moved Olaf's heart, that he determined to embrace Christianity, and after due instruction, was baptized, with all his men.

Olaf stayed all the winter in the Scilly Isles; in summer he sailed again to England, but being now a Christian, he abstained from making any ravages on a Christian land.

One day he chanced to land at a place where a great concourse of people were assembled together for what will seem to you a strange purpose. A great English earl was dead, and his widow, the daughter of an Irish king, had assembled all her vassals to consult them on the choice of a second husband. All the candidates for her hand were to be present; and she, with the assembled people as witnesses, was to make up her mind which she would have. The principal candidate was a very great champion and swordsman, called Alfin, who came to the assembly, as was natural, in his very best clothes. Olaf, who had only strolled into it by accident, had his very worst bad-weather dress on, and not liking to provoke comparisons, he held rather aloof from the crowd, and stood among his own people. The earl's widow walked slowly round the circle of suitors, looking anxiously at each to see if he would do. She was obliged to have some one, poor lady, to take care of herself and her earldom; and it was no light matter to her or to the people dependent on her, to get the right kind of man to rule over them. The clothes were all well enough, but there was no face at the top of any suit that altogether satisfied her. At last her eye fell on Olaf as he stood apart among his sailors, and she went up to him to consider him more nearly.

'What sort of a man art thou?' she asked, looking straight up into his face.

'I am called Ola, and I am a stranger here,' he answered.

'Wilt thou have me, if I choose thee?' she said.

She was a young and handsome woman, and Olaf liked her looks as well as she did his.

'I won't say no to that,' he answered: and then they fell into discourse together, and informed each other of their families and their previous histories; and as they grew more and more pleased with each other as they conversed together, they were betrothed that day before all the people, and soon afterwards married. Don't you think that earl's widow was a clever woman to discover the true Yngling king under the bad-weather cloak?

Of course Olaf had to overcome the old suitor, Alfin, in single combat before he married the lady, but being a true Ynglinger, that was the merest pastime to him. He disarmed the misshapen Saxon champion with one stroke of his axe, bound him and all his twelve men with cords, took their armour and all their possessions from them, and sent them away somewhere—out of the story, at any rate.

After this event Olaf passed several years, sometimes on his wife's lands in England, sometimes in Ireland with his father-in-law, King of Dublin. Rumours of his valour and good luck reached Earl Hakon about this time, and made a great impression on his crafty mind. 'It can be no other than Tryggve's son who does all this,' he said: and he began immediately to take measures to entice Olaf back into the North, that he might lay hands on him. But subtle as Hakon was, and versed in stratagems through life-long practice, in this matter he out-witted himself. He sent an agent to Olaf charged with a pretended message from some Norwegian bonders, praying Olaf to come to Norway, and assuring him of their determination to support him and raise him to the throne. As Hakon hoped, Olaf was deceived by the spy's discourse, and dazzled by the prospects he held out before him. He set sail for Norway with a small force, as Hakon expected he would; but before he landed the spy's false story had become a true one. A large party of the bonders, roused by a fresh crime of Hakon's, had risen against him; and when Olaf's war-ships neared the Norwegian shore, the rebel band was everywhere victorious, and Hakon, in fear of his life, was wandering about in obscure places, hiding himself till he could manage to get on board his fleet, of which his son Erland had the command.

Olaf's approach deprived Hakon of that last chance. Instead of sailing round the place where his father had appointed to meet him, Erland had to put out to sea to encounter Olaf, and try to prevent him from landing. His sailors not being hearty in Hakon's cause, made a very poor fight of it. Many of them jumped overboard without striking a blow, and swam to land; and the rest allowed themselves to be taken prisoners. Erland himself was knocked on the head by a weapon thrown by Olaf's hand, and drowned.

After this easy victory Olaf landed, and was met by the party of

revolting bonders, who received him with the greatest joy, and elected him king on the spot. The news of Erland's death and of Olaf's landing reached Hakon on the same day; and immediately giving himself up for lost, he repaired to the house of a lady called Thora, who was his only staunch friend in the neighbourhood, and entreated her to conceal him in some safe place about her farm. 'It will be a very difficult thing to do,' she said; 'for as it is well known that I am your only friend, my house will be searched inside and out; there is only one place I can put you in where no one will think of looking for you, and that is the swine's stye.' 'Put me anywhere,' answered the earl, 'so that I can escape being torn to pieces by the enraged bonders.' So Thora caused a deep hole to be dug in the swine's stye, let down into it Hakon and a thrale called Karker, who had accompanied him in his flight, and covered them lightly over with logs of wood and earth, so that they should have sufficient air to breathe.

Soon after, Olaf and the bonders rode up to the farm and began searching everywhere for Hakon, as Thora had said. They could not find him inside the house or out; and when the search was over, Olaf came and stood on a stone close by the swine's stye, and began to tell the people what splendid presents he would make the man who should find and kill Earl Hakon.

Karker and Hakon heard every word Olaf said, as well as the rest; and Hakon fancied (for a little light streamed through the wood logs into the hole) that Karker's face changed as he listened.

'Why art thou so pale, and now so black, man?' said the earl. 'Doest thou mean to betray me?'

'By no means,' answered Karker.

'We were born on the same night, and the time will be short between our deaths,' said the earl.

Soon after, Olaf with all his men rode away from the farm, and the place was quiet again. When night came on, Hakon was wakeful, but Karker slept, and began to talk aloud, and laughed, in his sleep. Hakon roused him to ask what he was dreaming about.

'I thought I was at Lade,' Karker answered, 'and that Olaf was putting a gold ring round my neck.'

'It will be a red ring Olaf will put round thy neck, if he finds thee. It is I who will give thee the gold and all manner of things,' Hakon answered; 'so beware how thou betrayest me.'

Neither of them were disposed to sleep after that, for they distrusted each other. They kept silent for a long time, watching; but at length Hakon was overpowered with weariness, and fell into a troubled slumber. In his sleep he began to scream violently; and Karker, in a fright, took a knife out of his bosom and silenced him for ever by cutting his throat.

In the morning Karker crept out of the hole, with Hakon's head in his hand, and took it to Olaf's quarters, and informed him of all that had passed. Disgusted with the wretched man's treachery, Olaf, instead of

giving him the great reward he had promised to Hakon's slayer, ordered his head to be cut off; and the bonders who were with Olaf hung the two heads, Hakon's and Karker's, on a tree, and barbarously amused themselves by throwing stones at them. 'One worthless fellow has followed the other!' they screamed and shouted.

So ended subtle Earl Hakon; and Olaf, Tryggve's son, was King in Norway.

(To be continued.)

LILLA'S RELATIONS.

CHAPTER X.

BREAKFAST was laid ready for a party of four in a small dining-room with two windows, of which one looked, or would have looked but for the closed Persiennes, up the stone-paved street of a French country town, the other on the little flower-garden lying in front of the principal door of a tiny house.

Lilla, Grace, and Charles, were in the room; Grace occupied in the truly English task of making tea. She was pouring out that beverage from a china tea-pot with a loose top into a large breakfast-cup of the thickest and coarsest white ware; a prim English maid stood in waiting, with a tray, ready to carry a breakfast up-stairs; and in and out, with the quickness of a fly, bustled a little Frenchwoman, carrying additions to the meal.

'There, having provided for mamma, we will wait for Mr. Hingston,' said Grace. 'Come, Lilla, give us a few more of your views of life. What do you think of it all?'

'Well, I must say it is perfect. Everything is so utterly new. I do wish, though, they would give us smaller cups and larger wash-hand basins. I declare I had to wash my face in what I suppose was meant for a foot-bath, because my face would not go into the legitimate basin; and as for finishing that cup-full of tea—why, it would last me for a week; but, oh! Grace, let us open one of these shutters. I want to see where that wonderful man with the baggy red legs is going; do let us look out at him.'

'I shall not indeed. Why, what would people think of us? You know proprieties are extensively practised here, Miss Seyton; look at him and his baggy red legs if you like, through the chinks of the closed Persiennes, but a nearer inspection my duty compels me reluctantly to refuse you.'

'Come here, instead, Lilla, and gratify your artist eye by studying the legs of this satyr, perched up aloft on his pedestal in the midst of the grass-plot. See how sentimentally he hangs his head on one side, as he prepares to perform on his pipes.'

'I wonder how long he has been there,' said Lilla; 'did he hea Napoleon abdicate, I wonder?'

'Oh yes, I should think so, and shed on the occasion that tear which has become green mould, and ornamentally streaks the left side of his nose.'

'Here comes Mr. Hingston,' said Grace. 'Oh dear, what a wonderfully ugly man he is!'

'That fact has only lately dawned on me,' said Lilla; 'in my childhood I used to think he ranked next in beauty to my father.'

'Take care, he will be in the room directly,' warned Charles, as he turned from the window where they had been watching his arrival.

Lilla either did not hear or did not heed the warning, for she went on —'But I begin to see now from the effect he has had on Grace, how very uncommonly ugly he must be.'

The subject of their discourse was in the room before the words died on her lips, fresh from his night's rest at the hotel close by, and eager as a boy for all the amusement that was to be had; and a conscious silence fell on the party.

The journey, its novelties and pleasures, its discomforts and its adventures, had been safely overcome about three days before the opening of the present chapter; and after two hurried days of sight-seeing in Paris, they had decided that the heat was too great to be bearable, and had pushed on here.

'Here,' was the old town of F——, celebrated for its palace, which contained relics of French royalty from Henri IV. to Napoleon III., and for the forest in which it was buried. Friends of Mrs. Vivian's youth lived here, and she had chosen it as a place where she could introduce her niece to society not always attainable to strangers on the continent.

A few words of description will not be thrown away upon the house they were inhabiting, and their way of living. It was Mrs. Vivian's object not to spend more money than was absolutely needful, and her acquaintance with French ways, and her diplomatic talent, made an experiment succeed with her, which in less practised hands would have proved a failure. She did not establish herself at an hotel; but by the help of her friends had secured this little furnished house, and she provided it with a few needful articles of glass and crockery, which are not included in a Frenchman's idea of a furnished house, hired a French servant to do the work, (assisted in a very small degree by her own maid,) and set up house-keeping on her own account.

The gilt-topped railings of the palace court were immediately in front of their maisonette, whose railings were also gilt in imitation.

Nothing could be more un-English than the internal arrangements of the whole house. Every floor, not excepting the very bed-rooms, was tiled, and painted deep red; the walls were wainscoted half-way up, and so far painted sky-blue; the rest of the wall and the ceiling white. Wood only being burnt in F——, of course there were no grates, only large

open fire-places; and in the kitchen, the size of an English housemaid's pantry, there was a contrivance of never-ceasing astonishment to Lilla. It was a sort of tiled dresser, out of which were scooped four square hollows, iron-lined, for the reception of the charcoal by which their meals were cooked. There was no superfluity of utensils in the kitchen—two saucepans and a coffee-pot, and two or three curious tin jugs with covers, in which the toilet-water was boiled and carried up to the bed-rooms; a few plates and dishes on a shelf, and a large earthen pan for the reception of pot-au-feu. The keeper of the neighbouring hotel was their landlord. The inhabitants of the cottage were supposed to apply to his restaurant for any meal of which meat formed the principal part; and he would have made an ample profit at his lodgers' expense had he had to deal with a less skilful manager than Mrs. Vivian, who had however lived too long abroad to allow herself to be imposed upon with the unresisting *sangfroid* of an ordinary travelling Briton.

Mr. Hingston had conveyed them across the Channel to their present abode in safety, and now he stated his intention of returning to England. He was going, although he did not say so, back to Woodleigh, to see how his friend fared under his novel circumstances; and having, with his usual penetration, discovered the vein of unreality in Mrs. Vivian's talk, he secretly resolved to return and pay his godchild another domiciliary visit when they should remove to Paris for the gaieties there.

There was a discussion after breakfast what should be done with this day—Mr. Hingston's only one; and the rival claims of the palace and the wood being weighed, Nature carried the day; an open carriage was ordered, and the whole party, with the exception of Mrs. Vivian, drove off.

Lilla had never seen a forest before, and she half expected to be oppressed and stifled by the overhanging trees—so different from her own free air and mountains. But these trees, amongst which she found herself, were too grand and solemn to oppress her. Like the aisles of a great cathedral, though the branches shut out the actual sky, and shaded the light, they guided her heart and mind upwards—step by step, and storey by storey, till she could see no higher, except by glimpses and shadows of what there was behind. And the awe and reverence which crept over her then, was like nothing she ever experienced before, except one dusky evening in St. Mary Redclyffe Church, when her father had left her to wait there for him after service. She had wandered a little apart from her companions, who were all exploring and admiring for themselves; she was not sorry, for, excepting Mr. Hingston, who certainly would never enlarge upon his feelings, however strong they might be, no one there was likely to sympathize with her. Most probably Grace would have turned the conversation off with a laugh; and though Charles might, and probably would, listen to anything she said, and assent to it all, yet he would never enter into it fully. There was only one person who ever could fully understand all she was thinking about, or to whom she could say it all, and he was far enough away—her father. A half-

reproachful pang shot through her heart, and mingled with the longing to see him and have him there. Somehow she had not been missing him so much for these last few days; there had been so much coming and going, so many people, and such constant change of scene, there never seemed a quiet moment now—she was scarcely ever alone. Was she getting unfaithful to him and Woodleigh? Oh, no—here was the proof; the instant she had time to think, her heart went back with all its freshness to her village home. No fear that *she* should ever become attached to the world, while it needed only the voice of Nature to tell her how hollow and artificial it all was. Lilla really was excited by her own grand sentiments, and began casting about for a convenient metre in which to put them into verse, when Charles came running after her to show her '*La Roche qui pleure*,' a spring in the living rock, which came slowly out in drops like tears. While they were inspecting this, and trying to exchange ideas with the old Frenchwoman who sat knitting close by, Mr. Hingston and Grace found themselves *tête-à-tête*.

It was an unusual juxta-position; hitherto they had been separate, as much as was possible for members of the same party to be; and Grace did not exactly know on what common ground the two could meet. Her uncle was alternately annoyed and puzzled by her; and she professed herself utterly unable to get on with him 'and his mooning sentimental ways—she had no doubt of his goodness, but really she had no patience with him.' Mr. Hingston somehow made her uneasy, and she had always avoided having much to say to him; but he had a sort of fascination for her. Before him in company, she used to talk even more than her usual allowance of nonsense; but it was in great measure affected, to hide the respect with which his character, almost against her will, inspired her. In truth, Grace's unreality was not natural to her. She had grown up with the example of her mother's straining manœuvring before her; seeing through it, as one so intelligent could not fail to do; joining in it, when it suited her purpose; encouraging her mother in it to further her own ends, hardly realizing that it was wrong, but feeling that it was contemptible. She pitied her mother in that she saw through her, but she despised herself; and sometimes, shut up in her room, she would have great agonies of self-reproaches, and longings to escape from the net of littlenesses in which she felt herself entangled. She admired the qualities in others which she did not possess herself; and good and consistent people generally won upon her regard. Even though they provoked her, as did her cousin Mary, she admired them; and though she would not for the world have had it known, and sacrificing her advantage, as she had done unhesitatingly about the Paris journey, in order to gain a doubtful end herself, she had many times ere this stood Mary's friend in arguments with her mother.

Mr. Hingston had reassured Mr. Seyton when he confided to him his doubts whether a young lady who talked slang and did not go to daily service—nay, who once or twice had laughed at her mother for doing so

—was a fit companion for Lilla. There was much, he said, which was undesirable in Miss Vivian, yet they must consider in what a different way she had been brought up from Lilla; he did not think that she must be condemned, because she spoke slang, which she had doubtless picked from her brother; or because, at Woodleigh, she did not avail herself of privileges which, elsewhere, she had never learnt to value. Her manner to her mother certainly was indefensible; but then Seyton must remember that Young England manners were very different from what they had been brought up to, or what Lilla had learned with them. If Lilla was intended to be shut up in a glass case all her life, certainly she had better not be allowed to associate with Grace; but if, as he hoped, she was in training to be a sensible large-minded Christian woman, she must be allowed to go a little into the world, and learn where her temptations were, and what she had to resist. The Vicar of Woodleigh, as usual, gave way to his friend's opinion.

Grace began the conversation at last.

'Where do you generally spend your long vacation, Mr. Hingston? It is often a puzzle to me what decides people who are obliged to go away somewhere every year of their lives where to go. It is different from us females, who can go where we like all the year round; but it must be sometimes difficult for you to find a fresh place to go to every autumn. Do you never come back in disguise, and spend the vacation *perdu* in college, as would-be fashionables, who cannot afford to go out of town, live in their back drawing-rooms with the blinds down?'

'I never thought of that, certainly, 'said Mr. Hingston, amused, 'often as I have been put to it for a place to go to. But Oxford in vacation-time is not Oxford. I was there once for an election, and the daughters of the Principal of my college were playing croquet in the Quadrangle, with shouts of irreverent merriment loud enough to raise the founder's ghost; and one meets nothing in the streets but young ladies' schools, who have been confined to one country walk all the term, and now the undergraduates are safe at home, expatiate, poor things, a little in the High Street.'

'I never saw Oxford,' said Grace. 'We once just missed Commemoration; it was a great disappointment.'

'You would not see Oxford then—only a confused rabble and noise. I love the place too well to wish anyone's first impressions of its venerable beauty to be received when it was in delirium. I would as soon have you see an old man gone mad.'

'What a horrid image!'

'A true one though; and yet it is a pretty sight enough but for the incongruity.'

'Do you dislike incongruities so much? I wonder how you contrive to like Woodleigh society, then? I am sure there are incongruities enough there.'

'Lilla and her father are not incongruous, really,' answered Mr.

Hingston; 'although one is so quiet, and the other so full of life—they are one in heart.'

'They are one in unreality,' said Grace; 'I cannot understand either of them; they provoke me sometimes more than I can bear with their false standards of "right."'

'False standards?' And Mr. Hingston raised his head and let fall his eye-glass.

'Whoever does not run in their own narrow groove of opinion and practice, they consider beyond the pale; they don't live enough in the present to see what is going on around them; and Mr. Seyton looks sad and pityingly at you, and Lilla furious, if you are not ready to call Charles the First a martyred saint, or Cromwell a murderer.'

'I don't see what else the latter was,' said Mr. Hingston in parenthesis.

'Don't mistake me,' said Grace, 'I don't sympathize with Puritans either; but it is the quiet assumption that because they think a thing, there is no hope of salvation to those who differ, which enrages me; and the worshipping an ideal hero who very likely was no better than he should be, after all. I dare say Edward the Black Prince was a great ruffian, and Prince Rupert the same. We know what Charles Edward was, and yet see how Lilla longs to have been Flora Macdonald. That is what I call weak sentimentality.'

'But it seems to me you have gone off from your first opinion of the incongruities at Woodleigh. You don't seem to make out that Lilla and her father really differ?'

'No; what I mean to make out, however, is, that under different auspices Lilla would have made a sensible woman of the world; whereas Uncle Basil must have been hopelessly soft from his youth. This journey, and seeing the world, will effect a great change in Lilla, and she will soon work off her fancies; after which she had better marry, for she will not find Woodleigh endurable.'

'That is a pleasant look-out for her poor father,' said Mr. Hingston; and a sharp glance of indignation shot out of his eyes. 'Sensible women of the world seem to me not to care much for the softer feelings, at any rate.'

Grace laughed a perfectly good-natured laugh, and hardly heeding the censure, which was gently enough said, continued—

'Well, of course Uncle Basil always knew Lilla would want to marry some day. I suppose he intended her to marry his curate, though.' And the silvery laugh which accompanied these words almost covered their flippant meaning.

'He happens not to possess such an appendage; and if he had, I do not think such an arrangement would conduce to his comfort very much.'

'Seriously, Mr. Hingston, you do not contemplate for Lilla that she should stay at home for ever with her father?'

'Well, I do not know.' And Mr. Hingston smiled. 'Young ladies

are more apt to make that sort of speculation than men. It is not absolutely necessary that a lady should marry, is it?'

'Oh, do you wish'—and Grace stopped short in her sentence.

Mr. Hingston wrinkled his eye-brows inquiringly, and said 'Yes.'

'Oh, I was going to say do you wish Lilla to turn Sister of Mercy?'

'No, I never did wish it; that is, I never thought of it for her, you see. I am such a prosaic person that I was inclined to look forward to no change of state for Lilla, but simply that she should go on happily at home with my dear old friend.'

Grace gave a sigh so deep that it seemed indeed to come from a bottomless depth of heart.

'Oh, how I should hate that life!'

'Which life?'

'I did not mean the Sisters, of course. I could never survive that a week; but the other—the going on, week after week, and year after year, with the parish and church every day, and Uncle Basil and the old women—oh, horror!'

'I do not understand.' And there was a grave politeness in Mr. Hingston's manner, now that the talk had suddenly become personal. 'Do you hate it because of its dullness, or its monotony?'

'The monotony, of course. I don't mind dullness; everywhere there is change.'

'But all life is monotonous.'

'Not mine, or I could not bear it.'

'Yours is only a monotony on a larger scale, as far as I can see. You only do the same things every year or every season which Lilla and her father do every day. I wonder, reasoning in that way, that you ever bear life at all.'

'I can't bear it sometimes.' And the instant the words, earnestly spoken, were out of her lips, she changed her tone. 'I cannot bear anything long; even sitting under these trees, one's back soon aches, and my foot is asleep now. I want always to be changing my position even here. Will you give me your hand, and I will get up; we will walk a little to meet the others.'

They did not meet the others; but Mr. Hingston did not seem to mind that much, for Grace and he were discovered after a two hours' search busily engaged in conversation with an old Frenchwoman, black eyed, bowed, and a head covered with a scarlet and orange handkerchief, whose faggot Mr. Hingston was carrying, and from whom Grace was eliciting an account of her fright at having seen what she believed to be the stock-ghost of that part of the forest.

All parties seemed pleased with each other's society. The old Frenchwoman, charmed to be rid of her burthen; Mr. Hingston, his broad shoulders bending under the weight, and his short-sighted eyes peering into the face of his young companion; and Grace, her silvery voice alternately making the path ring with her laughter, and toning down

into half-real half-simulated awe at each detail of the ghostly white-clad horseman, who was said to haunt that very road.

There was some undefined charm about Grace, which made her, when she pleased, a most attractive companion. She could be gay without being boisterous; and speeches that in another person's mouth would sound flippant, in hers, uttered with her peculiarly clear delicate intonation, were only delicately witty. There was something in her size. A tiny creature with small hands and dainty feet and fairy figure, can say and do many things gracefully, which, performed by a tall stately personage of five feet nine, with large bones and deep contralto voice, would be overwhelming; like Mrs. Siddons dancing a *pas seul*. This afternoon, too, there was a charm in Grace which almost insensibly affected the whole party, but which set Lilla puzzling to find out what it was. Through all her merriment there ran a soft undertone of unusual gentleness. Her eyes sparkled as brightly but more softly than before; and in her voice there was every now and then a low, almost pleading, cadence. Yet she did not look happy; and when there occurred a pause in the conversation, she would sink into a reverie, with fixed eyes and haggard mouth, rousing herself again with an effort, with a hasty glance to see if anyone had observed her.

This evening the three ladies were going to pay a visit at the house of one of Mrs. Vivian's old friends. The gentlemen had been expected to go; but on their return from the drive, Mr. Hingston had found awaiting him a packet of letters forwarded from England, and announced that he must stay at home and answer them—a very unnecessary proceeding, Lilla said, seeing he was going home next day. However, he evidently had made up his mind to stay at home, and wishing the party good-night, immediately after dinner retired to his temporary dwelling in the hotel; and Charles excused himself from doing more than escorting his mother and the young ladies to their destination.

During the reign of Louis Philippe, F—— had been neglected as a palace for royalty to frequent. The town, surrounding the palace, was picturesque, retired, and cheap; and with these advantages, had become a sort of honourable exile for the adherents of the old *regime*.

Family names, awaking memories of Marie Antoinette and the two Vendéen wars, were amongst the householders, over whom the police kept up an unceasing but imperceptible vigilance. It was scarcely necessary, however. The Bourbon interest had so little chance, and the few Royalist families so little power, that there was small dread of plots or tracasseries. The little knot of the disaffected lived a very peaceable life, strictly obeying existing laws, and only protesting in a negative way by never calling the present ruler of France by his title of Emperor. We have said that the noble names of the society of F—— reminded one of the Vendéeue wars; their manners carried one further back still, and reminded one of Madame de Sevigné, and her glimpses of manners in the time of Louis XIV.

Years before the date of the present story, Mrs. Vivian's grandfather had had it in his power to befriend a member of one of these families while an exile in England; and the result had been an enduring friendship, descending from father to son, from wife to daughter. Mrs. Vivian's taste for foreign life had led to the acquaintance in this generation being more than usually cultivated; and perhaps Grace owed the attraction of her manners in part to her intercourse with her mother's friends.

It was a warm summer evening when Mrs. Vivian, her niece, and daughter, attended by Charles, set off on foot to the house of Madame de V——. It was so near as to make a carriage unnecessary; and their dress was not unsuitable for walking, being of that demi-toilette sort, which suits equally well a winter evening or a summer morning. The fading light fell softly round them. Already the chateau and its heavily-massed buildings were darkening, and magnifying themselves in the gloom. Here and there appeared a light in a window, although out of doors it was still so far from dark that in the grand quadrangular court could be distinguished the red trousers and blue jackets of the Lancers of the guard. The sound of the recall-bugle, soft and musical in the distant streets, coming gradually nearer and nearer, rang through the still air at intervals. The merry laughter of the little white-capped children, playing before the doors, and the eager chatting of the mothers, had a novel foreign sound to Lilla's ears. Used to consider French as an accomplishment, she was not yet accustomed to hearing the little ones in the street shouting to each other in that language; and she lingered behind her party to catch the meaning of their words, and notice the quaint old-fashioned look which their peculiar dress gave them. They reminded her of pictures of the date of Charles I., with their hair tucked away under those curious black or white close-fitting caps, and the black calico blouses, red belted, of the boys. The wide silent streets, lined on either side with lime-trees placed at even distances, and ending with a vista of forest beyond, had an attraction for her beyond that of the house of which they were approaching the door. Perhaps, if the truth must be told, she was shy; yet she would not allow it when Grace taxed her with the fact, as they stood waiting for admission.

Her experience is best described in her own words by her letter to her father.

My dearest darling Father,

I thought about you so much yesterday in the forest. We all went for a drive—all, that is, but my aunt, who was tired. It was very very beautiful, and I only wished you could have been there to see—such enormous trees as there were. But I want to tell you what we did in the evening, so I will leave the forest till another time. Indeed, one feels as if one could not describe a forest, having only seen it once. Well, to begin. Here, in F——, people do not seem to pay morning visits like English people; they all call on each other in the evening, and have cups of tea or eau sucrée if they want refreshment for their bodies. We were let in at Madame de V——'s about eight

o'clock, and I followed Aunt Vivian—not into a drawing-room, as you are imagining—no, indeed! a great deal less common-place proceeding than that. We went up-stairs, and were announced; entering—a bed-room! Of course I fancied this was to deposit our things, for I had followed Grace's example, and taken off my hat and unfastened my shawl. But behold, the room was brilliantly lighted; a circle of people were there, and in an arm-chair, (not actually in bed,) but wrapped in a loose sort of wadded satin dressing-gown, and a thing that looked like a night-cap, only it had certainly never been slept in, and was made of the *most* exquisite lace you ever saw, on her head—was the mistress of the house.

My dear Father, she must have been lovely when she was young; but now, you know, she was all over wrinkles, and her complexion was a sort of dull grey, as if she had rubbed herself with a little powdered slate-pencil. Well, but the old lady. She had the very gentlest voice you ever heard, and so brisk and lively with it all. She came forward eagerly to greet my aunt; and as she stretched her hands to greet her, I could see that they were perfect in shape. Her fingers had lovely rings; and the sleeve of her loose gown just let me see through her exquisite lace ruffles her beautiful arms. I only wish I could make you understand how beautifully she did speak, Father. Aunt Vivian asked her how she was, and she said she had had '*une affreuse migraine*,' which had obliged her to keep to her room; but that her friends were so kind as to come to her there.

There were in all perhaps thirteen people in the large room—her bed-room, please to remember—with the curtained bed in a little alcove, and her *prie Dieu* and gold crucifix in a corner. They were not all ladies—there were several young gentlemen, some middle-aged ones, and some quite elderly men too. I dare say you are not as astonished to read all this as I was to see it. It was Madame de Sevigné's times come back again, when ladies' bed-rooms were public property. Do you remember when she says in one of her letters that she went to see La Dauphine, who was dressing, and speaking Italian to the Duc de Nevers. Madame de V—— was not actually dressing certainly, but she was in her dressing-gown! To be sure, she is a very old lady, nearly seventy I was told, which may make a difference. She is a widow, and the widow of her son lives with her; they seem exactly like mother and daughter. The daughter was *so* charming—not young, about forty, but bright and fresh and active; and yet with all her vivacity and activity, and the sparkle of her black eyes—*really* black eyes, she was so quiet too; and what curtsies they did make! Grace was first, so I had time to copy her and my aunt, when my time came to be presented. '*La nièce de mon mari defunt dont je me suis chargée d'introduire dans la société de F——.*' And '*Ah la bienvenue*,' was the answer; and then I made a feeble imitation of Grace's reverence, and escaped into the back-ground, where I was well pleased to watch what was going on, and not talk very much. I can perfectly understand every word they said, much better than I can the servants and shop-keepers, their intonation is so clear and distinct; but the speaking is quite another matter. My obstinate tongue refuses to get round the words fast enough; and I really would rather be silent than stammer *oui* and *non* and '*Merci Monsieur*,' at intervals. But I was not one bit dull, for I listened with all my ears, and heard them talking and discussing all sorts of things. You know, Father dearest, I do not think they discuss or think very deeply; but they do make so many general observations about things that we should simply receive as facts, and leave alone. I cannot explain what I mean—I have not thought it out yet; but I will next time I write. I must say, though, that I don't mean the kind of general remark Mr. Hingston has just been accusing me of having made to Mrs. Roper, when I went with him to call on her, and she was saying how painful the alternative was when she had to choose between letting her daughter sail without saying good-bye to her brother, and making him miss the examination by sending for him home from school. He says I consoled her by saying that, after all, it was better to choose between two evils than two goods; because, whichever good we chose, we

always regretted the rejected one; but, whichever evil, we could always rejoice that we had at least escaped the other. He declares I did say those exact words, two years ago, and that poor Mrs. Roper looked quite frightened, as well she might. I can't believe it. The sort of general observations, however, which French people make, are quite different; they explain how it is, and why it is, that a thing is as it is; and because that thing is so, another thing must necessarily be something else: but, as I say, I have not thought it at all out, and I cannot at this moment recall an instance of what I mean; besides, I want to tell you what happened before the end of the evening. A card-table was set out in that bed-room, but no one played; and in answer to a question, one gentleman said to another, '*Nous attendons le Général.*' So of course I pricked up my ears and wondered whom they could be waiting for. There were so many people there, you know, that I had scarcely fixed on anyone to watch yet. Presently the door opened, and there entered an old man, bent and bowed almost double. He must have been tall and strong once, but it must have been years and years ago; he reminded me of the description of Cato in Dante, when

'Vidi presso di me un veglio solo
Degno di tanta reverenza in vista
Che pui non dee a padre alcun figlinolo.'

He had not a long beard certainly, but his long white hair fell over his coat on either side, and the white lashes of his deep-caverned eyes, so blue and earnest, though dim with age, made me think instantly of that description. And the people helped out the resemblance, for no children to a father could have paid more reverence than the company to him. Ladies, gentlemen—all rose up to make way for him into the circle; and he received all this homage as if it naturally belonged to him. '*Ne vous derangez pas; je vous prie,*' he said, with a lower bend of his noble head; but he seated himself without opposition in the arm-chair out of which a lady had moved, and which a gentleman brought forward for him. And then, when he had rested from the fatigue which that little exercise of coming up-stairs caused him, he was able to speak to those who came up to him. You may believe how anxious I felt to know who it was. I knew it was some very great man; and you cannot imagine all the strange ideas which came into my head. At last I got beside Grace, and asked her. Oh, Father, only fancy! that old man was nearly a hundred years old; he had seen Louis XVI.; he had fought in La Vendée; when the Duc de Penthiévre tried to save Madame de Lamballe; he was one of those in the plot; he had fought beside Henri de la Rochejaquelein. I felt as if I had seen enough for my whole life when I looked at him; and I could not bear to hear any more talking then; so that I was quite glad when the time came for us to go home.

We left early. I went up with Grace and Aunt Vivian to make our adieux to our hostess; and she took my hand and said, '*Mademoiselle je n'ai pas voulu vous tourmenter ce soir, mais une autre fois il faut que vous parliez de la langue aussi bien que des yeux.*' She really did say '*de ces beaux yeux;*' but that was all French compliments, of course.

I mustered up courage to answer back in French that my eyes would at least not speak bad French, whereas I was afraid to trust my tongue.

She smiled and said, '*Mais allez toujours, vous parlez déja à merveille,*' and we were leaving the room, when the general turned round and in a slow gentle voice I heard him speak to the Baronne asking her something, and she turned to my aunt and asked her permission to present me to the General. You can fancy how I felt when she led me up, and how I made my deepest curtsey; the Baronne said, '*C'est la nièce de Mme. Vivienne, Général; je sais que vous aimez la jeunesse discréte et cette petite est bien discréte, regardez comme elle ose a peine lever les yeux.*' I looked up then, and could not help smiling; and he smiled too, and said that it was a privilege of his age, when he could no longer attend on beauty, (what fun—me a beauty!) that youth and beauty came to him.

You know, said in English by a young man in lemon kid gloves, all this about

beauty would have been impertinence; but from him it seemed like what the knights used to say to the ladies of old; and I really liked it very much, and only wished you had been by to hear all the pretty speeches. I feel, you know, not a bit as if I was myself, but somebody else in a book or a play; and when I do things, I look on out at window at myself, and it is more amusing than any book I ever read.

They are making such fun, Charles and Grace, that I must leave off and see what is going on. We are all well, and Mr. Hingston is always about very happy. There I must stop. My darling dear Father,

Your ever affectionate Child,

MARY ELIZABETH SEYTON.

(To be continued.)

THE SIX CUSHIONS.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.')

CHAPTER II.

THE TURTLE-NEST.

THE Turtle-nest was a little lodging-house, of the villa style of architecture, with a great deal of clematis over the verandah, and a view that would have been over the bay had not a tall house erected an envious shoulder between. In compensation, the little oriel on the other side of the drawing-room looked down the whole length of the principal drive, and for a small person, when the wind was not high, was an excellent post of observation.

The room was draped with fawn-colour, enlivened with pink fast assuming a tint such that it was hard to tell which was the pink and which the fawn. A photograph of a clergyman stood on a sloping frame on the table, a lesser one was on the chimney-piece, a larger over the chiffoniere; and a pale lady in black silk, with a net cap one remove from the widow's, sat on the sofa at right angles to the oriel, with a book, and a basket of plain-work by her side, and a writing-case on the table before her; also a miniature-case lay open, with a coloured photograph of the same clergyman.

The book was on her knee, but she seldom turned a page. Her eyes were generally directed towards the oriel, through which she presently beheld a low pony-carriage turning in at the gate that led to the Rectory approach.

'Mrs. Harding,' she murmured to herself, 'going to pick up her daughter after her evening drive. Ah! some people can have luxuries, but we never sigh after them.'

Then an open carriage, with a pair of stylish greys, bright with

silvered harness, and with two smart servants, dashed up the road and whirled in.

'Ah! the West carriage! Poor child, what a comment on the pomps and vanities she has renounced! Is it empty? Then it has come for her alone! There is Mr. Braithwayte walking by—where is he going so fast? Dear Alfred never allowed himself to be hurried beyond the dignity of his position! Can he be so perturbed at having found out that matron at last? *I* never trusted her, though I hope I know my present position too well to speak. The Doctor is keeping them a long time—a farewell address, I suppose. Will he give *my* dear child credit for her constant attendance, and meek fulfilment of all his counsels? Ah! humility is always overlooked. Do I see them coming out? Yes, there Miss West whirls away; there is Joan Harding by her mother's side; the little pert Alice—yes, and the two Maclaines. I wonder they let those two girls walk so far alone. But where is the simple figure of my own dear child? Has Dr. Henderson detained her to give her some testimonial of his satisfaction? Ah! there is a carriage stopping here.'

And the lady sank into her reading attitude.

Enter the fashionable Camilla West, ushered by the simply-dressed Mary Rose; Camilla bearing an exquisite bouquet of roses and geraniums.

'Good morning, my dear Miss West. How very kind of you to save my poor child the walk! It is not far, but she feels the heat so much, and in our position—'

'Would you like these flowers?'

'Ah! my dear Miss West, you cannot think what delight the beauties of nature give us. Ah! these so recall our pretty garden! A thousand thanks for your recollection of such recluses as ourselves. I know you are the happier for it.'

'Thank you,' said Camilla, rather confusedly; 'and what is very pleasant, Dr. Henderson has just asked us to work the cushions for the chancel step.'

'*Indeed!*—You too, my child?'

'Yes, me too, Mamma.'

'Well, I am sure it will be an exceeding satisfaction to contribute any humble offering; above all, for those who have only their labour of love to offer.—And you, my dear Miss West, do I understand that you too are a volunteer in the work of the sanctuary?'

'I hope to try.'

'How? I know it would be so delightful to you to snatch an interval from your many avocations. I hope you may be able to contrive it. And if at any time you should wish to retire with your work to a more congenial atmosphere, and share the task of love with my little recluse here, we should so gladly welcome you.'

'Thank you,' said Camilla again; 'perhaps—if I can—'

'Ah, yes. I know your time is much taken up, in a way that I can

appreciate, though my present position is so different! But no doubt every minute you can steal from the round of gaieties is no small treasure! And for such a purpose! And who are your fellow-workers, my dear?—Clara Braithwayte, of course.'

'The Maclaines and Joan Harding.'

'Indeed! quite the *élite* of the place—at least omitting my little Mary from that category. Well, it is very gratifying; no doubt it will be great enjoyment to bring your works completed.'

'I hope so.' And Camilla took her leave.

'Well, my little Mary,' said her mother, kissing her, 'so you are one of Dr. Henderson's selected few. You owe it in part to the memory of your dearest father, my child; and therefore I love you the better for it.'

'I was the only one who did not offer, Mamma; he asked me of himself.'

'Quite right, darling; it is always the most unassuming to whom the truest honour is given.'

'I did not like to put myself forward, when they were so many; and then, Mamma, there will be a great deal of work! But I am glad not to be left out.'

'Left out? No, my love, you are not one to be left out. Humility never is left out in the long run, and in your position it would be singular neglect in Dr. Henderson to leave you out! I have been accustomed to slights for myself, but not for you, darling.'

'He would not let Alice Coxe take one, though she was very eager, and begged hard, because he said she could have no proper time.'

'Just as I told you, dear. Her forwardness never prepossesses people. But what is the work?'

'We are each to work a flat cushion—the top and two sides I believe, for the chancel-step—to be knelt on, you know, Mamma. We are all to go to tea at the Rectory at five o'clock, and have the work given out to us.'

'But, my dear, Dr. Henderson can never expect us to find the materials. I should be most happy; but in our position he ought not to require it.'

'No, Mamma; I said nothing about it, but Miss Maclaine asked.'

'Ah—so Scotchy, I could have guessed it; though I am sure she was not one to be so solicitous. Then materials are to be provided?'

'Yes; Mrs. Henderson will give them to us to-morrow. It is a great deal of work, Mamma, and I could not think how people who go out so much as the Maclaines and Miss West could undertake it. They must sacrifice much more than they seem disposed to do if they wish to succeed.'

'Do not fear, my child; you will not be left behind by all these, with so many more advantages. The quiet humble one always bears off the palm. You need not be discouraged.'

'No, Mamma dear; though Joan Harding is so very eager, and talks so much, that I am sure she will tire herself out long before the work is done.'

'It will be an interesting study,' said Mrs. Rose, in a meditative tone. 'Here are Wealth, Gaiety, Fervour, and meek Lowliness, all set to compete in one race. We shall see who bears off the guerdon!'

Mrs. Rose lapsed into meditation, with one eye on the window; Mary leant back with a book in her hand: Miss West's flowers remained on the table till the maid came in and took pity on them.

CHAPTER III.

FALCONBERG.

FALCONBERG stood high on one of the cliffs that closed in the bay. The view was one of the most exquisite to be obtained in that world of exquisite views—unobstructed and unobstructible, unless anyone should choose to erect a shot-tower beneath. There lay the blue summer sea, flecked here and there with the white waves that dashed and flashed round rocks—some beneath the surface, others erecting themselves in fantastic shapes. And the curved line of the bay trended around, low, and covered with white houses in the centre; but opposite rising into high noble-looking cliffs that defied the waves—a delicious view for dreamy enjoyment, and turned to the best account by the arrangements of Falconberg, where stone balconies ran round the two chief stories of the house, supported on solid arches, and up-bearing stone vaults that protected the great plate-glass windows alike from summer glare and winter's storm. The balustrade was adorned with vases containing a profusion of scarlet geranium, verbena, and calceolaria, that sent pleasant odours through the open windows of the dining-room, where the luncheon-table was spread. A massive erection of silver and glass stood in the middle of the table, bearing a profusion of flowers in the centre, and of condiments in its lesser branches. Jellies and salads of the most *recherché* order alternated with fruit and sweets; and silver corner-dishes full of cutlets were handed round by smart servants, far more in number than in the proportion needful for the three occupants of the table.

'Carriage wanted, Ma'am?'

'Well—yes—I hardly know.—Camilla, my dear, what say you to a drive?' asked Mrs. West, a small spare light-complexioned woman, in the richest of all blue and black brocades.

'If you please, Mamma. Only if you would kindly set me down at the Rectory at five—'

'The Rectory again, my dear! I thought you had taken leave of your lessons there.'

'We are to be there for an early tea, Mamma dear. There is some work that we have promised to do for Mrs. Henderson, and we are to meet and have the patterns given to us.'

'Work! you, my dear? What kind of work?'

'Very, pretty work indeed, Mamma. It is the Berlin embroidery for the cushions for the chancel-step,' said Camilla in a somewhat deprecating tone.

'Indeed! Well, I should have thought, after all your dear papa has done for the church, Mrs. *H*enderson (Mrs. West was so anxious about her *hs* that her aspirate was almost a guttural,) need not have required you to work like a slave.'

'Oh no, Mamma, I like it! We all are so much pleased.'

'Who, my dear? who are the we?'

'Fenella, Mamma, and her sister, and Miss Harding—and the rest. I was to meet them this evening.'

'Oh! Mr. West!' And the bald-headed father of the family raised his keen light-grey eyes from the freshly-arrived Times in his hand. 'Papa, do you hear? The Doctor has been asking these young ladies to work the cushions, or something, for the church. I am sure, much as you have done already, you or I would willingly contribute to having them done in the first style at the best ecclesiastical warehouse in London, in Camilla's name too, if she pleased.'

'Oh no, Mamma,' said Camilla emphatically, becoming crimson as she spoke with a distressed, almost breathless eagerness.

Her father glanced at her, and she looked reassured, as she added, 'It would be the greatest disappointment.'

'Eh! what, it is a little party among yourselves,' said Mrs. West, 'for the pleasure of it?'

'We wish greatly to do it ourselves,' said Camilla softly. 'It is all we can do.'

'All that some of you can do, perhaps! and one would not deprive the others; but you—you who have had a fifty given in your own name, besides I can't tell how much pocket-money—why, you cannot be satisfied without wasting your time and your eye-sight.'

'It is not the same,' whispered Camilla, still looking at her father.

'No,' said Mr. West. 'The child had rather do more than play at having her name set down. She is right there—and a bit of work in earnest will do her no harm, play-work though it is.'

'Well, to be sure,' said Mrs. West, 'it sounds well—Miss *H*arding, and Lady Euphemia's daughters—and if she has no time, why then Cotes can finish it for her. I'll set you down, Camilla, and the barouche can come for you.'

Camilla made no protest, but sat quietly satisfied. Her father finished his paper and his glass of ale, and they rose; but as the two ladies were passing out of the dining-room, he laid his hand caressingly on his daughter and said—

'You wish to do this work, my dear; what is it?'

'To work one cushion for the chancel-step, Papa. It is all I can do myself! And they have been *so* good to ask me.'

'Well,' said the great railway contractor, who had little time for home,

and only idolized his daughter, 'do as you please. I see you like it, and I know all the works I have shared in have seemed more my own when I have handled the spade myself.'

'Just so, Papa,' said Camilla brightly; 'and you and Mamma shall not be teazed about it! I shall have plenty of time!'

'Time! Why, you must have nothing but time.'

(To be continued.)

A TWELFTH-DAY KING;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF FRENCH LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER II.

'His sport was fair, his joyaunce innocent,
Sweet without soure, and honey without gall,
And he himself seemed made for merriment,
Merrily masking both in bowre and hall.'

Spenser.

The early morning found Jean and his mother in waiting at the gates of the Hotel Bourbon, the court-yard of which was astir with esquires, grooms, and pages, some of whom were preparing to set forth with their lord to attend Mass at Notre Dame, while others were making arrangements for the festivities which were to take place later in the day. It was a cold wintry morn, and a mist-wreath hung over the Seine, but it was not one of our dense English fogs, and the sun bade fair to vanquish it ere the day were many hours older. The air was musical with the voices of innumerable bells, for the myriad steeples of Paris seemed to vie with one another in sending forth these gladsome sounds to greet the dawn of the great Festival of the Epiphany; and distinct above all the rest fell on little Jean's ear the deep-toned peal from the great tower of the Louvre close at hand, though, indeed, its sonorous cadence was rather felt than remarked by him, so full was his mind of all that was about to happen.

Once admitted into the court-yard, he could think of nothing but the gaily-caparisoned horses which the grooms were leading up and down; and had not his mother kept his hand tightly in her clasp and drawn him on, he would certainly have lingered among them instead of advancing steadily towards the princely mansion. Just as they reached the open door of the great hall, they espied among the numerous servitors, who were passing out and in, one of those who had been in

Lord Louis's train the preceding day; and he recognized them almost at the same instant, and came kindly towards them, greeting Jean by name, and offering to lead him into the Duke's presence.

'Then I had best give him over to your care, good Sir,' said Marie timidly. 'I trust he will be good, and show himself grateful to our Lord the Duke.' Then turning to her child, she added, 'Adieu, my Jean, you will return to me for this night at least, I trust; and I shall go now straight to the Cathedral, and watch at the door to see you pass in all your finery.'

'Good-bye, dear Mother,' said the child; and as she let go his hand he murmured regretfully, 'I should be a great deal more happy in being a king if you might be my queen and sit beside me.'

Yet, child-like, he shook off the regret, and well-nigh forgot the wish as soon as she had left him, and trudged blithely across the hall by the side of the servitor, entering unabashed, though full of wondering expectation, the tapestried chamber where sat the good Duke of Bourbon. Here, however, some measure of awe fell upon him at the sight of the princely old man—surrounded by a gallant group of noblemen, and gentlemen of the household—whom his conductor designated as his patron, the Duke; and scarcely would he have dared to advance, but that Lord Louis stepped forward and beckoned to him encouragingly, at the same time calling the Duke's attention to him by saying, 'See, here is our little king, Sir; we must make haste to welcome him, and to robe and crown him, for it is nearly time to set forth.'

The Duke smiled, and turned to greet the little fellow, who, rosy and bashful, scarcely dared to lift his eyes from the ground, and so could see naught but the rich robe of crimson silk trimmed with costly fur, and the velvet mantle embroidered with golden fleurs-de-lys, and could not discern how sweet and benignant a face was that of the wearer of these splendid garments.

Louis of Bourbon, at sixty-six years of age, was still erect and active, and notwithstanding that he had laid aside his armour and was now clad in the garb of peace, had a martial air, worthy of the friend of Du Guesclin, and the founder of the military Order of l'Ecu d'Or. His countenance was kind and thoughtful in its expression, the mouth very sweet though firm, the eyes bright, and ever and anon gleaming with arch humour, though on the brow there was a shadow which many great and serious cares—such as the disturbed state of the kingdom, the madness of the sovereign, and the great schism which had so long distracted the Church—had left indelibly there.

His voice was pleasant in tone, and his manner full of kindness, as, bending down, he said gently, 'You are welcome, my little one; look up, and do not be frightened; I trust we shall be able to make this quite a gala day to you.'

'Thanks, noble Sir,' stammered the child, but could get no further; seeing which, Lord Louis said with a smile, 'You will find your tongue

presently, when you are the little king, and we your humble attendants. Come, come and be dressed. I will myself see that you are attired in all the finery befitting a monarch!' And, followed by several esquires and pages, he led the child away.

Those who had seen Jean in his threadbare suit, advancing clumsily, with his head hung down as though contemplating his own bare feet, could scarcely recognize him when he re-appeared, with head erect, eyes sparkling, and step firm; his small figure clad in a tunic of rose-coloured silk trimmed with ermine; a mantle of cloth of gold depending from his shoulders; a jewelled necklace, to which was attached a gold star embossed with the figures of the three Eastern kings, around his neck; a tiny fur cap, with a white plume fastened into it by a diamond sprig, on his head; and his feet encased daintily in embroidered shoes, square at the toe—a fashion which had replaced the long-pointed shoes *à la poulaine*, which had been declared by Charles the Fifth to be '*Contre les bonnes moeurs, et inventés en dérision du Créateur!*'

With the royal garments Jean had assumed also a right royal bearing; and though the changing colour of his cheek still seemed to show that his delight was tempered by bashfulness, his beautiful eyes were all afire with joy and pride; and so well did this glow of excitement and the unwonted costume set off his natural advantages of face and figure, that, as he advanced into the room, a pale grave gentleman, who was seated near the Duke, said softly, 'By St. Denis! a noble-looking child! Is he not, my Lord? Among all the children who have tasted of your bounty I have never before seen one so comely or so graceful in bearing.'

'True, De Véeuse,' said the Duke, smiling; 'he has certainly a great advantage over his predecessors, more especially the two last, one of whom I remember was rather lame, and the other quite a marvel of ugliness. They were good children, though, and it was not without regret that I heard a short while since that the lame one—the little Jacquot—is dead; he went to his rest on the Eve of St. Thomas. The ill-favoured one, whose name I forget, has decided on being a monk as soon as he shall be old enough; and I have given my consent, thinking it a good vocation for him.'

'In that the cowl will conceal his ugliness?' archly suggested the gay young Count of Clermont, the Duke's eldest son.

Louis's eyes shot out a mirthful gleam at this, though he answered somewhat gravely, 'Nay, nay, my son, I had better and weightier reasons. But now we must get to horse, for time presses.—Sound the call, Eustache!—And you, my little monarch,' addressing Jean, 'let us attend you to your litter, it is waiting for you in the court-yard.'

At the word 'litter' the rosy lips of the little king wore a decided pout. 'Am I not to ride one of those beautiful horses which I saw out yonder?' he boldly inquired.

''Tis an ambitious urchin!' exclaimed the Duke, laughing; while all

around looked astonished at the boy's audacity. 'But listen, my little sovereign, I do not want to have any broken bones to answer for; so, as no doubt you are not used to bestride a horse, it will be best for you to ride in the litter prepared for you. You will be in good company, for the ladies will proceed to church in the same manner.'

'Simon the armourer has often let me mount the horses whose steel trappings he makes,' rejoined the undaunted Jean, but in a more modest tone than that in which he had spoken before. And indeed, my Lord, he said the other day that I had as good a seat as any knight of them all. I wish I might ride to church like a real king!'

'Well, you are monarch here, and so entitled to choose,' said Duke Louis playfully, 'therefore you shall have your wish; but pray, your Majesty, be pleased to remember that youth should be ever modest, even when clad in kingly dress.'

'Thanks, thanks, gracious Sir,' said the child, thinking a great deal more of the permission to ride on horseback than of the injunction to modesty; but something in the fair face of the young Lord Louis made him wonder for a moment whether he had been guilty of the over-boldness which his mother had warned him against.

Just then a rustle of silk was heard in the hall, and down flocked the ladies—the Duchess of Bourbon and her daughter Isabelle, the Countess of Clermont, and a bevy of their friends and attendants; the married ladies wearing the immense towering head-dresses which Queen Isabeau had brought into fashion, with two horns on either side, from which floated ribbons of divers colours; the maidens arrayed in somewhat less ponderous head-gear, consisting of only *one* peaked erection, with a long veil depending from the top. They took their places in the litters, while the little king looked on, congratulating himself on not being obliged to follow this feminine example; though somewhat strange did he feel when he was presently lifted upon a stately charger, arrayed in velvet housings embroidered with golden fleur-de-lis. He held up his head, however, and showed himself worthy of the commendation which Simon the armourer had bestowed on him—so much so, indeed, that as he rode out of the court-yard between the Duke of Bourbon and the Count of Clermont, they interchanged a smile of amused approval, as much as to say, 'The little fellow did not boast of himself without cause.' They rode rather slowly on his account; yet the river was crossed, and the Cathedral reached only too soon for Jean, who was too well amused with his progress through the streets to be quite in the humour for devotion.

The great square was well-nigh filled with the retinues of noble lords and princes, and the Dauphin himself had come thither that day to implore the intercession of the kings of the East in behalf of his father, at this time suffering from one of his periodical attacks of insanity. The paved interior of the church soon became covered with worshippers, some glittering in silk and velvet and cloth of gold, some in the distinctive dresses of the various confréries, others in penitential garments

of black, grey, or white, and others again in the simple cassocks of homely stuff, which marked them out as belonging to the poorer classes. There they knelt together, even the homeliest dress catching rich gleams of orange, purple, and crimson lustre from the gorgeous windows which then adorned the Cathedral—there they knelt, while on either side of them were ranged the long lines of statues, 'kneeling, standing, equestrian, men, women, children, kings, bishops, soldiers,' all culminating in that colossal statue of St. Cristopher—the great strong simple-minded hero of mediæval legend,—the fame of which was spread throughout Christendom. There they knelt, the eyes of most of them turned towards the high altar, and towards the quaint representation fixed above it of the event which they had come thither to commemorate. In no wise strange or childish, but very beautiful, no doubt, seemed to them that artificial group of cunning workmanship, those waxen figures of the Mother-Maid and her wondrous Child, that venerable St. Joseph leaning on his staff, those three adoring kings in regal robes and crowns; nor did the quaintly-shaped manger, and the ox and ass peeping out as it were from behind it, at all lessen to their apprehension the solemnity of the mimic scene.

The Duke of Bourbon and his family held illuminated missals in their hands, for they could read—an accomplishment by no means universal even so late as the fifteenth century—and the eyes of the young Lady Isabelle and her brothers were constant to their books, while other less instructed or less devout damsels and gallants were staring, whispering, and sometimes even laughing, unmindful of the holy words uttered by the priests and choir. Our little king was among the illiterate ones, so first he looked well at the waxen group above the altar, then at the rich dresses of the bishops and priests officiating, then at the more gaudy attire of the worshippers around him; and scarcely would his thoughts have turned at all to the religious service, in which he was supposed to be engaged, had it not been for two sights which met his roaming gaze. The first was that of a poor woman, clad in a cloak and hood of coarse grey stuff, who knelt a little apart from the rest of the people, her hands reverently clasped, her eyes either drooped devoutly, or raised to dart swift glances of infinite but anxious love on the bright face and gaily-robed form of the little Jean himself. In this woman he recognized his mother. The second was that of the evident devotion of the young Lord Louis. Frank, sweet, and good, as his countenance had seemed while he was playfully arraying his father's protegé in garments of mimic royalty, it was still sweeter and more beautiful now as he knelt at his prayers, his head a little bent, his dark eyelashes sweeping his almost colourless cheek, his whole face settled into the pure grave repose which one often sees in the carved faces of the corbels supporting the arches of our old cathedrals. If, to quote the words of a miracle-play of the period, his sister Isabel looked 'fair and fresh as rose on thorn,' his was the lily-whiteness which, in its almost unearthly purity, seemed to draw the

thoughts of the gazer upwards to his unseen angel-guardian, who doubtless even then was wafting up the boy's pure orisons to the ear of Him whose face those blessed angel-watchers do 'always behold.' Reminded of his own duty by the anxious gaze of his mother, and by the rapt devotion of the young noble at his side, Jean at length recalled both eyes and thoughts from their wanderings; and while the sacred chants arose from the lips of the choristers, flooding the vast cathedral with music, his childish soul rose a little way with them; in a simple ignorant fashion, yet honestly enough, he lifted up his heart towards the Divine Babe of Bethlehem, and adored with the Magi.

Ere long the service was over, and out flocked the congregation, the Duke of Bourbon and his family pausing on their way to horse to distribute alms to the beggars who crowded round the cathedral porch. When once more mounted on his splendid charger, Jean looked about for his mother. There she was, standing within the shadow of the doorway; and oh, what fervour of admiration was in those loving eyes of hers! The child scarcely knew what a gallant picture he made, and how well his gauds became him, till he saw it all written there in his mother's face. He lost sight of her again as he rode on, but this time he did not forget her; and when he arrived at the Hotel Bourbon, and was placed in the seat of honour at the great banqueting-table in the hall, he did truly wish that his mother were sitting beside him as his queen. Before the banquet was served, the ceremony was gone through of appointing attendants of various ranks and ages to wait upon our little king during the meal, and be at his bidding throughout the day. The Duke himself assigned them their various offices with many playful formalities; and great was the mirth when Lord Louis was chosen as body-squire—or 'squire of honour,' as it was often called by way of honourable distinction—and made graceful obeisance to his little master and monarch, promising to do him true fealty and service in that important capacity. Jean entered heartily into the spirit of the jest, saluted his new courtiers with great readiness and naiveté, and found royal prerogatives exceedingly convenient and agreeable. It was so pleasant to the little sturdy imperious nature to find such a glorious opportunity of having its own will and way, and to be able to order everybody about, without any danger of being snubbed in return! Fortunately, he did it so gaily and prettily that none could take offence; with much laughter and ostentatious assiduity his high-born attendants obeyed his royal behests, and there was almost a danger when the feast began that this most popular little sovereign would be fairly killed with kindness.

Strange sight indeed it was to him, whose daily food had been black bread, vegetables, or a little common fish, to see the rich viands which covered the ducal table; much perplexed was he when the various dishes had been duly carved for him by his 'carving-squire,' and set before him by an obsequious though somewhat giggling little page, what to choose among so many dainties. Should it be white soup flavoured with cream

of almonds? or fresh-baked lampreys? or jelly coloured with columbine flowers? or roasted heron? or stewed capon? or quinces in compôt? or roasted crane? or custard royal, with a leopard of gold sitting therein, and holding a fleur-de-lys?

He would have been sorely puzzled, had not the good-natured Louis, his devoted body-squire, guided his choice almost without seeming to do so; but as it was, he feasted royally; and between the courses—which did not consist of fish and meat and pudding separately, as in more modern times, but of countless dishes of each of these mingled together indiscriminately,—he had leisure to admire the strange entremets which were then brought in and placed on the table. Doubtless, many of these were much after the fashion of those 'sotylties' which the old chronicler Fabyan so minutely describes; as for instance this—'A sotyltie named a tigre, lokyng in a mirrour, and a man syttynge on horsebacke, clene armyd, holding in his armys a tigre whelpe, with this reason, "Par force sanz reson ie ay pryse ceste beste," and with his one hand makynge a countenance of throwynge of mirrours at the great tigre, the which held this reason, "Gile le mirrour ma fête distour."'

The last of these aforesaid 'sotylties,' which appeared at the Duke of Bourbon's table, was a more solemn one, in honour of the day, representing the Magi, with a great gold star suspended over their head, and little heaps of gold, frankincense, and myrrh in front of them, and this received great and grave admiration from all assembled; but before it appeared there was not much conversation, as the most part of the company were valiant trencher-men, and bent on doing justice to the good things on the Duke's hospitable board.

If there were not talk there was music. At the further end of the hall were a number of minstrels, who vied with one another in producing gladsome melodies befitting the occasion; and in the middle of the repast, a number of young children clad in rose-coloured silk made their appearance in a gallery above the minstrels, and sang in chorus a ballad about the kings of the East, ending with a quaintly-turned compliment to the little play-monarch of the hour. Then making a profound reverence to all the company, and to his small majesty more especially, they vanished as suddenly as they had come.

To Jean it all seemed like fairy-land, only that he had heard fairies lived on honey-dew, which would not, he thought, have been half such agreeable fare as the rich repast before him.

(To be continued.)

ROMAN THE READER.*

(A RUSSIAN CHURCH CONSECRATION.)

BY MADAME ROMANOFF.

The Counsellor and his wife were so truly kind and hospitable, and their children so friendly, that Roman soon became sincerely attached to them. He gradually became more polished in his manners, expressed himself better, and was very popular in the circle of which Alexandre was leader, and which was composed of the brightest lads of his class, and the most vehement supporters of the new ideas. They used to read and criticize the best journals, got up little 'literary evenings,' and joined with all the eagerness and enthusiasm of youth in the universal joy which the preparations for the great change in the serf-class caused. Of politics they never spoke, nor did they care for them. Politics involved questions regarding other nations, and *their* business was with fatherland! Nationality was the hobby. Everything must be Russian—Sclavonic; and one of the principal reasons that they took so warmly to Roman was because he was a son of the Orthodox Church; a real thorough-bred Russian, without anything foreign in him. He did not think it necessary to confess that he was doing his utmost to learn French.

In two years Roman was another being. No longer the timid, awkward, country scholar; but a sufficiently self-possessed youth, with plenty of conversation, well-read, and well-mannered. As for his personal appearance, he was called by the ladies 'a most interesting young man.' Perhaps my readers may understand the kind of face his was, if I call it well-proportioned. Not one feature was handsome, but the whole formed a singularly pleasing countenance; rather curly light hair, a sun-burnt fresh complexion, and exquisite teeth, helped to make him better looking than he really was. 'A proper youth and tall,' his friends called him; 'the Russian type;' 'real Russian nature;' but people always do apply these terms to good looking and prepossessing persons. He was looked on in the Haraldins' house and by Alexandre's party, as the representative of the Seminary of the 'young strength' of the Orthodox religion. There was much truth, but also much enthusiasm, in the feeling of the little *coterie;* fortunately, Roman had the good sense not to be, nor to appear, conceited.

He had been home twice during this period, and found everything in its old state. He tried to initiate Nadia into the 'spirit of the times;' and she assented to all he said, but was no more imbued with the said 'spirit' than the Deacon was. All that she thoroughly comprehended, was her brother's ardent desire to be useful to his fellow-creatures, and to establish schools in his future parish, if there were not any; and he proposed that

* See the Sketches of the Rites of the Greco-Russian Church in our former numbers

Nadia should live with him, and be the mistress of the girls' school. This proposition pleased her, and at length became a sort of *ideé fixe*. She tried her skill in teaching on a neighbour's child, after Roman had returned to town, but, either from the stupidity of the pupil or the inexperience of the teacher, nothing came of it. This she communicated in a very short note to her brother; the perusal of which caused lowness in his spirits for some minutes.

'Now look here!' he said to Appolon, who was still his faithful friend, and the receptacle of all the impressions he got out of the Seminary; 'this is a fact. A fact, I repeat, worthy of remark! Read that!' and he walked up and down the room in an agitated manner, while Appolon read as follows:

'Dearest Brother, Roman Dmitriévitch, I congratulate you on your approaching name-day, wishing you health; we, thank God, are well, which we also wish you, and tyatinka and maminka give you their blessing, which can never be taken away; and I began to teach Ivan s Dounka to read, but she cried, and it was no use continuing. Your sister, Nadejda Gideonoff.'

'Hm! this young lady has never been to the Institution, I presume!' said Appolon, smiling; 'but there is an absence of paper-mania, which ought to delight you reformers. Short and distinct, my friend! What do people write letters for? to communicate their ideas to their correspondents? Yes? well then, here you are, you know—'

'Will you please to hold your tongue?' cried Roman, vexed. 'Words and words, nothing but words! Hear me, brother! This is where it is bitter!' and he thumped his broad chest.

'Now, Heaven help me! I don't understand one word! be explicit, lad! What is it all?'

Roman, thus taken down (as he frequently was) from his state of exaltation, explained the matter in plain Russ.

'What's to be done?' was the genuine national reply. 'Nonsense, brother! what can that poor girl do alone? be reasonable! Has she ever seen a school in her life? has she the remotest idea of tuition? You should think before you act, much more before you exact acts from other people. Ah, you impatient fellow!'

The characteristic of Roman's impatience was that no cold water that was ever thrown on it could reduce its fire.

He was already a 'philosopher,' as the pupils of the highest class but one are called, when the eldest son of the Haraldins came from Kazan, where he was a student at the university, to spend his summer vacation at home. Roman was absent from town, spending his holidays with his eldest sister, whose husband had a parish about two hundred versts from town, and before he returned to the seminary they received the news of the good Deacon's death, which occurred very suddenly from gastric fever. Sadly down at heart, poor Roman was glad to return to Q—, and to seek consolation in the house of his friends, whose kindness had been

so uniform and sincere from the day he had presented himself to his godmother. Michael Haraldin and he soon began talking of the subject most interesting to each—their respective places of education; and these conversations were often renewed. The student listened with interest to the account Roman gave of the system of teaching in the Seminary. He dwelt particularly on the difficulty many of the pupils found in bringing their minds to a proper state of seriousness previous to taking Holy Orders, and of the utter unfitness of some. He confessed that at times he suffered from qualms of conscience, as to whether he were really fit to be a priest, and touched on the awful responsibility of that calling.

'If you have any doubts on the subject,' said Michael, 'you had better give up all thoughts of entering the Church; do not you think so yourself?' and he looked inquiringly into Roman's eyes through his spectacles, (why do students almost invariably wear spectacles?) resting his chin on the palm of his hand, and his elbow on his crossed knees.

Roman could not find an answer for a moment. 'What? he at length exclaimed, 'not enter the Church? how am I to live, then?'

'As you please. As you can.'

'But I have just lost my father. My mother and sister look to me for support. I am the only son; my father left us nothing but a small house and its contents—what can I be? what am I fit for?'

'Do not be in too great a hurry, Roman Dmitriévitch. Neither you nor I can decide, here, in a few moments, what you ought to do, or what you are fit for. Take time to reflect. Consult with your own heart and conscience; ask yourself if you wish above all things to be a priest, and compel yourself to give an answer—a clear honest answer!'

'I never thought of being anything else,' replied Roman, with a gesture of impatience. 'We are like the Levites, you know. We sons of the clergy are born and brought up with the prospect before us, of following the same calling as our fathers, grandfathers—ancestors in fact: we grow up with the conviction, that Priests, Deacons, or Readers we must be. Our parents do not approve of our becoming laymen; many will not give their blessing to such sons as feel an insurmountable aversion to the Church—fancy that! Perhaps the fellow might make a very good military man, civil servant of the crown, or something; but if the father deprives him of his parental blessing, what can he do but be ordained?

'And then our marriages. I do not suppose you would find half a dozen fathers or mothers in our whole diocese, but would sooner see their son married to the ignorant daughter of a country Reader, than to an educated girl of the nobles. But there! what's to be done? And the Consistory, and the Vladika?* they cannot endure departure from the Church. Lastly, finally, and in conclusion, the Church will give me daily bread, without which, alas, man cannot live!'

'Daily bread!' repeated Michael Andréitch; 'what were you hands given you for? Work, lad! find employment; copy papers, teach, sweep

* One of the titles given to the Archbishop. It means sovereign.

the streets, bake your 'daily bread' yourself! but again I repeat, do not take vows upon you which will be a burden to perform.'

'I do not say—I did not say, ever, that the vows would be a burden. I only say—' and he turned his glowing face towards the picture of St. Nicholas in the corner. 'Help me, Lord! to be Thy faithful Pastor!—such as *he* was!' he said to Michael, pointing to the picture, and sitting down again, still crossing himself.

'Then where are your doubts? By your own account, you are going to enter the Church just for daily bread. Now that is a sin, brother; a sin, a horrible sin on your soul! Is it possible that you never thought of that before?'

'No;' whispered Roman. To Michael's astonishment and confusion, he perceived two great tears trickling down Roman's cheeks, with more in his eyes ready to follow them. He felt sorry, and yet pleased that his God-brother was touched to the quick by his arguments. He put his arm round Roman's neck as if he were a woman or a child.

'Forgive me, brother!' Roman was weeping copiously; 'I did not mean to hurt your feelings. Only think before you decide. God grant you may decide to be a Priest—a faithful Pastor, as you say. You see we students are open-spoken people—we can't endure routine—we want conviction. And you and I have a right to be candid with each other. We are God-brothers, Roman Dmitritch!'

They grasped each other's hands. 'I will consult Ivan Petrovitch,' said Roman in a few moments.

'One of your teachers?'

'No; my brother-in-law, a very conscientious excellent man, old enough to be my father; and very nearly as fond of me, I do believe, as my late father was. He is always building castles in the air for me. Yes!' said Roman, suddenly brightening, as if he had recollected something all at once; 'there *is* one thing (as we have touched on the subject) that is always revolting to me—marrying for a place. No! if it were for a ten-thousand-roubles-a-year place, I would not consent to marry any woman unless I liked her, respected her—in a word, loved her.'

'And what do you mean by marrying for a place?'

'Do not you know? Oh, that is one of our systems, one of our ways of getting our maidens provided for. For instance, a Priest, with an unmarried daughter, dies. Well, she *may* be a nice amiable girl that anyone might be glad to have for a wife; she *may* be elderly or ugly; worse still if she be ill-tempered or in bad health. The Consistory knows every bride in the diocese; besides, the mother sends petitions to the Vladika, begging that a bridegroom may be found for her daughter. The candidate for the place is informed that if he chooses to take the girl, the place is his; a married man gets a refusal at once—though, to be sure, if he knows that there is a bride there, he does not think of asking for it.'

'Good Heavens!' cried Michael, 'what an abuse! Go on, brother!'

'The candidate thinks, "Who knows, perhaps the girl may please me," and off he sets, perhaps some hundreds of versts, to look at her. There are cases on record, that candidates with mothers and orphan brothers and sisters on their hands, have not been able to make up their minds to such conditions. And the position of the poor girl—what must be her feelings? Other candidates, just for the sake of "daily bread," as I say, marry cross old frights, for whom nobody sued during the life-time of the father: and I leave you to imagine the domestic happiness that is to be expected. It is a fact.'

'Is it possible!' murmured Michael, shaking his head.

'And sometimes the girl is pretty and agreeable; the fellow absolutely falls in love, thinks himself a happy man, marries, and finds himself mistaken. Yet some of these marriages prove very happy; but it is an exception to the general rule.'

'I never happened to hear of this horrible plan before. I am astonished at its being permitted by the authorities.'

'Not only permitted,' cried Roman, who had his 'fever' on him, 'it is one of the greatest evils that exist in the ecclesiastical class. It extends even to Readers. But wait a bit,' he continued, setting his teeth and clenching his fist, 'their turn will come! give us time! We must have reform too; we need it, God knows, more than all your lay departments of service put together.'

'Be cautious, brother!'

'If I had not my poor weak mother, and a sister who is likely to remain a Christ's bride all her life, I would not care for anything! I *would* speak out! I'd tell all I know, and expose them all, I would—tyrants, simoniacs, bribe-takers that they are!'

'Sh—sh! that will do, brother! We all have our causes of complaint. In the University too. But if we were to talk till midnight we should not have done. Enough of this for to-day! Come into Mamasha's room.'

Here the new friends tried to converse, to rally Agnessa Haraldin, a lively coquettish girl not long returned from the Smolny monastery at Petersburgh, who used to practise flirting on her God-brother, '*pour passer le temps*,' and who had a very bad fit of the black dog that evening; but all the party were dull, and it was not till Alexandre returned from an expedition with another gymnasist that they revived a little. Roman returned to the Seminary early, and in a very unsettled and miserable state of mind.

This lasted for some days. He could not fix his mind on his tasks, —and it happened that he had to prepare for the 'homily lecture'—*i. e.* lesson on sermon-writing. Nothing entered his head; he was absent, irritable, and intensely dissatisfied with himself. Appolon, who adored him outright, was wretched, and began to fancy that Roman had lost his heart to Agnia Andréevna. He took an opportunity of pumping him, and got scolded and snubbed thoroughly: but he had the satisfaction of

hearing the ungallant youth bestow such epithets on the young lady, as convinced him his fears were unfounded. He called her a frozen turnip, a fashion picture, 'Honey-Sugarovna,' and insisted on Appolon taking back his words. The end of it all was that he opened his heart to his friend, and told him all that had passed between the student and himself. Appolon advised him not to talk to that 'worldly' fellow any more, to forget it, and all other lay nonsense, and to go on with his studies, and to do his duty in that station of life unto which it had pleased God to call him.

Roman began to argue: he would not acknowledge that he had any station yet. That if he felt he could not do his duty in the station his parents had prepared for him—that is, wanted him to prepare himself for—he must seek another station; and so on. Appolon's temper was about as lovely as could be found in the Empire, and his mind as open to conviction; but he remained obstinate, lost patience, and at last spat in the air.

'Nonsense, brother!' was all he could say, as he hurried away, with a very red face and bright eyes.

Alexandre Haraldin, who had finished the course at the gymnasium, was to go with his brother to Kazan and enter the University also. The day of parting came; Alexandre promised to write to Roman, implored him to keep true to his 'convictions' to work in the good cause. 'What a nice pope he will make!' exclaimed Alexandre; stepping back to gaze with affectionate interest at him, and appealing with his eyes to his brother. Michael did not reply; but he wrung Roman's hand when they said good-bye, and said he should be interested to hear how he got on, and how all would end.

Roman occasionally visited his godmother after her sons' departure; but he felt himself out of place without youths of his own age. Agnessa was not the girl to please him, even in a sisterly sort of way; and Katerina Antonovna could not but perceive the indifference with which he regarded her, and observed with increasing anxiety the vexation and even tears that Roman's occasional boyish disputes caused her daughter. It was not very difficult for the mother to find out the real cause, and the kind-hearted woman was at a sad loss how to act for the best without injuring Agnessa or hurting her godson's feelings—in a word, to prevent his frequenting the house, without his knowing why it was necessary. She was on the point of telling her husband all her misgivings, when a circumstance occurred that altered everything.

One morning the Haraldins' servant announced to his mistress that a priest wanted to speak to her. The Counsellor was at the Governor's, and Katerina Antonovna told the guest so. He said his name was Ivan Mironoff, from Boogorki, and that he had particular business with the Counsellor; five o'clock was appointed for a meeting, and at that time the priest again came. After mutual introductions, he said, with an abruptness that almost amounted to incivility, that he had important business to consult about, and that the facts were these—

'You have a son at the University, André Michaelovitch?'

'Two, batioushka,' answered the Counsellor, who was mildness personified, and who did not quite like the stern and haughty manner of his visitor.

'Two? indeed! well, the fact is this, that one of them, a student at the University of Kazan, has been upsetting my young relative, Roman Gideonoff, who has been in the habit lately of frequenting your house, and I do not know what to do with him. The fellow was making first-rate progress at the Seminary, and was thought highly of, as I hear from the Rector. We all hoped that in due time he would get a first-class certificate, be ordained a priest, and thus procure means for his aged parents to pass their latter years in peace and comfort. When, quite unexpectedly,' continued the Priest, rising from his seat and placing a folded paper in the Counsellor's hand, 'I received this letter from him, in which he declares himself unfit to be a priest, deacon, or reader—and asks my advice. I wrote back, and told him to pray to God to assist him to make him fit, and to try to get over this—this—hallucination. However, last week I received a private letter from the Rector—an old friend of mine, saying that the affair was likely to go too far. So I came here.'

Here he handed another letter to the Counsellor, and went on—

'Now, most excellent Sir, allow me to represent that your son, by his ill-timed and ignorant interference, has ruined that boy, and with him his newly-widowed mother and a sister who will be dependent on him; and are now, while their affairs are yet unsettled after the death of the Deacon, living on the small pittance that the four sons-in-law can spare from their little purses. Consequently, I, as Roman's eldest brother-in-law, demand reparation from you as representative of your son; not money! God forbid! but advice, practical advice; and I further demand, that if my endeavours to dissuade him from this new notion are fruitless, you will find him a suitable place, Sir. That's all. My respects! If you wish to communicate with me, you can hear of me at the Rector's.'

The Counsellor took the cigar out of his mouth; he did not exactly understand what his son had been guilty of. He begged the Priest to sit down again; and having prevailed on him to do so, told him that he had no idea of anything of the sort having taken place; that he regretted extremely that any transactions in his house should have given offence to the relatives of his wife's godson, to whom his whole family was much attached, but that he did not consider himself responsible for his son's opinions.'

The Priest was beginning an angry reply, but the Counsellor went on—

'I repeat, I do not consider it my business at all, batioushka; but to show my good-will to the young man himself, and to his mother, who was a very obliging neighbour to us at Elenovka, I will do what I can for him.'

Father Ivan at once became cheerful and courteous; thanked André

Michaelovitch very heartily, and remained to drink tea. The whole evening was passed in animated conversation, the principal subject of which was what they had best do with Roman. They parted, having discovered that at Boogorki there was an influential person with whom the Counsellor had been intimate some years before; and to him it was decided André Michaelovitch should write, and beg him to give Roman employment for a time, while a suitable situation was being found. Father Ivan particularly wished that he might not remain at Q——, where the Counsellor might have established him, with more certainty and less trouble, but the brother-in-law evidently wanted to have the youth under his own eye.

The letter, conveyed by Father Ivan himself to the 'personnage,' received a favourable answer; the formalities were soon concluded, and Roman found himself at Boogorki in a most unpleasant position. His brother-in-law wished him well, and meant kindly; but the constant hints and reminders that he threw out irritated Roman; and although they had no open quarrel, in a month's time he had hired a small room for himself in an artizan's house, on the pretext that it was nearer the schools; he paid three roubles a month for it, with dinners and suppers from the artizans' table. He received five roubles a month, and his duties were to employ himself in the artizans' free boys' school, and to teach the choristers singing. His spare time, which was not a little, he spent in keeping up his studies, giving private lessons to two or three merchants' sons, and in writing a journal, extracts from which he occasionally sent to his friends the Haraldins.

The letter he received from them in answer to that he wrote to inform them of the change in his career, gave him comfort and courage, and a degree of zest for his new occupation, (which he did not like at all,) and reconciled him a little to his fate, with which he was not altogether content. In fact, he was unhinged; and it is to be doubted whether he himself knew what he wanted; but he did want something that he did not possess, and that was enough to make him feel unsettled—at any rate, unsettled until he could decide what it was.

I cannot take upon myself to describe the anger and indignation of the Deaconess when she heard of Roman's having left the Seminary. Nadia's lot was harder than ever, and the stanovoy's wife, who had always been very kind to her, began to think how she could manage to separate the mother and daughter for a time, in order to give the one a rest, and the other time and occasion to feel the want and value of her daughter. So she one day advised Pavla Lavrentievna to think about finding a trade for Nadia, and of giving up part of her immense farm stock. Of course the Deaconess turned on her tears directly.

'Okh! matinka, Tatiana Alexandrovna!' said she, 'your words and advice are like pearls! Tell me what to do, my beauty! Who will buy my poultry? judge for yourself! The beasts and birds bind me hand and foot!'

Tatiana Alexandrovna advised her to fatten them, and then freeze

them in the autumn; and it quite enlivened the old lady to hear that a goose would bring her fifty kopecks at least, and a turkey about a rouble, at the town market. Tatiana then heard, for the sixth time at least, a doleful complaint of Roman's conduct, ended by the very inquiry that she wished to elicit—'what she must do to live?'

'The best thing I can think of is for you to send Nadijda Dmitrievna to town—to Boogorki, that is—to learn some handiwork that is not likely to go out of fashion, and for you to keep house at home and take in lodgers: for instance, either of Ignaty Sylvesterovitch's clerks would be thankful for such a nice clean lodging, and would pay you at least a rouble a month.'

This also pleased Pavla Lavrentievna. The next question was, what trade Nadia should learn. She remembered a serjeant's wife at the nearest town, who used to quilt silk counterpanes in a pattern like cockle-shells, for all the ecclesiastical brides that had married during the last twenty years; and she thought it would be a profitable thing; but Tatiana Alexandrovna represented that the serjeant's wife had already an apprentice, that weddings were not so frequent as to give constant employment to two persons; and she voted for weaving table-linen, which, after many objections, and an evident preference on the Deaconess' part to the cockle-shell quilting, as being a superior occupation, was selected. Tatiana Alexandrovna was going to Q—— in a fortnight's time, and she undertook to place Nadia at Boogorki with her sister, Father Ivan's wife, and to make arrangements with a weaver woman whom she well knew during a residence at Boogorki, and who taught girls her craft for the consideration of one silver rouble, two poods of rye flour, and two pounds of butter.

Tatiana Alexandrovna was very pleased at the success of her innocent intrigues; by this arrangement Roman and his sister would have opportunities of communication uninterrupted by maternal interference, sneers, and inuendos. As for Nadia, who had scarcely ever had anything so like a holiday in her life, she was in a state of happy excitement and confusion that was pleasant and infectious to witness; and at the same time her misgivings about her costume, her manners, and conversation, caused many a hearty laugh to her good-natured companion. Her sister was astonished and delighted to see her; and Roman's satisfaction was greater still. She did not hesitate to tell him the utmost particulars of their mother's rage and disappointment, and her own grief and tears, when Father Ivan informed them of his being a layman. Roman was much distressed, and implored her to spare him—to have patience, and to say no more on the subject; altogether he appeared so down-hearted and miserable, and looked so pale, that Nadia was quite uneasy about him. And every day he became more and more convinced that he had made a great mistake.

Soon after Nadinka arrived at Boogorki, the manifesto of the celebrated 19th February, 1861, was published. The workmen of the iron-rolling

and chain-cable works there, formerly Crown serfs, now almost free men, began to receive an increase of wages—double, treble, and ten-fold, in proportion to their skill and merits. The clergy, backed by the civil authorities, seized the opportunity, and got up a subscription for the erection of a new church, which was much wanted. The population was 16,000, and there were only two churches, one of which was very small. Besides, the *Raskol** was making great progress in one particular part of the town. The upper classes of regular church-goers were desirous of enlarging the Cathedral; but the general feeling among the workmen was a wish to establish a permanent place of worship on a favourite, and it would seem favoured, spot at the extreme end of the town. There had been a hamlet there when first the iron-works were established, but buildings had been added to both Boogorki and Kliutch,† and at last they united into one large town. At the foot of a very steep and sudden hill, was the source of a rivulet, the waters of which were held in great repute for their softness and limpidity, and people from a distance even used to send for it to drink. Immediately over the bubbling source there existed from time immemorial a tiny chapel, consecrated to St. Nicholas, a very favourite Saint among the Russians; so tiny was it that a dozen people formed a crowd in it. Traditions of the salubrious qualities of the water, and of the singularly gracious answers to prayers offered in the chapel, caused the spot to be much frequented by the devout and sick; and on the two holidays in the year that are dedicated to St. Nicholas, the concourse of people was immense. It was here that vox populi voted unanimously for the building of a church, in remembrance of, and in gratitude to, Almighty God for the Liberation of 1863.

The subscriptions amounted to a far greater sum than the Committee expected in their most sanguine moments. It was not closed, and they hoped that during the time the building was going on, an additional sum might be raised for the interior fittings and adornments. The architect of the plan had to draw a new and larger plan, with due regard to the means collected, which was signed by the members of the Committee, and finally sent to Q—— for the approbation and blessing of the Archbishop.

The first stone (*i. e.* brick) was laid very privately one rainy muddy day in spring, with a very short religious ceremony; no one seemed to be aware of the circumstance, except the architect, the contractor, the clergy, and our Roman. He had been the most successful collector; his gentlemanlike and pleasing address, his capability of being like a noble with the nobles, and a peasant with the workmen, rendered him the person of all others likely to succeed in so difficult and delicate an errand; and he entered into the affair with all the fervour natural to his disposition. The whole time the building was going on his evening rambles were almost invariably directed to the tufty birch-covered hill, which showed like a little shady park from over the roofs of the log-houses near it.

* *Schism.*

† Kliutch means a fountain, spring, or source.

The work went on rapidly; week by week the walls became higher and higher, the roof put on, the cross and bells at last raised, each with a similar short ceremony; the floor laid down; and finally, the tiny old chapel, round which the church was built, and which had remained untouched all the time, was entirely removed, and the space left in the floor by its absence filled in.

The interior of the church was still in its rough unfinished state; but matins and acathistus were constantly performed in the new chapel.

Roman was naturally thrown among the clergy much more than into the lay society of Boogorki. There were several excellent men among them, who deeply regretted that the Church was deprived of so intelligent and conscientious a servant as they supposed Roman might have been. Each knew the grief that his decision had caused his family, and the absolute poverty that it brought on them and on himself. He contrived to economise his earnings in such a manner that he was able to send occasional presents to his mother, who could not accustom herself to the screwing system at all. She had lived all her life in comfort and plenty, according to the ideas of her class. Roman had been at Elenovka twice since he left the Seminary, performing the seventy versts' journey on foot; but the Deaconess' tears and reproaches might have wounded a less sensitive heart than his, and his reflections were by no means satisfactory: his visits only irritated the one and distressed the other, and the only person to whom they brought real pleasure was Nadia.

Roman had been resident at Boogorki about a year when the Counsellor offered him a place at Solikamsk, as assistant to the post-master. It was a step towards rank, it is true; but Solikamsk was so far off, the place itself so very uncertain, and the salary so very trifling, that he was advised by his friends not to accept it. The Counsellor felt hurt, and declared he would never do anything more for him; but Roman did not know this, and it was well he did not. Soon after, the Counsellor retired from service.

Nadinka had proved a remarkably apt pupil with the weaver-woman, who thoroughly understood her business, and imparted it as thoroughly to her pupils. On Nadinka's return home after a three months' sojourn at Boogorki, the various samples of her linen damask excited the utmost admiration, not only among the clerical ladies, but even among the wives of the richer peasants. Orders poured in from all quarters, and soon Nadia was in a position to raise her price. Pavla Lavrentievna had got accustomed to being rather less idle during her daughter's absence; and was so glad that the latter had constant and lucrative employment, that she voluntarily performed the house business herself. The parlour was let to the stanovoy's married clerk, a partition having been put up which divided the room and made two apartments out of one. The only rent she received was this: the clerk was to provide fire-wood for the whole house all the year round, thus saving Pavla Lavrentievna from much trouble, and amounting in fact to more than rent would have been; but the Russian is fond of paying and receiving in 'kind,' as they call it.

The Deaconess now lived not a whit worse than she would have done had her son been a priest in some remote country parish; but she considered that she had just cause for grumbling, and grumble she did. I must mention that she did not send a petition to the Vladika about a bridegroom for Nadia, for several reasons; first, she felt that the poor girl was, to use the mildest expression, extremely plain; that she was older than candidates for the Deacon's place were likely to be, and she did not relish the notion of undergoing the public insult of a refusal on the part of the bridegroom; then Nadia cried so much, and both she and Roman were so much against it; and lastly, the Priest of Elenovka, Roman's godfather, advised her not. The Deacon who was appointed to the vacancy accepted the situation, with the conditions that he was to pay the widow of his predecessor a pension of three roubles a month until her son should finish his education; but on Roman's becoming a layman, this pittance was withdrawn, and therefore Tatiana Alexandrovna proposed the plan which had so well succeeded.

Father Ivan, who was himself almost as energetic and ardent as his young brother-in-law, having exhausted all his eloquence on him during that memorable visit to the Government town, had then and there pronounced a solemn vow that henceforth he would never speak to him on the subject, nor help him to get back into the road to Holy Mother Church, nor persuade him to return thither. The first part of this rash exclamation—for it was little more, he certainly did observe, avoiding all direct conversation on the subject, but occasionally indulging in an inuendo or sneer. But his affection and good-will towards Roman were deep and sincere; and he managed with some difficulty to bring the Protopope* of Boogorki to the conviction that the young man was ruining himself for life; and besought him, as Pastor of his flock, to speak a word to him—to bring back the lost sheep. The Protopope was very aged and infirm, and had of course much experience; he represented that there were plenty of ecclesiastics without Roman; that he was going on, as far as he could learn, very steadily and satisfactorily, and advised not unsettling and worrying the young fellow a second time; but at last he himself was convinced, as I said before, that he would be doing a good act if he dissuaded Roman from his present calling. He liked Roman personally, and was highly satisfied with him as regent, or singing-master of the choir. In a word, he and all the clergy of Boogorki joined in a sort of conspiracy against Roman, and they took every opportunity to win him back to the fold. For some months he was in a state of painful indecision, worldly fears of being thought a weak character—an easily-persuaded person—mingled with sincere doubts as to his own fitness to be even a Reader. There was now no other way of becoming a priest but by serving as ponomàr or reader, and deacon, first. It would perhaps take many years to gain the goal. If the truth must be told, he never ceased to regret that he had not finished the course at the Seminary; and it was a

* High Priest.

mistake too, on the part of his friends: they ought to have insisted on his completing his education there, and then if he felt unwilling to enter the Church, he might have still entered the civil service, with a right to rank, from which his present position precluded him, until a certain number of years of service entitled him to it. The Protopope at last told him outright that if he chose to go to Elenovka for a month or two as ponomàr, (lay reader, unordained reader,) to get into the way of it, he would give him an opportunity of being consecrated, by sending him with Father Ivan, who was going to Q—— for the Antimins, or communion-cloth,* for St. Nicholas' Church, which was to be consecrated as soon as that indispensable appendage to the Greco-Russian altar was received; and promised to keep him as regent until an opportunity occurred for him to take Deacon's orders.

This was said soon after Christmas. Roman counted his money, and found that he had seven roubles in hand and a month's wages to receive. It was not much, certainly; but he determined to raise a little more by the sale of his lay costume—for he had made up his mind. But before he offered his coats and paletots for sale, he ordered the ecclesiastical garments with long skirts, and bespoke a belt at the girls' school to be worked in Berlin wool. His landlord, a cutler and locksmith, presented him with a clasp for it of his own workmanship, which was not the only gift he had bestowed on his lodger, the first being a steel walking staff, and the other a seal of very curious workmanship; both were offered as keepsakes on Roman's name's-days. When the whole costume was ready, he presented himself to the Protopope, and said he had decided to take his High Reverence's advice. He trusted that his determination, to which he had not come without many tears and many prayers, would be blessed, and that the feeling of unworthiness under which he still laboured might become less painful when he entered in earnest into his new work. The Protopope and other priests commended his humility, and comforted and encouraged him. On the whole, he was more at peace with himself than he had been for nearly two years; he could honestly say that he did not regret leaving his lay position, he only regretted the past, and the two years that he considered he had lost.

Pavla Lavrentievna, instead of receiving her son with the rejoicings over 'the sinner that repenteth,' 'the prodigal son,' (for as such she regarded him,)—that would seem but natural—sneered at him for being only a ponomàr, and drew odious comparisons with what might have been had he remained at the Seminary. All this and many other disagreeables he took as the crosses he was bound to bear in his holy calling. His natural sharpness and intelligence rendered the learning of his duties a mere trifle, accustomed as he was to constant attendance at Church. In a month's time he returned to Boogorki with a letter to the Protopope

* Priests and Deacons only can touch this consecrated thing: laymen and even Readers may not lay their hand on it. It is brought from the Archbishop in a case made for the purpose, which is worn on the breast of the bringer during his journey.

from Father Pëtre his godfather, saying that he considered him ready for any place in the blagotchinie as Reader. The Protopope desired him to do his devotions during the fourth week in Lent; and after the strengthening and refreshing of his soul by Holy Communion, he was to be sent to Q—— for the Antimins.

On his arrival there, he first of all made his obeisance to his old friend the Rector, who received him with open arms, and shed tears of happiness on seeing him in clerical costume. He inquired with interest into the history of Roman's return to the Church, gave him his blessing, and promised that his business should be quickly done for him. Thanks to the Rector, he had scarcely any dealings with the Consistory, and consequently his little purse remained almost untouched, as he was not obliged to open it to satisfy the demands of secretaries, clerks, and even door-keepers. When the solemn day arrived for his Ordination, he felt calm and very happy. After the benediction of the Vladika, his luxuriant hair, longer than it was when he was a layman, was snipped by His Eminence cross-wise in four places, with the words 'In the Name of the Father,' 'And of the Son,' 'And of the Holy Ghost.' 'Always, now, henceforth, and for ever and ever.' And all present, at each pause, said 'Amen.'

A short garment, something like a large tippet, which like everything in and connected with the rites of the Greco-Russian Church, has a mystical meaning, signifying the yoke that the future servant of the Church has taken upon himself, was placed on his shoulders, also by the Vladika.

It was in a firm clear tenor that Roman the Reader intoned the Epistle of the day in the awful presence of the Archbishop. It seemed to him as though the visible benediction he had just received had given him fresh strength and courage to 'grasp the sword of Heaven;' he felt indeed ready and 'nothing loth

> Body and soul, to live and die
> In witness of his Lord,
> In humble following of his Saviour dear.'

But when the Archbishop put the candlestick into his hand—the symbol of his calling, for in the language of the Church the Reader is called a candle-bearer—it was with difficulty he could restrain his tears.

But he went through it bravely; and was met at the Chapel door by a few old friends, now 'theologians,' *i. e.* pupils of the last class, who expected ere long to be priests, or students in the University. Appolon Voskresensky was of course the foremost to congratulate Roman, and dragged him off to the lodging of one of the theologians not on the foundation, where he had prepared a little congratulatory feast, consisting of vodka, (of which, alas! these theologians, philosophers, and even the youthful third-class rhetoricians, are far too fond!) tea, and minced cabbage pies. Appolon informed Roman that he had a rich bride in view, an

only daughter; and that her papa was so fond of him that he had promised to give up his place to him, on condition, of course, that he would marry the daughter. Roman asked if she were pretty.

'M—— yes! that is, she'll do well enough for us priests.'

'Thou art not in love, brother?' asked Roman, smiling.

'Not yet. Love, may it please your Reverence, is nonsense! But I intend to be agreeable to her as soon as I have done with all this bother. I've no time to fall in love just now.'

Roman found to his great regret that the Haraldins had removed to some place in Little Russia, where Michael had a peace-magistrate's appointment. Agnessa was married to somebody there too, no one knew exactly to whom. The Haraldins seemed almost forgotten.

Father Ivan's precious commission, after several delays, was at last delivered to him; and Roman set out with him on his journey back to Boogorki, where they were met with congratulations and triumph again. The Consecration was fixed for an early day.

(To be continued.)

THE WAY TO PARADISE.

Poor little child! what frightened tears those were! She was standing at the outer door of the hospital, tapping timidly, very much afraid of the cross porter, but still more anxious to obtain entrance.

'Get along, you little beggar,' was the answer at last. 'Be off, out of the way of the cart.' And a covered cart came lumbering through the gateway.

'Oh, if you please, have you seen my mother?' She asked that of the driver; and he was a good-natured man, and moreover, he had a young wife, and two little girls about Yvonne's age, so he stopped a minute, and lifted her up in his arms.

'What was her name, my dear?' said he.

'Jeanne Plonus.'

'Ay! to be sure! No. 19! Well, now, you must not fret: she is very happy, but she is gone a long way off.'

'When will she come back?'

'You must go to her.'

'But I don't know the way.'

'She is gone to Paradise, my dear. You will get there in time if you are a good girl.'

'But which is the way?'

Now the poor man did not very well know what to answer; but an idea seemed presently to strike him: 'Do you say your prayers, little one?'

'Yes,' she answered; 'mother always made me say them night and morning.'

'Very well. Then, my child, go straight forward: when you see a church, go in: when you are old enough, look out for work. For the present, you must ask for charity in GOD'S Name, and do what you can to help other people, and trust to GOD.' And the good man slipped a franc into Yvonne's hand, and set her down, saying, 'Now, straight forward.'

She went straight forward, and began her search for Paradise.

Over the plains of Brittany, in the bright spring sunshine, the little maiden wended her way: she walked till she was tired, and slept where she could, and thought her little piece of silver would amply defray all expenses of her journey.

But one morning she was stopped by a cry of pain, and when she looked to see whence it proceeded, she saw a poor old blind beggar lying in a ditch.

'Take pity on me, good Christians!' was his dolorous cry.

Yvonne helped him out of the ditch with her little strength, and when he asked who she was, answered, 'Little Yvonne.'

'And where is your mother?'

'Gone to Paradise.'

The old man's face brightened. He sat down by the road-side with the innocent child, and they soon became good friends. For he had gone through much suffering, and she had entered on the way of the Cross, though she did not know its name.

Mathurin's was a mournful story. As it often happens in Brittany, in the neighbourhood of romantic lonely Morbihan, a woman, born blind, had married a blind man; and they wandered about the country, living on charity, and singing doleful ballads. A family of seven children were born to the poor beggars, and all were blind. The mother carried one on her back, two more in her arms, and the rest clung about her skirts, all but one, who rode upon the dog which guided them all. Truly a piteous sight!

They might have gone into a hospital, but they loved the sweet country sounds and scents. If they could not see, yet they could love fair nature. And moreover, they sometimes could enjoy a pleasant evening round a hospitable farm-house fire. Then their ballads were repaid with barley bread and smoked bacon, and foaming cider. It was worth something to feel free, and to have license to speak their own dear Breton tongue.

At the death of their parents, the brothers parted company, and the poor old dog died on the grave of his master and mistress. But Mathurin one day met with some boys who were going to drown a spaniel, and bought him from them, and the faithful dog proved a good and loving servant. He barked so plaintively, and held up the wooden bowl so coaxingly; and when he could get no money, he seemed to

understand that his master would suffer all the more, and showed him a double share of affection.

But now the poor old man had lost his only friend. Fido had dropped down dead by that road-side two days before, and his master had never left the spot till Yvonne came to his assistance.

And when she had heard his story, she clasped her little hands round his, and in her calm low voice she said, 'Poor man! I am going to Paradise; my mother is waiting for me. Now, if you don't mind about going to one place more than another, come with me. It is an easy road. We must go straight on, and be patient and kind to everybody. Will you come? I will hold your hand, and lead you better than Fido did.'

Tears rolled down the old man's withered cheeks. He raised his sightless eyes to Heaven, and clasped the child in his arms.

'It is a heavy burden for you, Yvonne,' he said at last. 'Little good I can do you! But I believe GOD'S mercy has sent you to me. You shall serve me instead of eyes, and my arms are strong enough to carry you when you are weary.'

Yvonne sprang up and clapped her hands, and led her new friend towards the next village. And Mathurin's life was brightened from that time forth.

He sang his ballads to the child, and told her the legends of all the Saints of Brittany. Though his eyes had been closed to external things, yet prayer, and thoughtfulness, and suffering, had cast a light upon the inner world of his soul, and his memory retained all that he heard around him.

In time, Yvonne grew anxious to learn more than the blind man could teach her. Begging a lesson from farm to farm, she slowly learned to read. And now it was her turn to amuse and cheer up the old man. People used to take him for her grandfather; but when they found out the true state of the case, their hearts were touched, and they gave double alms.

One rich farmer offered to take them into his house, and bring up Yvonne with his daughters till she was old enough to be a servant. It would have pleased her well, for the farmer's wife seemed good and gentle, and a comfortable farm-house life would have been a happy change from the wandering existence she had been leading. But she looked at Mathurin and read his face, then said to the kind-hearted woman, 'Thank you, Jeanne. I will not forget your goodness: but he could not be happy, and I must go with him; he has no one else to look to. I used to believe, when I was a little girl, that if I went straight forward I should get to Paradise and to my mother. Since that, I have been taught that the way lies through love and lowliness, and I must keep it, and leave you.'

At thirteen, Yvonne made her first Communion in a village church. Then she was no longer dependent on charity; for, as she walked, she

spun so much fine thread, that its sale almost produced enough to supply their wants.

So she lived for six years—wandering about, tending the poor old man with a mother's care, as he grew weaker and weaker. Patient, self-denying, gentle, so she grew up.

But when Mathurin felt that his days were numbered, his heart misgave him that he had acted selfishly by the orphan in allowing her to refuse the home which had been offered to them both. He made her guide him to that farm; and when a fortnight's slow travelling had brought them thither, he lay down and died, and his death-bed was cheered by the promise that Yvonne should be protected and cared for.

The day broke, and shadows fled away.

Harvest at the farm. All things about and around breathed homely genial happiness. The reapers were singing at their work, the gleaners' voices echoed in the distance, the last sheaves were to be carried, and the village Priest was coming in the evening to bless the harvest and the house. All the household, master and men, lads and maidens, were hard at work, and the rather so, because a storm seemed brooding in the distance.

Meanwhile, two men who had been hiding among the trees, stepped out cautiously and peeped round. 'They have something better to do than to watch us,' said the elder of the two. 'Look, Pâlot, this is the barn door, and this is the ladder which leads up to the granary. When they are all gone to bed, we will come out of our den. You know the rest.'

'A slippery piece of work, this: and suppose I were caught?'

'Well, if you were, you would be shot through the head, and no mistake. Government has had some little trouble with gentlemen of your sort, and would not be likely to pay you any very delicate attention. But you are safe enough, if you mind what you are about: and you are paid for it.'

'A hundred crowns!' muttered Pâlot: 'not over-much.'

'Well! if you give satisfaction, we may put something more to it.'

'The long and the short of it,' said Pâlot, 'is, that I don't care to set a place on fire without knowing why.'

'What does it matter to you? Your paymaster knows, I dare say: he has his own reason for wanting to be revenged on the farmer; and if you won't serve his turn, there are plenty who will.'

'I'll do it!' said Pâlot. 'Take care, here is the mistress.'

She was bringing the reapers their dinner; and as she distributed it, she bestowed kind words on each, and seeing Yvonne hot and tired, she bade her go indoors and help to prepare the supper.

Anne and Margaret, the farmer's daughters, had come in before her, and the three girls merrily divided the pleasant preparations between them, till they were suddenly interrupted by the whine of a beggar.

Margaret cut him a great piece of bread, and he meanwhile took the opportunity of glancing stealthily about him. As he was going out, he took the wrong door, and opened one which led into the garden.

'Not that way,' said Anne.

He lifted the latch of another, and saw an inner room. Margaret took him by the hand and led him the right way.

'What an odd man!' she said, as she came back; and 'I was almost frightened,' said Anne.

'The poor are sent by GOD,' Yvonne remarked. 'What did you do when Mathurin and I knocked at your door?'

'What a difference!' cried both sisters in a breath.

'Mathurin was very old—and blind besides. I had no shoes, and my petticoat was nothing but patches. You made room for us at the hearth, and the old man came back to die among you. Then you had him buried, and put a cross on the grave, and kept me ever since.'

'I should think so!' said Margaret, 'you bring us good luck. Since you have lived with us, the flocks have been splendid, and the barns have been full to overflowing.'

'Come, come, sister Margaret, tell no more stories.' So the three girls kissed each other, and set to work with double energy to make up for lost time.

Just as Grace was about to be said before supper, in came a second beggar; and the farmer bade him sit down at the table. Supper being ended, he sang a ballad which was a favourite in that part of the country; showing how certain farmers having given hospitality to a poor beggar one winter's night, found in the morning a great crucifix in the room which he had occupied: our LORD having taken the form of a beggar to try their charity.

After labour sleep is sweet. The harvest-home was over. The household parted for the night; the beggar was sent to sleep on fresh straw in the stable, and in half an hour everyone was fast asleep.

Except one.

Towards eleven o clock, a man stole up to a narrow opening pierced in the stable wall.

'Asleep, Pâlot?'

'No, Mingreux: waiting for you.'

'Take the matches and be quick.'

'Where is the money?'

'There are twenty crowns to begin with.'

Pâlot counted them over, put the matches in his pocket, and waited till Mingreux was gone. Then he felt for the door, fixed a ladder, climbed up to a skylight, and threw a handful of matches among the sheaves. He came down, set fire to the rafters of the stable, and to the mangers, which were full of hay, shut the door after him, and hurried out into the open country.

Alarm was given by the terrified neighing and bellowing of the horses

and cattle. But too late: the harvest was destroyed, and the farm-buildings already much injured. The corkscrew staircase leading to one servant-girl's room was quite burnt away. There stood the poor girl, screaming in an agony of terror, and in her arms was the farmer's youngest child. Yvonne saw, and trembled. The poor mother was on her knees, weeping and sobbing. Margaret, Anne, and the other servant, wrung their hands. Yvonne was called, searched for, nowhere to be found.

But in another moment there was a cry of joy: little Peter was in his mother's arms, and not one of the household was missing now. So far all was safe: but water was scarce, and the buckets were missing. All efforts were unavailing: and the farmer and his family stood helpless, and beheld their ruin.

The last sheaf was burnt, the timbers sank with a crash, nothing was left but blackened heaps of stones. Now the father and mother rose up. One long kiss, and then they looked bravely out into the future. The energy and faith of Breton peasants could well defy that storm. Jeanne grieved less for the loss of her farm than for the dispersion of her family. Her daughters went into service; her husband got a situation as bailiff. The eldest son enlisted as a substitute, that he might so obtain a little more money for his family.

A few years since such a step was considered dishonourable, and a substitute was looked upon as one who had sold himself. But the story of the fire had gone before him, and Michael found his comrades anything but prejudiced against him.

Yvonne was the last to think of herself. When she had seen Antoine and Jeanne settled in their new abode, and bidden farewell to all, she went to the parsonage, where she found only Mademoiselle Geneviève, the good Priest's sister. She sat down timidly, and asked her advice.

'Well, my child,' said the good lady, 'ten years ago a poor man gave you the right direction: to go straight on, to pray and to labour. You did your duty by Mathurin, and so you did at the farm: and now be truthful—wait to see my brother, and do what he bids you.'

So the old Rector came in to supper, and listened kindly to what Yvonne had to say: and then he took her by the hand, saying, 'Where do you wish to go, my child?'

'Sir,' she made answer, 'I am now seventeen; and I say to you, as I did to Mathurin—I wish to go to Paradise where my mother is.'

'Very good. Now wait for me.'

He came out of his study in a quarter of an hour, and in his hand was a letter, which he gave to Yvonne, saying: 'Stay here to-night, my child; you shall set off to-morrow. Here is the fare for your journey, and three francs over. I am almost the poorest man in the parish, my dear. Now sit down and eat a good supper. With that letter of recommendation, you are sure to do well; and besides, GOD tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'

The letter was directed to 'Sister Clara, Superior of the Sisters of S. Vincent de Paul, Rennes.' The next evening Yvonne knocked at the door of that house.

She was admitted by a placid rosy lay sister, drew her letter out from the bib of her apron, and waited timidly in the parlour till the Superior came in: and when she saw the fair pale face under her white coif, and felt the peace that breathed round her, her fears were gone. She was entering one of those houses which are set in the hard paths of the world, like the huts on the sides of Mont Cenis, to provide shelter and comfort for the wanderer.

Sister Clara slowly read the Priest's short letter, and then took the young girl by the hand, saying, 'You are now ours. You may take a place among our orphans, and learn to get your living, and leave us when you can find a good situation. Or, if you would rather, Yvonne, when we learn to know you better, you shall be received as one of our sisters.'

Yvonne's one dream, which she had never dared to breathe—could it, might it be realized? How could the Mother read her heart?

'I know your story, Yvonne,' said the young Superior: 'I have heard about your care of the old man, and your saving the little child from the fire. And I think you have a light hand for dressing wounds, and a patient temper. You will be tender with the sick, and with old people and children. But come and rest yourself now: this matter shall be settled at another time

A year after, Yvonne wrote to her old friend, the Rector, a letter radiant with happiness, announcing her reception as a novice of the Order of S. Vincent de Paul. So she offered her life for the service of the poor. Not now alone or unguided, she set her feet in the way of Paradise, and she sat down under the shadow of the Tree of Life.

It was the eighth of September. The glorious sunshine fell on flashing arms. Drums were beating, clarions braying, the camp in motion, for the Malakoff was to be won that day. And no soldier in the Crimea had fought till then, did fight in that battle, more bravely than Michael, the Breton farmer's son. Shot showered thick around him, his captain fell by his side: on he pressed like a young lion. For he had already won the Cross of Honour, and this day was to decide as to his promotion; and then, with his well-earned epaulettes, he should return home, and bring his good fortune with him.

And in the midst, he was struck down by a ball which carried off both his arms. It was a dear-bought victory. Many and many a man paid for it with his life: the army chaplains could not suffice to their work—the Sisters of Charity were labouring on all sides.

One young sister was attracted by the groans of a Breton soldier, horribly mangled, whose life might be numbered by minutes. She dressed the wounds as she could, and then, till the chaplain might come, began to speak to him of holy things.

At her voice he opened his eyes, crying, 'Yvonne! you here!—I beg your pardon, Sister; I suppose I was mistaken; but you are like a girl—'

'Whom your mother took in at Basse-Meffraie.'

'Then it is! Thank GOD for sending you. I think you have brought home to my death-bed. Home—which I shall never see again.'

'Poor Michael!' said Yvonne; 'this is a fearful trial. But if you lose your arms, you do not lose your friends. Do not despair.'

'I should only be a burden at home, Sister Yvonne! I do not wish it. There is little enough bread there. I should be useless. I could not even clasp my mother in my arms. No. I would rather die like a soldier and a Christian.' After a moment's pause, he went on, 'If the priest would but come! Death will soon have done its work. I wish I could lie in our little churchyard. You will go back to France when the war is over, Sister. If you can, go and tell my old mother how I died, and how I loved her. Give her my cross of honour; see—take it off, and fasten it on your rosary. You will know what to tell them.'

Just then the priest came up, and Yvonne, yielding him her place, went to kneel a little apart, and pray for the poor lad. When the chaplain left him, Michael looked peaceful and almost happy. As Yvonne again drew near, he whispered, 'One thing more.'

'What, Michael?'

'Say the prayers for the dying in our own Breton tongue.'

Kneeling by his death-bed, she said the litanies and prayers in Celtic. Michael made the responses, and his face beamed with joy. The presence of Yvonne, and the sounds of his dear mother tongue, were sweet comforts in the hour of death.

He raised his eyes to Heaven, then looked towards Yvonne, and whispered, '*Kenevs!* we shall meet again!'

'Amen!' said the Sister. She tended the body, and provided for its burial.

But other death-beds were awaiting her, and her task was far from being finished.

At last the army returned to Paris, amidst all manner of rejoicing.

Then, in the country, the postman became all-important. Then, rumours and reports sped from mouth to mouth. Then the happy man who had been to town was crowded round, questioned, hung upon, as if he were an oracle.

And Antoine and Jeanne were expecting their son. They thought he did not write because he wanted to surprise them, and they were counting the days till he might come. The Rector was to come and see him as soon as he arrived. He, good man, was growing old and feeble. His hair had grown quite white; his hands trembled when he raised them to bless the people: but yet he did his work, visiting, helping, comforting the poor. And, having made himself all things to all men, all men loved and honoured him.

One morning, just as he had returned from early Mass, a Sister of Charity rang at the door. His sister went to open, as usual, and started back in astonishment at the sight of Yvonne. She was warmly welcomed, and the old Priest began to hope that she had come to work among them; but she answered, 'I should be very glad, Sir; but it is sad work I have come about to-day. A soldier from this village died in the Crimea, and I have brought his legacy and his last message for his mother.'

'Is Michael dead?'

'He died on the 8th of September, and as a Breton ought to die. And now, Sir, will you help me, and come with me to comfort those poor souls? How can I bring myself to tell them this?'

So the good priest took his stick, and went forth with her. They spoke no word till they reached the cottage. There, as they stood at the door, they saw Antoine setting a plaster figure of Napoleon on the high mantle-shelf, while a pedlar was finishing a hearty breakfast, and talking about the return of the army. Jeanne caught sight of Yvonne, and knew her directly; she held out her arms to her, exclaiming, 'My own child! my Yvonne!'

'Dear Mother!'

'But you are a saint now,' continued Jeanne, 'you have done wonders in GOD'S name! you have been a great way off, they say.'

'To the Crimea, Jeanne.'

'Only think, a lamb like you on the field of battle! And you saw our poor soldiers and nursed them; they fought well—the papers said so. And we are expecting Michael.'

'I have been buying a figure of his Emperor,' said Antoine, 'and these fine pictures here. All to do him honour, Sir: for they say that, without boasting, we have a right to be proud of our son.'

'Indeed you have,' returned the Sister: 'he did speak of you so tenderly, so lovingly.'

'Did you see him, Sister?'

'Yes. Poor fellow! he talked to me about his hopes, and about you.'

'Did he give you any message?'

'O yes, Jeanne.'

'But,' as it flashed across the poor woman, 'you only went to tend the sick. Michael must have been wounded!'

Yvonne took off her rosary, showed the cross of honour, stained with dark red spots, and then put her arms round Jeanne's neck, and pointed to the crucifix.

Ten years had passed since that terrible fire. Spring had come round, and brought Rogation-tide and its sweet festival; that old custom, reminding the labourers of Him who gives the increase. The fields were green with young corn; the air heavy with the scent of hawthorn; the turf altars starred over with wild flowers. With cross and banner at

its head, the procession passed through deep lanes, field-paths, and beaten roads.

Antoine and Jeanne had never till this day passed by the ruins of their old home. To them it was a sadder place than the churchyard. Ten years of trouble had much aged them; no one would have thought that so short a time before Jeanne could still have been noted for her beauty. But, old and worn as they looked, their faces were calm and peaceful; it was plain that their hearts were one, and that they waited upon GOD. Their patience and humility had won the sympathy of all, and never, in their brightest days, had they received so many marks of respect as now.

The Rector sent for them after the ceremony was over, and bid them sit down in his parlour. 'My friends,' he said, 'I have not had to bless your fields or orchards to-day; but GOD is good, and if He tries us, He rewards us. You have passed well through trial, and happier times are come. You have been working like good servants, and others have worked at the restoration of your property. No thanks are due to me: it is Yvonne who has done almost miraculously: she could not forget you. My part has only been to receive the offerings which flowed in from castle and cottage. Now you may build a new farm on the site of those ruins, and it will be the gift of all the country side. Enjoy it, my good friends, as the earnest of a better house, not made with hands. Do not cry, Jeanne; and you, Antoine, sit in the seat of office on Sunday, for you have just been chosen churchwarden.'

Next day the work was set in hand, and not one man would take any pay. The villagers cut down their trees for timber, gave stone and slate: those who could help in no other way, lent their carts and oxen. It was never known who filled the stable, and the sheep-fold, and the poultry-yard—at least, it was always a mystery to Antoine. And there at last stood the cheerful farm, with its white walls and bright green shutters. The happy owners shook hands with everybody, stammered thanks to GOD and their neighbours, and wept grateful tears. Who can tell the worth of such tears, shed by those who can lose all without despairing, and without shame can accept a gift from loving hands!

Sister Yvonne had permission to remain in the village, and soon began a school for little girls. She is the friend of the sorrowful, the nurse of the sick, the patient teacher of the little ones: and they call her the Angel of the Village.

Thanks to her, the way of holiness is known and trodden in that hidden nook of Lower Brittany. She leads, and labours, and comforts, and cheers; and when any ask her the Way to Paradise, she still makes answer—

'Straight forward—work, pray, love one another—and you will reach it—we shall reach it together.'

Translated from the French of Raoul de Navery.

LETTERS ON GEOLOGY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'IVON,' 'MINNIE'S DOLL'S HOUSE,' ETC.

LETTER II.

WHAT GEOLOGY IS.

As I am writing these letters to a boy, I shall not avoid the mention of Latin and Greek, where I think a reference to them will make the 'hard names' I shall be obliged to use easier to be remembered. For I am quite sure we remember a name better when we know why it was given, and what it literally means.

First, then, the word 'geology,' compounded of γῆ and λογος, (ge, logos,) means a discourse about the earth; and the science so called, tells us of the changes by which the earth has been brought into its present condition; the different creatures which have inhabited it at different periods; and the different layers, strata as they are properly called, of which its crust is composed.

All these divisions of the subject are usually comprised in the term geology; though very frequently it is found convenient, as well as more accurate, to adopt a separate name for each division. Thus, one division, the study of fossil remains of animals and plants, is called palæontology, or a discourse about ancient beings. (παλαιος, (palæos,) ancient; ὀντα, (onta,) beings; λογος, (logos,) discourse.)

One and all of these divisions have to do only with the earth's crust; and even that crust has been scarcely more than scratched at present. The depth of our deepest mine is not 3000 feet—not nearly two miles; while the Earth's diameter is about 8000 miles, so that we can know but very little. Still, without going down any deeper, we find a great deal to learn, a great deal to puzzle us, and a great many wonders.

And now, 'to begin at the beginning.' What was the first beginning of this earth on which we live? How did it first begin to be? Some learned men tell us that it existed first as a molten fiery mass, revolving round the sun, and gradually cooling down to its present temperature. Farther back than this, even they cannot go; and to learn what was the Power which brought our globe into being, even in this state, we must look elsewhere.

'In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth.'

I believe some people do think that geologists pretend to account for the origin of the world and its inhabitants from *natural* causes; that is, without a Creator; and accordingly think them very dangerous persons. This, however, is quite a mistake; geology never has told us, and never can tell us, how the world began to be; it only takes up the history of

the world and its inhabitants after the Creation; with the Creation itself it has nothing to do.

If the earth ever was in the fiery fluid state I mentioned above, it must have taken more millions of years to cool than we can form any idea of. Indeed, Professor Arago tells us it has not cooled half a degree since the time of Joseph—more than 3000 years ago; for fruit of the same kind as that which Jacob sent to his son in Egypt, still grows in Palestine, and will not grow in any other climate. From this we may see that the earth is losing heat now very slowly—more slowly, no doubt, than when it was hotter; for the hotter a body is, the more quickly does it throw off its heat. If a heated body of iron, or any other substance, would become cold in two days, it would be found to lose more heat in the first day than in the second.

Now if the earth were formed of basalt, (*basaltes*, a marble mentioned by Pliny,) an igneous, *i. e.* fire-formed, (*ignis*, fire) rock, Professor Haughton calculates that it would have taken 1,280,000,000 years to cool from 122° Fahrenheit (the highest temperature at which animal life is possible) to 77° F., which was probably the mean temperature of these islands, when the London clay, a comparatively recent formation, was deposited.

Whether, as many suppose, the centre of the earth is still liquid from heat, is a question as impossible to decide, as whether the whole globe was once in that condition. True, the temperature increases * as we descend towards the centre; but as we have not been down even to the depth of 3000 feet, it seems hardly safe to conclude that it goes on increasing. Volcanoes show us that, in some places, there is a very high temperature at some distance beneath the surface; but volcanic action does not seem to originate at any very great depth; and its influence is local.

However this may be, we shall see hereafter that fire has had something to do with the arrangement of the earth—and water quite as much, if not more.

One of the first things geology teaches us is, that ever since it was created the earth has been in a state of change; and observation shows us that in this state it is still. The same sort of changes are taking place now in our own day, (quietly, for the most part, and slowly, but yet) just as they did in ancient times.

These changes are brought about by different agents; namely: fire, acting either by volcanoes, earthquakes, or hot springs; water, in the shape of oceans, rivers, currents, or rain; ice, as glaciers, or icebergs; the atmosphere, to which even the hardest rocks cannot long be exposed without decay; and last, but not least, organic beings, whether plants or animals, which have accomplished more than at first sight seems possible.

* This has recently been questioned: and the heat of mines has been supposed to be owing to a number of men and horses being confined in such small spaces, together with the lights in use.

All of these are busy changing the face of the earth—constantly at work—altering, but *not destroying*; nothing in this great workshop is lost or destroyed.

Not *one grain* that a river hurries along in its course, or that the sea wears from the cliff, *will be lost*, or *has been lost*, from the beginning of the world, though *it may have changed its form over and over again.* Mark this, as it is a point of great importance, and apt to be overlooked: *change is not destruction.* We *cannot destroy*, do what we will: only the Creator has the power of destruction or annihilation over His works. Death itself—what is it but a change? The body may be dissolved, separated, turned to dust, while the spirit is gone elsewhere; but each grain of dust, scattered to the winds though it be, yet exists, enters into other bodies, forms part of other objects, and cannot be destroyed.

Change is the *law* here below. 'He made the round world so fast, that it cannot be moved.' How? By fixing it firmly in one spot of the heavens? Not so—its very 'firmness' is ensured by its constant motion.

In former times, men were horrified at the idea of the Earth's movement; it seemed to them a contradiction of Holy Scripture, and an impossibility. Now they know that this impossibility is a fact, and that the earth stands 'fast' by virtue of its constant motion.

Our bodies themselves are constantly changing—not merely by growing old, or wearing out; renewal, as well as decay, goes on in them. It is said that we have not a particle in our bodies now that we had seven years ago; and yet we feel and look much the same.

The grass which the sheep eats is not destroyed; it is only *changed* into flesh and blood: the withered leaves, borne hither and thither by the autumn wind, are not *destroyed*—they have their part in the spring and summer glory; they are only *changed* into sap and nourishment for the new herbs and flowers: the water which the sun draws up from ocean, river, or lake, *is not lost*, only *changed* into clouds, which pour down again upon the thirsty earth in showers of rain and dew; the gigantic plants of former ages, now buried deep in the earth, were *not destroyed*, only *changed* into coal for the use of man, who was to come thousands of years after.

'Fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm, fulfilling His word;' all are busy, all constantly at work: fire, whether by volcano or earthquake, roughening and disturbing the face of the earth; water, leveling and smoothing it.

We have said that the earth's crust is formed of strata or layers. These strata are deposited one over the other in a regular order, which never varies. But you must not suppose them to be a succession of coats or skins, such as you see on cutting open a bulb. They are always found in the same order; but the whole series is nowhere found complete. Happily for us, they have not remained in their first horizontal position, but have been tilted up in some places, so as to

show their thickness; while in others, the over-lying strata have been worn away, and those underneath have been brought to the surface. Were it not so, our knowledge would be confined to one or two lying on the outside.

Some strata were deposited in fresh water, some in salt; some in deep seas, others in shallow; and it is one part of the business of geology to find out which are which.

Now if a pond were drained of its water, or otherwise dried up, we should find its bottom strewn with fresh water shells, fish, &c., just as we find marine shells, sea-weeds, &c., on the sands at low-tide. If these organic remains were covered up from the air by mud, &c., they would be preserved from decay; and in the course of perhaps some thousands of years, they would become fossil. All minerals were once called fossils, the word (*fossilis*) from which the term is derived, meaning anything dug out of the earth; but it is now used only to express remains of animals and plants found buried in the earth, and mineralized, each particle of which they were composed being changed into, or replaced by, a particle of some other substance.

Now if we find remains of animals or plants buried in an ancient stratum, we conclude that the animal or plant lived when the stratum was being formed. If it be a marine animal, or a sea-weed, we know that the sea once covered the spot where it is found. Thus, in Norway, 600 feet above the level of the sea, there is a deposit of shells, from which we learn that this coast was once beneath the sea, and has been raised to its present height by some power or other, which is even now at work, for the rising still continues.

In trying to construe the past history of the world from the rocks and the remains they inclose, the grand rule adopted by geologists is, that the rocks of *past ages* were formed in *the same way* as those of the *present day* are being formed, by the *same agents*, and for the most part at the *same slow rates*.

It was the not recognizing this principle which kept back geologists of former times, and led them to exercise their imaginations in planning catastrophes, rather than their reason in observing what was passing around them. Changes may have been brought about more quickly in ancient times, yet still by the same agents as those now at work, and until we find phenomena which they would not be sufficient to produce, we have no reason to seek for any others.

(To be continued.)

A GOSSIP ABOUT BOOKS.

PART I.

'"I will frankly confess," rejoined Lysander, "that I am an arrant bibliomaniac—that I love books dearly—that the very sight, touch, and mere perusal—"

'"Hold, my friend!" again exclaimed Philemon, "you have renounced your profession; you talk of reading books: do bibliomaniacs ever *read* books?"'—*Dibdin.*

PERHAPS the readers of 'The Monthly Packet' will glance at the title of this article; and visions of 'irresponsible indolent reviewers,' those salutary bug-bears, will rise up before them. They will expect to hear the last new opinion from the Satire-day Review of Happy-go-lucky Land, concerning 'Enoch Arden,' Browning's 'Dramatis Personæ,' or whatever may be the most exciting contemporary publication. They are deceived—very much deceived. For once, we take unto ourselves one of the attributes of a bibliomaniac, as noticed above. We mean to look at books—not as things to be read, but to be regarded in any other possible light; as ornaments, relics, monuments, or old members of the society of other days, about whose previous history we may wonder and speculate. Let none, however, suppose that we presume, even for a moment, to arrogate to ourselves that splendid title; borne so honourably by a great man, Dr. Frognal Dibdin, familiarly known as Foggy Dibdin; and many another, whose names cause a warm glow in the hearts of even the meanest lover of books.

We propose to ourselves the pleasant task of paying some tribute to the memory of these men further on in our Gossip; but there is a certain amount of drudgery to be got through first.

A book, a volume, a leaf! What queer old-world fashions those familiar words would bring to the mind if we came to think of it! Each generation of books, like each generation of men, bears the mark of that which went before; and an epitome of the world's history may be gleaned from the mere outsides, and general 'get-up' of books. A book, a volume, a leaf. Literally, they mean—a bit of beech bark, a roll of lime fibre, or the broad dried leaf of a tree.

There remains little enough of romance in cream-laid superfine note-paper, when we hear of love-letters—veritable love-letters, billet-doux, indited by the hands of our Scandinavian forefathers, on pieces of bark: yet such are actually extant. A damsel wooed with beech spoils, might well be won with the axe.

A curious library of this rough nature was discovered some time ago among the Calmucks. The books were very long and narrow; their leaves of thick bark; and the writing white, upon a black ground. These bark books (the Romans called them '*liber*,' the inner bark of the lime tree; and the Greeks '*biblos*,' a term now only applied to *the*

Book) were rolled up for convenience of carrying, and in this form became 'volumina;' hence our word 'volume,' which has quite lost the original sense, now that we apply it to the flat oblong denizens of our book-shelves. These bark and leaf books are by no means the earliest kinds on record. There was a stone, a brazen, and a wooden age, before men's ideas became soft enough to be entrusted to such tender materials as bark, papyrus, vellum, and lastly paper.

When the Arcadian custom, of setting the laws to music, and singing them to the assembled people, was given up, as a too uncertain mode of proclaiming decrees of justice, the Greek M. P.s took to engraving their budgets on stone or metal. The laws of the Twelve Tables, among the Romans, were engraved on brass; and even to the times of the Emperors, public records, the code, (plebiscita) and landmarks of estates, were set forth on the same metal. Many a Roman soldier too, wrote his will on his buckler, or scabbard, just before going into battle; and a law was passed, making such testaments valid in a court of law; moreover, the discharges of the soldiers were always written on copper or leaden plates.

A book, consisting of eight leaden leaves, four inches long, and three wide—such as that bought by Montfaucon at Rome, in 1699—must have been decidedly ponderous; and it is quite a relief to turn to the contemplation of the wooden age, when little Roman boys carried wooden books to school—tablets, in fact, they were: the richest people had them of ivory; but they were ordinarily made of thin slips of wood, fastened together by means of parchment bands, glued to the back of the leaves.

Linen cloth was used very early by the Egyptians for writing upon: pieces are found rolled up with unlucky mummies of fabulous antiquity, which modern curiosity cannot allow to rest quietly in their swathings. But perhaps the very strangest material on record, as ever thought of for a book, is the intestines of a serpent, on which the poems of Homer were written in letters of gold. This roll was a hundred and twenty feet long. It belonged to Ptolemy Philadelphus of Egypt, and perished in the fire at the library of Constantinople, in the sixth century.

Parchment, vellum, and paper made from the rush papyrus, next came into use. There are three kinds of parchment mentioned by old authors: that of the natural colour; the 'bicolor membrana,' or that which was yellow on one side, and white on the other; and lastly the purple, or violet, on which men always wrote in letters of gold or silver.

The writing-cases of the ancients, by the way, must have been elaborate affairs. We learn from various sources, that they used to carry about with them a sponge, to clean the reed they wrote with, and to rub out such letters as were written by mistake; a knife, for mending the said reed, or calamus; pumice for a similar purpose, or for smoothing the parchment; compasses, for measuring the distance between the lines; scissors, for cutting the parchment square and even; a puncher, for pointing out the beginning and ending of each line; a rule, to draw lines

with, and to divide the sheets into columns; a glass containing sand, (a substitute for blotting-paper,) and another glass of water, probably to mix with the ink. Such were the contents of an ancient writing-box. Poor scribe, we pity thee!

Very rich people wrote with a calamus of silver—the ancestor, probably, of our obnoxious metal pens. In 1433, however, goose-quills, the only true mediums between genius and paper, were certainly known in England, and probably received that honour and attention, which is undoubtedly their due. O gentle readers, away with those up-starts, those starveling, heartless pens of steel! It needs but little prophetic power to foresee the misery of the times which will inevitably come, if geese cease to be mixed up with public and private affairs.

Pardon this outburst: we were speaking of the pens used in the year of Grace 1433. A bundle came into England in that year, as a present from a monk in Venice, to some monastery here. 'Shew the bundle,' said the letter which accompanied the gift, 'to Brother Nicolas, that he may choose a quill.'

Having so far considered the materials used for books, we must proceed to gossip a little about manuscripts, and those who made and those who collected them. It is a matter of great wonder how it came to pass that the works of ancient authors were so well known, and had such a wide circulation so soon after they were first published, when we calculate the infinite trouble every copy must have cost. But it may be accounted for to a certain extent in the following manner. We know that the copyists, by profession, in Athens, were exceedingly numerous; and in Rome, the publishing trade was conducted on so large a scale, as almost to rival the establishments of modern days. The writers were all educated slaves, who took down the conversations, speeches, or letters, of their patron from his own mouth, in a kind of short-hand—a process invented, it is said, by Xenophon, and improved by Cicero's freed-man Tyro, from whom arose its name, 'notæ Tyronianæ.'

If the work was intended for publication, it was taken to a bookseller, who employed a very large number of persons to write it out at the same time from dictation. In this manner several hundred copies were issued at once, in a very inconsiderable space of time, and at a tolerably low price; but, alas! there was no chance of correcting the press, and the plan was liable to produce many faults. Most of the Roman authors complain bitterly of the carelessness of the transcribers employed by the booksellers. Strabo says, that no power on earth would induce them to compare what they wrote with the copy; and everyone knows what learned squabbles and pedantic feuds have been the result.

Another result of this imperfect mode of multiplying books, comes to us quaintly enough from those far-off times. Authors being accustomed to dictate with great rapidity to their amanuenses, when for any reason they were obliged to write with their own hands, it became a distasteful task; the hand refused to keep time to the rush of brilliant ideas, and an

illegible scrawl was the result. Even Cicero was guilty of this fault; and Quintus, his brother, remonstrated with him accordingly.

After the great rise of learning in the Augustan age, and the time which immediately followed, a reaction set in. The minds of men were narrowed by error; and the classics were pronounced sinful books, and hurtful to Christianity. So the great propagation of books dwindled, and they became scarce and scarcer. Then arose the monasteries, to do their great work of keeping alive and fostering the flame of true learning; which was to burn on steadily, sometimes in one part of the world, sometimes in another; but always leavening society, and enlarging and clearing the intellectual vision of nations, as well as individuals.

From those busy hives of monks, the sole courtiers of the Muses nine in the dark ages, went forth much pure honey, for the use of the world outside, besides much that was stored up for home consumption. No less than fifty religious houses in the south of Italy, are mentioned as supplying the libraries of Rome, Venice, Florence, and Milan, with manuscripts. The Benedictines were the great cultivators of literature in those days—all honour be to them for it! England too has furnished glorious links to the chain of lovers, collectors, and encouragers, of books; the most remarkable, perhaps, being Richard of Bury, Bishop of Durham, Chancellor and Treasurer of England.

This Gossip would be even more incomplete than it is the nature of such articles to be, if a place were not found in it for some notice of this man, who, by his honest love of learning, and its recognized channel, books, has not only won for his own name a meed of praise, but in his day, and for many a year after, did solid service to the good cause he had so near his heart.

He must have been a man with habits and perceptions far ahead of his times; as is sufficiently proved by that charming little treatise of his, in which he devotes a whole chapter to rules, of the wisest but quaintest nature, for the treatment of books; 'the handling *due* to them,' he calls it, in his loving reverence.

The quotation which we take the liberty of giving, affords, over and above its personal interest, a curious peep at the peculiar manners and habits of the fourteenth century.

'We not only set before ourselves a service to God in preparing volumes of new books; but we exercise the duties of a holy piety, if we first handle them so as not to injure them, then return them to their proper places, and commend them to undefiling custody, that they may rejoice in their purity while held in the hand, and repose in security when laid up in their repositories.

'Let there be a mature decorum in opening and closing of volumes, that they may neither be unclasped with precipitous haste, nor thrown aside after inspection without being duly closed; for it is necessary that a book should be much more carefully preserved than a shoe.

'You will perhaps see a stiff-necked youth, lounging sluggishly in his

study, while the frost pinches him, in winter time; oppressed with cold, his watery nose drops, nor does he trouble himself to wipe it with his handkerchief, till it has moistened the book beneath with its vile dew. For such a one I would substitute a cobbler's apron in the place of his book. He has a nail like a giant's, with which foul thing he points out the place of any pleasant subject. He is not ashamed to eat fruit and cheese over an open book; and because he has not his alms-bag at hand for the fragments, he leaves them to moulder between the pages.'

Our good bishop proceeds at some length with the portrait of his 'stiff-necked' youth, who puts a finishing touch to the long list of offences, by 'reclining with his elbows on the book, and by short study invites a long nap, soiling the pages with his breath and clothes.'

'But it is altogether befitting the decency of a scholar,' adds the bishop, 'that washing should without fail precede reading, as often as he returns from his meals to study, before his fingers, besmeared with grease, loosen a clasp, or turn over the leaf of a book.

'Let not a crying child admire the drawings in the capital letters, lest he pollute the parchment with his wet fingers, for he instantly touches whatever he sees.'

The reader will pardon one more quotation, for the sake of the woeful condition of lay-learning which it describes—a condition apparently so calmly acquiesced in, even by enlightened Bishop Richard.

'Furthermore, laymen, to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong side upwards, or spread before them in its natural order, are altogether unworthy of any communion with books. Let the clerk also take order that the dirty scullion, stinking from the pots, do not touch the leaves of books unwashed: but he who enters without spot, shall give his services to the precious volumes.'

A righteous horror is expressed by the good episcopal collector, of markers, or 'indigestible substances,' being distributed through the book, to recall that which the memory cannot retain.

Richard of Bury had libraries in all his palaces; and whenever he travelled—and this was often, as ambassador for the great conqueror, Edward III.—he gathered up all that his power, his wealth, and his vigilance, brought within his reach. 'Oh, what a rush of the glow of pleasure rejoiced our heart as often as we visited Paris—the Paradise of the world!' he exclaims with ecstasy. 'There are delightful libraries in cells redolent of aromatics—there, flourishing green-houses of all sorts of volumes—there, academic meads, trembling with the earthquake of Athenian peripatetics pacing up and down—there the promontories of Parnassus, and the porticos of the Stoics!'

Before this great man died, he asked himself the question, 'What can I render to the Lord, for all that He hath conferred on me?' He found an answer in the determination to supply the poor and ardent scholar with the means of study. He bequeathed his books to the Durham College Library, which merged into Trinity of Oxford. Some few

remnants of this great gift, round which all the zeal and tenderness of a bishop of five hundred years ago were centred, are still preserved at Baliol.

Talking of bequests to colleges—there is an odd story of the fate of the library, collected by Bishop Fisher of Rochester. It had the reputation of being the 'noblest in England;' and the old man, with his open-hearted love for others, thought to enlarge the circle of those who benefited by his store; and at the same time, to make sure of its ultimate safety and usefulness, (for in those days the transfer of books by will, was almost as tedious a process as the transfer of landed property,) he made over the whole concern in his own lifetime to the newly founded College of St. John's; at the same time signing a negociation, by which he borrowed his favourites back again for life. A most fatal proceeding this; for within a short time, Fisher was in the Tower, under sentence of death, and his books scattered to the winds. St. John's never profited by his munificence.

We have been speaking of great libraries of manuscripts, a very familiar idea to all; but it might be well to try to estimate the enormous expense, not only of money, but of labour and time, which such a collection represented. Large bodies of men were employed daily in transcribing books, so that it is evident that many manuscripts must have existed, scattered about the world, ready to be bought up by any diligent collector: how then does it come to pass that they are so extremely rare now? There was a vile practice in the dark ages, (dark indeed to have tolerated such deeds,) which partially accounts for the scarcity. Parchment was always costly; and when money was scanty, or avarice keen, the unworthy old monks would erase the first writing from the books in their library, clean up the parchment, and substitute what was too often utter trash, for works of inestimable value, which were thus scratched or washed out of the world entirely, to the great loss of posterity.

What a notion it gives of the rarity of books, when, in the statutes of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1446, such an enactment as this is to be found—'No scholar shall occupy a book in the library above an hour, or two hours at the most; lest others should be hindered from the use of the same!'

Fortunately for the 'scholars,' there were no entrancing 'sensation novels' in those days; no tales invented on purpose to keep the reader on tenter-hooks until far on into the third volume: they were solid enough, those wise old vellum books, chained to their posts like so many watch-dogs; hard work written on their sheep-skin backs; no toy-terriers those, for my lady's lap!

When a book was bought, it was an affair of so much importance, that 'people of consequence' were assembled to witness the purchase, and required to record formally that they were so.

In 1499, a Bishop of Winchester borrowed a book from a convent within his own town; but the monks obliged him to give a bond, that he

would restore it again within a certain time. The book borrowed was a Bible, which had been given to the convent by a former bishop, together with a hundred marks. So valuable was the gift considered, that the thankful recipients thereof founded a daily mass for the soul of the donor, in token of gratitude.

As much land as eight oxen could till, was considered no undue reward for one who had discovered a rare book, and brought it in safety to King Alfred of England.

PART II.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has, within the last year or two, published an English Prayer Book, as neat and correct a one as could be desired, which may be purchased at any of the Society's book shops in the United Kingdom, for the sum of twopence sterling. Far different was the state of things in the thirteenth, fourteenth, or even fifteenth, century. It was the duty of the Rector of the parish to supply the books for Divine Service; several were needed, as a missal, breviary, manual, antiphones. The expense of procuring all these was so great, that at the institution of vicars, the parishioners, fearing lest the slender income of their pastors would not stand this drain upon it, agreed to help with the purchase; but the vicar was bound to pay for the binding and preservation of the books so generously provided for him.

In 1425 the English conquered Paris; and by way of sending home a trophy of victory—and perhaps on the principle of spoiling the Egyptians, the Duke of Bedford shipped off the royal library for England. It consisted of eight hundred and fifty-three volumes—no great number, in truth, as we should think now-a-days; but *then* it was regarded as an almost priceless treasure. If anyone did dare to count up what it was worth, and the curious reader desire to hear the result of his computation, let him know that those eight hundred and fifty-three volumes were then considered equal in value to two thousand horses and six hundred cows!

It is curious, and full of the deepest interest, to remark, that with the growth of Wickliffe's reform, grew also the demand for, and supply of, books. As error and corruption crept over the National Church of the island—as the monks became luxurious and indolent—so surely did it become their grand object to keep books—and more especially *the* Book—out of the hands of the people at large, that their spiritual wants might only be supplied at second hand, as it were. No wonder, then, when Wickliffe's reform had so increased the number of circulating copies of the New Testament, that forty could be bought for the same money as one had cost before, that the sale should be met with every sort of obstacle by the opposite party.

But Europe, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, suddenly seemed

to awake from its long intellectual sloth. Several great names shine out as revivers of learning; among whom were Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Poggio, the secretary to eight popes in succession, who collected all the manuscripts that he could lay hands on in Rome; and no man made a better use of them than he. Old Cosmo de Medici too, the Merchant Prince, who had his mercantile and political correspondents in all lands, had also his literary agents, who sent him goods. Gibbon tells how he traded with Cairo and London; and how a cargo of Indian spices, and of Greek books, would arrive in the same ship at his ports.

Men such as these prepared the way for the greatest discovery ever made—the art of printing. Four names figure chiefly in the controversy that has been raised about the invention of printing; but the majority of opinions seems to indicate the first—John Gutenburg of Strasburg, as the actual inventor of the art. The other aspirants to that high honour are John Fust, or Faust, of Mainz; Peter Schöffer; and Laurence Koster of Haarlem. All these men undoubtedly lived and printed in the middle of the fifteenth century; but Gutenburg, (or Guthenberg,) on the best authority, was the very first to print with moveable metal types, about the year 1438. We are told that for three years before this, he was engaged in making experiments: he then entered into partnership with three citizens of Strasburg, binding himself to disclose a secret, which would make them all rich and prosperous. Instead of this, however, he met with nothing but misfortune; his tools were stolen, and himself and his partners utterly ruined, before he had been able to produce a single clean and legible sheet. Ten years afterwards, we find him going back again to wooden blocks, like those from which playing-cards were printed, (by the way, playing-cards are the earliest wood-cuts on record,) and then trying moveable metal letters, formed with a knife. Faust and Schöffer joined him at this time; and together they printed several works, beginning with an alphabet for the use of schools, two editions of Donatus 'On the Parts of Speech,' and the celebrated first edition of the Bible, from metal types.

This first great success in the printing art was made in 1455. The book is remarkable for the 'texture of the paper, excellence of execution, and blackness and lustre of the ink.' Like all the very early printed books, it has no title or paging; and the initial letters are painted by the hand.

Faust and Schöffer published a Latin Bible in 1462. They sold copies of this Bible in Paris as manuscripts, and supplied them so regularly, and the copies were so uniform, that Faust was taken up as a necromancer—whence arose the story of Dr. Faustus.

We have said that playing-cards were the first step in the direction of printing made in Europe. Reader, we would have you remark that we say in Europe, because (let honour be given where it is due) that uncommunicative people, the Chinese, possessed the art long before dull-brained hairy-pated Europeans ever thought of such a thing; but the

children of the sun possessed it in an imperfect degree: they printed from immoveable blocks; and from immoveable blocks they print now.

Caxton, to us the most interesting member of the whole trade, set up his printing press in Westminster, either in the immediate neighbourhood of the Abbey, or what is very likely, in one of the chapels attached to it, in the year 1472. From thence issued forth, first the 'Game of Chess,' and then the 'Romance of Jason;' and the sixty-two other works, which occupied him until 'the last day of his life.' Since then the printing press has never been idle in England. Caxton's inscription, which was found on a spare leaf of his 'Fructus Temporum,' is so curious as to demand a place in this Gossip.

'Of your Charitee, pray for the souls of Mayster Wyllyam Caxton, that in his tyme was a man of mouche ornate, and mouche renowned Wysdome, and Connyng, and Decessed full Crystenly the Yere of our Lord M.C.CCCLXXXXI.

'Modyr of Mercy, shyld hym from t' horribull Fynd,
And bryng hym to lyff yternal that nevyr hath ynd.'

We have now brought our readers gravely, and—so far as consists with our gossiping character—regularly, through the crude infancy, and rugged youth, of the art of book-making, to the time when it began to be practised throughout the world, in ever increasing beauty and perfection.

The gossiper thirsts for the more playful part of his subject; but in passing, one book must be mentioned, which for a long time puzzled many wise heads, and was supposed to exhibit a very near approach indeed to printing, some thousand years before the art was properly and systematically found out. We mean the famous Gothic translation of the Gospels, by Uphilas, in the fourth century. A copy of this wonderful 'Codex Argenteus,' as it is called, is preserved in the library of Upsal. To all appearances, the letters in this book were stamped or imprinted singly on the vellum, with hot metal types, as the titles on the backs of books are lettered now. But the uneasy shades of Gutenburg and Caxton, trembling for their fame as inventors and originators of the 'Printing Art,' were set at rest by a Mr. Coxe, (we know not whether it was he of the Bodlean, or some other worthy of that name,) who by minutely examining the MS., came to the conclusion that each letter was certainly painted by the hand. So much for the Codex Argenteus.

No sooner had the first difficulties of printing been got over, than men rushed into all those vagaries of size of paper and type, which make book-shelves hopelessly uneven, and which give to the books themselves their charming individuality. There is a copy of the celebrated Elzevir Cæsar in the Royal Library at Paris, for instance, which occupies the proud position of being the tallest copy of that volume in the world. It is four inches and ten-twelfths in height; while all other copies which have been put into competition with it do not exceed four inches and

eight, or at most nine, twelfths. This one-twelfth of an inch renders the Parisian Cæsar a hundred times more valuable than any other.

We have not yet spoken on the great subject of bookbinding; and yet there is none more important in the eyes of a bibliomaniac of a certain type. Not all bibliomaniacs, by the way, for that madness has as many forms as any other kind of mental disease; and there is your black-letter man, your unique-copy man, your uncut, or your rough-edge, man; your suppressed and condemned man, your Elzeverian, your old pamphlet, or broadsider—none of which perhaps will care a straw for all the seductions of tawny morocco, marble insides, circumspect gilding—nay, may even manifest an inconceivable indifference to calf and clasps!

There is a curious entry in Stow's Chronicle, which would seem to show that the art of bookbinding, which is carried on in England at the present day, with greater success than anywhere else, was an early passion. Speaking of Ina King of the West Saxons, he says: 'He gave a chapell of gold and silver, to wit, garnished with vessels of gold and silver; and to the altar 264 pounds of gold; a Chaleis, with the Patten, ten pounds of gold; .... *a kiver for the Gospel-book, twenty pound!*'

Charlemagne, in 790, granted to the abbots and monks of Sithin, unlimited rights of hunting, on condition that the skins of the deer they killed should be used to make them gloves, girdles, and *covers for their books*.

It was considered in ancient times as a part of the Sacristan's duty, not only to bind and keep the books in order, but to shut and clasp them after they had been used. Alas! why does plenty make men careless? Go now to many a country church, and you will find that, from long lying open, no power will induce the Bible on the reading-desk to shut. Its back is incurably bent, it has grown stiff and stark; and the dust may lie there, and the damp may soil the pages; but the book cannot now be closed.

Amongst the wardrobe accounts of Edward III., are several payments for binding books for the king; for example: 'Piers Bauduyn, Stacioner, for bynding, gilding, and dressing of a book, called Titus Livius, xx.s. For binding, gilding, and dressing of a book, called the Bible, xvj.s.'

Another famous mention of early bookbinding must not be forgotten: we mean Chaucer's Oxford Scholar, who had

> 'At his bed's head
> A twenty bokes, *clothed in black and red*,
> Of Aristotle, and his philosophy.'

The old folks in days gone by, we see, cared for the 'dressing of their bokes.' Hear now what gentle Charles Lamb says on the subject, in his 'Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading':—

'I confess it moves my spleen to see those *things in books' clothing* perched upon shelves like false saints..... To view a well-arranged assortment of block-headed Encyclopædias, (Anglicanas, or Metropoli-

tanas,) set out in an array of Russia or Morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus, and enable old Raymond Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils. . . . . To be strong-backed, and neat-bound, is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished on all kinds of book indiscriminately.'

So Charles Lamb wanders on, maintaining that some books, Thomson's Seasons, for instance, look best a little torn, and dog's-eared; others are charming for the traces of a thousand thumbs that have turned over their pages. Then on the other hand, who so fastidious as he? Mark what he says. 'I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in folio; the octavo editions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them!'

Then we have his quaint opinions upon the subject of lending and borrowing of books; and as he divides the whole human species into two distinct races, and no more, *viz*, 'the men who borrow, and the men who lend,' it becomes a point of very personal interest to everybody. The palm is given to the borrowers, a verdict much to be wondered at, and admired, considering the pathetic description he gives of his own mulcted condition. There is the 'foul gap,' like an eye-tooth knocked out, which once held the tall folio; and the slighter vacuum, two shelves from the ceiling, was whilom the commodious resting-place of Brown on Urn-burial; and lower down, the nine volumes, without the tenth, are as distasteful as Priam's refuse sons, when the Fates borrowed Hector.

But Elia concludes his lamentation with a eulogy on *one* borrower—one who would return the books with usury; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. 'I counsel thee, reader,' he says, 'shut not thy heart or thy library against S. T. C.'

Heber, one of the greatest book collectors of modern days, (he was the Atticus of Dibdin;) and a man who would set off on a journey of several hundred miles any day, on the chance of picking up a book not in his collection; adopted a creed, which won him golden opinions from poor students and searchers after knowledge, who were not blest with libraries of their own; and thus he enounced his peculiar tenets: 'Why you see, Sir, no man can comfortably do without three copies of a book: one he must have for a show copy, and he will probably keep it at his country house; another he will require for his own use; and, unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends.'

Little wonder, then, that in an old Gentleman's Magazine we find the following extraordinary account of this book ogre's palaces. 'He built a new library at his house in Hodnet, which is said to be full. His residence at Pimlico, where he died, is filled, like Magliabecchi's at Florence, with books from top to bottom; every chair, every table, every passage, containing piles of erudition. He had another house in York

Street, laden from ground-floor to garret with curious books. He had a library in High Street, Oxford; an immense library in Antwerp, another at Paris, another at Brussels, another at Ghent, and at other places in the Low Countries, and in Germany!'

Now what was it that these Bibliomaniacs collected? Was their passion merely a love of acquisition? Were these men nothing better than literary misers? It is a great question, and one most alluring to the Gossip, of whose class it is proverbial that it loves to seem to answer questions, which no one can possibly answer properly. So we say that there certainly is a kind of nondescript creature known to true Bibliomaniacs, as ever seeking to intrude himself into their number, one who is a simple dredger for books, and on the size and bulk alone of his haul does he pride himself. He is indeed no bibliomaniac proper; only such a one as is described in a certain learned-looking passage in D'Israeli's 'Curiosities.' The reader may take it for what it is worth. 'A Bibliognoste is one knowing in title-pages and colophons, and in editions; and the place and year when printed, the presses whence issued, and all the minutiæ of a book. A Bibliographe is a describer of books, and other literary arrangements. *A Bibliomane* is an indiscriminate accumulator, who blunders faster than he buys, cock-brained, and purse-heavy. A Bibliophile, the lover of books, is the only one in the class who seems to read them for his own pleasure. A Bibliotaphe buries his books by keeping them under lock, or framing them in glass cases.'

The Bibliophile here so much commended would probably be looked down on with scorn by true-born Bibliomaniacs of the Foggy Dibdin sort. There is a story somewhere in his book about such a one, of whom it is said, 'He know about books, Sir? nothing, Sir, nothing at all, I assure you, unless perhaps about their insides.' No, a Bibliomaniac is a peculiar animal, with tastes peculiar to himself. He is a decided case of one of those men who are born and not made. He must catch a clue to his own nature early in life, and run after it ever after. He must devote himself to the work of hunting in old book-stalls, of attending book-sales, of examining catalogues. Heart and mind must be in the search, and withal he must have originality in his tastes, or he will soon lapse into a mere collector. He must allow no mercenary considerations to weigh with him in his choice of books; he must prize them because they happen to minister to the peculiarity of his disease, and for no other reason whatsoever.

Some books will be precious for their rarity, others for their binding; others for not being tainted with the very faintest restoration; some even for a single error or misprint, will so bind themselves round the heart-strings of their owner, that forty thousand immaculate copies could never be so dear. We have heard of the auctioneer, who knowing well his audience and its foibles, and fancying that the high prices were flagging, exclaimed, 'Going so low as thirty shillings, gentlemen, this curious book so low as thirty shillings, and *quite imperfect!*'

A certain learned gentleman of our acquaintance confessed with slight shame, (it was very slight, for the sufferers from this disease soon get shameless—it only needs a few duplicate copies to finish them off utterly,) that his only motive for buying a big brown book, for which he had no room in his library, was that on the title-page the word 'volume' was mis-spelt 'vollum.' And was this, in your eyes, poor man, an irresistible charm?

The celebrated Elzevir Cæsar, which we have noticed before, is known moreover by an error in the numbering of the pages—149 is misprinted 158. Fraudulent imitators lapsed into accuracy at the critical figure, and hence the value of the test.

One anecdote more must be told before we leave this fertile subject for ever. It sometimes happens in a printing-office that some of the type, perhaps a line or two, falls out of the forme. Those in whose hands the accident happens, generally try to set things to rights as well as they can, but sometimes with the quaintest results, as in the present instance. The book published not long ago, called 'The Men of the Time,' was being printed; a few lines dropped out of the Life of Robert Owen, 'the parallelogram communist,' and were hustled, as the nearest place of refuge, into the biography of his alphabetical neighbour, Oxford, Bishop of. The article consequently begins thus: 'Oxford, Bishop of. The Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce was born 1805. A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. A sceptic as regards religious revelation, he is nevertheless an out-and-out believer in spirit-movements.' When this blunder was discovered, the leaf was of course cancelled; but a few copies got into circulation, which will one day be very valuable, as great literary curiosities.

Talking of aspirants to the degree of book-hunters, we must not overlook a class of men with whom collectors are acquainted, but who generally flee from Bibliomaniacs; we mean those 'Middlemen,' of whom dear old Monkbarns, the antiquary, had such a dislike. A real book-hunter will not be too fine to do the dirty prowling work himself; besides, he will be too jealous of fame to give another man the chance of making a rare discovery. Witness the prince of scouts, Snuffy Davy, alias David Wilson, member of the Roxburgh and Bannatyne Clubs. Skill and patience, industry, discernment, and two-pence, procured the 'Game of Chess,' the first book ever printed in England, from a little book-stall in Holland. Happy, thrice happy, Snuffy Davy! What middleman would ever have brought that treasure, that inestimable jewel, to light?

Before concluding, it will be impossible to refrain from touching on the subject of the great battle-fields, where mighty contests have been fought, and glorious victories won. As Waterloo to other battles, so stands the Roxburgh Sale to book-auctions in general. Dibdin's spirited account of the auction (one of the very few places where he *is* spirited,) is far too long to quote here; the inquiring reader may find it all about the middle

of the third volume of the 'Biographical Decameron;' but we will attempt to sketch slightly some one or two of the deeds of daring that graced that tremendous combat.

The Duke of Roxburgh was a thorough-going Bibliomaniac. They say a cross in love brought on the malady. He was to have married the eldest Mecklenburg Strelitz princess; but King George III. chanced to marry the younger, and so the British subject was obliged to forego his pretensions to the sister-in-law of his Sovereign. Be this as it might, when the old Duke died he had no heir to succeed to his collection of books, and they were sold. 'For two and forty successive days, with the exception only of Sundays, were the voice and hammer of Mr. Evans heard with equal efficacy in the dining-room of the late Duke, which had been appropriated to the vendition of the books.' The sale was divided into some ten thousand 'lots,' and in almost every one of them was some book of rank and mark in the eyes of the collecting community; and had been with care and anxious exertion drawn into the vortex of the ducal collection. The great fight was preluded by numerous slighter skirmishes. 'An Aldine Greek Bible was killed off for £4 14*s.* 6*d.* Thus measuredly and guardedly, and even fearfully, did the great battle begin.' The Lord Spencer bought two Caxtons for £245, and so on, and so on, until the climax of the contest, which at length became a single combat for the possession of the 'Venetian Boccaccio,' un editio princeps, printed in 1474, and so rare, that its very existence was for a long time doubted of. There stood Earl Spencer, and to his right a little behind, Lord Althorp his son; opposite stood the other sturdy combatant, determination on his brave countenance, the Marquess of Blandford. A luckless gentleman of Shropshire made the first bid—'One hundred guineas,' he exclaimed. Again a pause ensued, but anon the biddings rose to five hundred guineas. At length all random shots ceased, and the champions before named stood gallantly up to each other, resolved not to flinch from a trial of their respective strengths. A thousand guineas were bid at last by Earl Spencer, to which the Marquess added *ten*. You might have heard a pin drop. . . .'Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds,' said Lord Spencer. The spectators were now absolutely electrified. The Marquess quietly adds his usual *ten*, and so there an end. Mr. Evans, ere his hammer fell, made a short pause. 'The ebony instrument itself seemed to be charmed, or suspended in mid-air. However, at last down dropped the hammer.'

We cannot enlarge upon this simple narrative without depriving it of its majestic grandeur. Reader, farewell.

A. M. C.

REMINISCENCES OF NORTH WALES.*

CHAPTER II.

A FUNERAL.

'WHAT is the church bell ringing for?' I exclaimed, as late one evening the sad tolling of a bell reached my ears.

I was on a visit, now more than thirty years ago, to an old lady who lived near a town in North Wales, who regarded my ignorance of the customs of Wales with surprise, in which a spice of contempt was mingled; and on this occasion she laid down her knitting on her lap, and fixing her large grey eyes on my face with a look of wondering pity, said,

'Why, my dear, what should the bell be tolling for at this hour, if someone were not dead? It is a woman. I had not heard that anyone was ill. I wonder who it can be.'

I asked how she knew it was a woman, and not a man, that was dead.

'Bless me, my dear,' was the answer, 'where have you lived all your life, not to know that the bell tolls twice for a woman, and three times for a man?'

'But, Ma'am,' I said very meekly, 'I still hear the bell; what is it ringing for now?'

I was informed the number of the days of the month were being tolled.

A pause followed, and then the dismal tolling recommenced.

'Bless my heart!' exclaimed my old friend, whose name was Anwyl, 'why, if they have not put out the long toll! who can be dead? someone of consequence, for they never ring the great bell but for those who can afford to pay the ringers; but there child, I must hear who is dead. So ring my bell, that I may ask Thomas.'

Thomas soon appeared; he was a little grey-headed man, who had lived nearly all his life in the family, and was regarded more in the light of a humble friend than as a servant; and it would have been hard to say whether he or his old mistress took the greatest delight in a little village gossip.

'Thomas,' said Mrs. Anwyl, 'whom are they putting out the long toll for?'

'Well, indeed Ma'am,' replied Thomas, 'I was just coming in to tell you that poor Mrs. Owen Hughes, of Plas Hên, has been taken off quite sudden, like. John, the clerk, called to mention it: he thought you would like to know. Her nephews intend showing the old lady every respect; so I suppose they will have a grand funeral.'

'I hope they will, Thomas,' replied Mrs. Anwyl, 'for they will come

* Continued from page 82, Vol. XXVIII.

in for all her money, and I do hate stingy doings at such times. Why, at my own father's funeral, the cake alone cost upwards of twenty pounds. We had no end of relations; and you see,' she added, addressing herself to me, 'we had to send it to one and all, or we should have given great offence.'

'Sending a present of cake sounds more like a wedding than a funeral,' I observed.

'Oh, that is one of your South of England notions,' said Mrs. Anwyl; 'but if you will take the trouble to inquire, you will find that it is a custom observed in the Northern Counties—and that we Welsh people have more neighbours in Cheshire and Shropshire, who send cake to their friends when a funeral occurs in their families—and, strange as the custom appears to strike you, I can tell you I shall be very much hurt and surprised, if I do not receive a piece of cake in memory of Mrs. Owen Hughes. I wonder, Thomas,' she continued, 'who will be asked to the funeral breakfast; the old lady had very few relations; I should not think they would find more than thirty or forty people to follow her to the grave.'

'John, the clerk, tells me she is to be buried here, in the old family vault,' said Thomas.

'Oh—then, my dear,' said Mrs. Anwyl, turning to me, 'you will be able to see a grand Welsh funeral before you leave me, which I am glad of, for you have seen but few sights since you came here.'

On the morning of the funeral, I remember well that I was awoke by the tolling of the bell at a very early hour, and that the dismal sound was to be heard at intervals till the funeral procession had entered the church at five o'clock in the evening. The church was situated on rising ground, and was approached by a flight of rather steep steps, surmounted by a very ancient lych-gate; and standing underneath it, I had a very distinct view of the funeral procession as it came slowly along a deep lane, leading to the church—it was a walking funeral; the evening was soft and calm, and I cannot describe the solemn but soothing feeling that came over me, as I listened to a Psalm sung by the greater number of the followers of the corpse, and which did not cease till they had reached the lych-gate, under which the bearers of the body rested for a few minutes. I observed that the rector of the parish walked before the coffin; and have since discovered that it was customary for the clergyman to be asked on such occasions to the houses of the rich, either to a breakfast or a luncheon, and that he invariably walked at the head of the coffin; and that, even if the interment did not take place in his own parish, that he was expected to attend the body, either walking, or if the distance was great, riding, before it, frequently for many miles. I entered the church during the performance of the solemn Service of the Burial of the Dead, and was able, by the aid of my Welsh and English Prayer-book, to follow it; and great was my surprise, when I expected the clergyman to leave the church, to see him walk up to the

Communion Table, and hear him repeat the Lord's Prayer, and one of the prayers appointed to be read at the grave; but still greater was my astonishment when I beheld all the friends who had attended the body, walk up to the rails of the Communion Table, and lay small packets, sealed with black, on a small board fixed to the rails; the use of this little board had perplexed me on entering the church, and now I was much more puzzled to understand what those little sealed packets could contain; after the last of them had been delivered, the body was removed from the church. At the words, 'We commit the body to the ground,' the clergyman took the spade from the hand of the clerk, and threw several spadefuls of earth upon the coffin. The clergyman was a very old man; and he afterwards told me that he liked to keep up good old customs, and that this was one that had been generally observed in his youth, though it was gradually going out of use. There was a very large assembly of people in the church-yard; numbers who had not been invited to the funeral, had come, like myself, to look on during the touching service; but a general silence prevailed, and no voice was to be heard but that of the clergyman, whilst he read, in a language I did not understand, though it sounded grand and solemn to me, the concluding words of the Burial Service. Then I was startled and shocked to see the clerk press hastily through the crowd of mourners who surrounded the grave, with an enormous copper spoon in his hand, the handle of which was quite a foot long, and this spoon he handed first to one and then to another of the party; the sound of money falling in the spoon, explained to me why it was presented. To this hour I remember how terribly that sound jarred on my ears; and though I frequently heard it during a long residence in Wales, the effect was always the same.

On joining Mrs. Anwyl I asked her what was in the sealed packets.

'Why, my dear,' she said, 'what should be in them but sovereigns and half sovereigns—or perhaps, as some of the party were rich, a five-pound note! When Sir Hugh Owen was buried here, our Vicar told me the offerings amounted to fifty pounds; and John, the clerk, received ten. I remember, when I was a girl, it was the custom for a friend of the family to stand within the Communion rails, to observe who gave, and how much; and when all who intended giving had come up, he counted the money, and said aloud the sum offered: and then the clergyman thanked the donors for their kindness to him.'

'I am afraid,' I said, 'that from henceforth I shall never look at that little board in the church, without thinking of the table of the money-changers in the Temple at Jerusalem, and wish it away.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Mrs. Anwyl, 'then you are like all your country-women, and think any custom that is new to you must be wrong!' She spoke sharply; but soon added in her usual pleasant voice, 'But I remember your father once told me that it used to be the custom in England for the friends of the dead to offer money on the altar, and that it was looked upon as a pious deed.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I believe it was a general practice before the Reformation; but then the offerings were made "for the pious use of the priest, and the good of the soul of the deceased,"—a Romish custom you would not approve of, I am certain, Mrs. Anwyl.'

'Romish!—what can you mean?' exclaimed the old lady in a tone of considerable irritation. 'We have no Romish customs in our Church, I can tell you!'

At this instant Thomas walked in, as I thought, most opportunely, and laid very solemnly two packets on the table: they were both covered with writing-paper with a broad black edge, and sealed with black wax. One of them bore a strong resemblance to a small sarcophagus.

'It was a very handsome funeral, Ma'am,' said Thomas, addressing his mistress. 'I wish you had felt well enough to have gone with young Miss to the church. There were many people from a distance, who came to show their respect to the old lady. Her nephews appear to be very nice young gentlemen, and wish to do all that is right and proper by their aunt; and they have sent a funeral-cake to all the servants here, and a tankard of spiced ale. It's very strong and good. Will you please to taste it, Ma'am?'

To my surprise, Mrs. Anwyl said, 'Oh, indeed I will, Thomas!'

In an instant, back came Thomas, bearing a large silver tankard. He lifted up the lid, and Mrs. Anwyl drank some of its contents, and pronounced it to be excellent. It was then offered to me; but I was not of the same opinion, and thought sugar and spice had spoiled good ale. On returning the tankard to Thomas, I said—

'You spoke of a funeral-cake—what is it like?'

'Did you never see one, Miss?' exclaimed Thomas, with a look of astonishment that was quite comic. 'Bless me—bless me!' he added, 'you shall see one pretty soon—now then!'

So he bustled out of the room, evidently bent on enlightening me as quickly as he could. The biscuit, or cake, was round in shape and nearly flat, and quite filled the small plate on which it was brought in. I broke off a piece, and found in taste it resembled a dry sponge-biscuit. The origin of this peculiar biscuit I could never ascertain. After Thomas had left the room, Mrs. Anwyl told me to open the two packets that were lying on the table. The first contained a small cake, baked in a mould that must have been copied from a sarcophagus; and the resemblance was perfect. Below this cake lay a thick slice of a very rich-looking cake, dotted over with almonds and citron; and still lower down, a similar slice of a still richer looking plum-cake. Mrs. Anwyl did not, as I expected her to do, utter an exclamation of surprise; but coolly broke off a small piece from each slice, and said—

'Well, indeed, I must say they are excellent. I wonder whether they came from Bolland's, at Chester, or were made at home? The young nephews have done the thing handsomely; and it is much to their credit.'

Strange as this custom of sending cake and spiced ale at a funeral struck me at that time, I have since discovered it was only the remnant of one formerly common in England—references to which may be found in several of our ancient ballads. In 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William,' we find—

'Deal on, deal on, my merry men all—
Deal on your cake and your wine;
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine!'

'And now, my dear,' said Mrs. Anwyl, after she had finished eating her cake, 'open the other packet: I think they have paid me the compliment of sending me a pair of gloves.'

I did as I was bid; and found not only a pair of black gloves, but a card with a deep black border, on which was printed—'In Memory of Susan Hughes, who departed this Life April 23rd, 18—, in her 78th year.'—Mrs. Anwyl examined the card, sighed several times, and then said—

'Now, my dear, you must do something more for me: you must go into my room, and look at the black-silk dress that is hanging up in my wardrobe, and see if you think it good enough for me to appear in at church on the Sunday after next. All the Hugheses will be there; and as they have sent me a pair of gloves, they will expect me to pay them the compliment of appearing in black.'

'Are all the guests,' I asked, 'expected to drink spiced ale out of a tankard?'

'Oh no, my dear: the ale is only intended for the servants and attendants. The family and their friends have spiced red and white wine, served quite hot in the best tankards. Well, I did not think to ask Thomas, but I have no doubt that both of mine were borrowed to-day. I keep one that is very old, to lend to anyone that wants it; but I do not trust my handsome one, except to people like the Hugheses, who will take care of it.'

Just then Thomas came in with the tea-things, followed by the Rector, a venerable grey-haired old man. He was a great favourite of Mrs. Anwyl's, though she used to say he was a great deal too learned for her; he had spent many years of his life as secretary to the celebrated Mr. Pennant of Downing, and was himself an excellent scholar and antiquarian. On my mentioning to him how much I had been impressed by the singing of the Psalm by the mourners who followed the coffin at the funeral I had just witnessed, he said—

'My first curacy was in Kent; and I am aware that it is not the custom in the South of England to bear the dead to the grave with psalms or hymns; and yet we have abundant proof that it was a custom that obtained generally in the Primitive Church; it may be urged that no mention of it is to be found in the three first ages, but then we must bear

in mind that the Christians were in a state of persecution; but no sooner were the times more peaceful, than we find constant allusion made to it. Chrysostom mentions the psalms that were used; and St. Jerome speaks of psalms and hymns as forming the chief part of their funeral service; and adds, that only criminals, suicides, and those who wilfully neglected Baptism, were denied this privilege. At what period it fell into disuse in England I am not aware; it was a general practice in Wales in my memory, but many clergymen now object to its observance, and you seldom meet with it except in country villages. Many a time-honoured custom has been swept away in my time, and I fear in the next generation few traces of our nationality will remain. Even now the custom that was general in my youth, for the bier to be carried by the next of kin, and at every cross-road for the bier to be set down and the Lord's Prayer repeated—has ceased to exist; and the little bell that used to be rung before the corpse, from the house to the church-yard, is rung no longer.'

'Oh, I have heard that little bell rung before a corpse!' exclaimed Mrs. Anwyl, rousing suddenly up from a short nap, 'when I was a girl; and my nephew—you know Hugh, Mr. Parry, he is a fellow of Jesus, at Oxford—says they still ring one before the body of an undergraduate of Christ Church, who is buried at Oxford.'

'So I have heard,' said Mr. Parry; 'and the ringing of bells before a corpse was at one time common in Brittany, and other places on the continent.'

'Then I have no doubt it had something Popish about it,' exclaimed Mrs. Anwyl, 'and I am glad we have left off the ringing of it.'

Now a horror of Popery was one of the most remarkable features in Mrs. Anwyl's character; and though she gave to every Welsh or English beggar that applied for relief at her door, nothing would induce her to bestow a penny on a native of Ireland. No, they were wicked Roman Catholics, and she would have nothing to do with them, and her whole household shared in her dislike; and I remember on one occasion that Thomas—who saw I appeared shocked at the rough way in which he drove a miserable-looking man from the door—said in excuse,

'It's only a nasty Roman Catholic Paddy, Miss;' and remonstrated strongly with me for relieving him.

'Mrs. Owen Hughes's was not a grand funeral after all, I find,' said Mrs. Anwyl to Mr. Parry.

'Thirty persons were asked to the breakfast, but only twenty-five could attend,' replied Mr. Parry; 'and you, Mrs. Anwyl, who can remember the large gatherings usual on these sad occasions in the last century, will call that a very small funeral party.'

'Small indeed!' exclaimed Mrs. Anwyl, sitting quite upright in her arm-chair. 'Bless me, I was a young child when my grandfather died, but I can remember all the grand preparations for his funeral. There was first a breakfast, and then a dinner; and people came from far and

near to attend the funeral. I was but a child, as I told you before, but never shall I forget the night before the funeral.'

'The night of lamentation, as it is still called in Carnarvonshire,' said Mr. Parry.

'Well,' continued Mrs. Anwyl, 'I had been wandering about the house all day, feeling sad and forlorn; for the servants were all too busy to take much notice of me, when, just as it was getting dark, my mother came to look for me, and said I was to go with her into the hall; it was but a dark dismal place even in broad daylight, and I never liked playing there alone; but I found plenty of people there that evening. In the middle of the hall stood a large table covered with a black cloth, and a large wax candle stood at the top and bottom of the table. I remember now, that all was so still, and everybody looked so sad, that I felt quite frightened, and laid tight hold of my mother's hand; but my fright increased when I saw all the old servants bring a coffin into the hall. They put it down on the table, and then knelt down by the side of it, and several of the men burst out crying. Then one of them repeated the Lord's Prayer, and after that they all got up from their knees and sat down on a long bench placed against the wall. My mother then—holding my hand, and followed by my aunts and our old vicar, Mr. Davies—went up to the coffin, and we all knelt down, and Mr. Davies said a prayer; and everyone who came into the hall went straight up to the coffin and said a prayer. The hall was nearly dark, for there were no candles lighted but the two on the table, and the dim light made all around me seem doubly sad and solemn. When all the guests that were expected had arrived, Mr. Davies went up to the coffin and read a portion of the Burial Service, and then a hymn was sung. The next morning, seeing a door leading into the hall was open, I looked in, and found to my great relief that the coffin had been removed, and was now standing on a bier outside the entrance door. Presently I heard my mother asking for me; she and my aunts came into the hall dressed in deep mourning, and were followed by a servant with a basket filled with small white loaves. My mother took several of them in her hand, and gave them over the coffin to several poor women, who had come, as I heard afterwards, on purpose to receive them. Then from another servant she took a tankard filled with hot spiced ale, drank a little, and then handed it, as she had done the loaves, across the coffin to the women. Then all present fell on their knees, and Mr. Davies repeated the Lord's Prayer. Six of my grandfather's nearest relations took up the bier and carried it to the church, and a crowd of friends and servants followed, singing a hymn. When we reached the church-yard gate, I remember, we all knelt down again, and once more Mr. Davies repeated the Lord's Prayer. Neither my mother nor my aunts attended the funeral; but an old servant took me to see it.'

'And a very deep impression it must have made upon you, Mrs. Anwyl,' observed Mr. Parry, 'or you would not have been able to describe it now so well.'

'Well, indeed,' Mr. Parry, 'perhaps I should have forgotten all about it long ago; but, you see, my mother and aunts disliked new fashions, and when they heard of quiet funerals, like Mrs. Owen Hughes's, they would say very little respect was paid to the dead now-a-days, and would tell me all about the grand funeral they gave my grandfather. My poor mother's was the last grand funeral in our family. But instead of the little white loaves being handed over the coffin, pennies were given to a number of poor women, who came into the house for them before the coffin left it.'

'It is very remarkable,' said Mr. Parry, 'that we should hear of a similar custom existing amongst the Chinese. At the funeral of a priest, a small coin, called cas, is distributed amongst the poor people that attend it. The custom of the nearest female relation handing white loaves over the coffin, I have heard my old friend, Mr. Pennant, say was a common occurrence in his youth, and that sometimes a small cheese with a piece of money stuck in it was offered instead of the bread; and that "the spiced ale was poured into a new wooden cup, and when the poor people had emptied it they returned thanks, and blessed God for the happiness of the deceased."'

'What,' I exclaimed, 'could be the origin of so extraordinary a custom!'

'It is, I suspect, a modification of a very ancient and very fearful custom; once general, I fear, throughout Wales and the bordering counties,' said Mr. Parry.

'To what custom do you allude, Mr. Parry?' asked Mrs. Anwyl, bristling up; she never could endure to hear a disparaging word uttered against Wales.

'To one you must have heard of in your youth; though I trust an instance of it never came under your own observation, my good old friend. I am thinking of the heathenish custom of hiring poor people to take upon them the sins of the deceased. I have been told that the form observed on the occasion was this: The body was laid on the bier outside the house; a plate of salt placed on the breast, and a piece of bread laid on the top of the salt; the bread was handed to the man, styled "the Sin-eater," over the corpse, and also a bowl of maple wood which was full of milk, which he drank; he was then presented with a sixpence, and he declared that he took upon him all the sins of the deceased person, and would save them from walking after they were dead.'

Thomas entering with a supper-tray, the conversation changed—it had interested me deeply; and I felt anxious to find out the origin of so unchristian a belief as that of 'the Sin-eater.' But there were no books in Mrs. Anwyl's small library that would aid me in my search; and at length I determined to speak to Mr. Parry on the subject; and he told me it was supposed to have had its origin from the scape-goat mentioned in Leviticus, and that a similar custom had existed in Athens, and also amongst the Gauls. 'There was,' he added, 'some years ago, a most

disreputable old fellow living in a wild and lawless district in Caermarthenshire, who I have heard spoken of as "a Sin-eater"—though I am thankful to say that, for many years past, he had not been called upon to exercise his fearful calling; and most sincerely do I trust that in the wildest spots in the principality, not a remnant of this gross superstition is now to be found.'

'It is a curious fact that we have still lingering amongst us more than one custom, evidently of Jewish origin; for instance, it is far from being an uncommon event, for a plate filled with salt to be placed on the breast of a corpse, with a lighted candle stuck in the salt. This is done, I discovered, "to keep off the evil spirit;" and further to frustrate his evil designs, the body must be carefully watched till the day of interment. Now, after a death has occurred amongst the Jews, a black cloth, brought from the synagogue, is laid over the corpse, a pewter plate filled with salt is placed on the breast, and a small lamp, filled with oil and a cotton-wick, is set by the side of the body, and the nearest relatives sit on the floor and watch and weep till the body is carried out of the house, and put into the hearse that is to carry it to the burying-ground; on reaching which, it is removed from the hearse, and put on a bier, and all present join in a prayer; and before they reach the grave the bier is again set down, and another prayer said. Now, in the memory of man, as Mrs. Anwyl told you the other evening, it was customary to repeat at funerals, in this part of the world, the Lord's Prayer twice before the body was carried into the church—a singular coincidence, if we did not originally borrow this custom from the Jews.'

HOMÉ FOR INVALID CHILDREN.

70, MONTPELIER ROAD, BRIGHTON.

The lady who is striving to establish a Home for Invalid Children, at Brighton, has during the past year received many kind and anonymous donations of stamps, toys, and clothing, for which she desires not only to express her thanks, but also to assure her unknown friends that these demonstrations of interest and sympathy are felt to be very encouraging. Experience proves that such a Home is greatly needed by many who from delicacy of constitution or recent illness require the help of sea air, good food, and judicious treatment, to re-establish health, or to avert disease; particularly among the poorer classes, to whom these advantages are often unattainable, and yet upon whom the trials of illness press most heavily.

It is with much thankfulness that the lady can tell of eighty-three children who during the past year, with God's blessing, have derived

more or less benefit from the advantages the Home offers. Some were tedious cases of suffering, for which sustaining remedies were especially requisite; others of nervous debility, quickly showing the beneficial effect of sea air; and many from general weakness consequent upon previous illness.

The Home is arranged for the reception of eighteen children; four are admitted free, fourteen on the payment of seven shillings per week: this payment only defrays the cost of their board. Rent, taxes, wages, medicine, and all incidental expenses, must be met by the charitable help of those willing to promote the objects of the institution. The children are taught as far as circumstances permit; and many little ones have first heard in the Home of the tender love of our Lord, Who invited such as themselves to come unto Him.

A lady resides in the house; a nurse trained in the Ormond Street Hospital attends upon the invalids.

During the past year the Home has lost two valuable friends who benevolently took great interest in its welfare. The late Rev. Samuel Rickards, of Stowlangtoft Rectory; and the late Mr. S. K. Scott, of German Place, Brighton; the latter of whom had generously undertaken the medical charge of the Home. Both were released from this world of trial within three months of each other. Their memory will be long cherished by many, particularly by her who is trying to establish this Home for Invalid Children, she being deeply indebted to them for kindness and counsel; and now, though gladly devoting herself to the undertaking, which increases in interest in proportion to the earnest efforts made on its behalf, must yet appeal for help to those who may have it in their power to bestow pecuniary aid, as donations and subscriptions are essential for its maintenance. Some, indeed, in their last moments have kindly remembered the invalid children, and besought God's blessing on their behalf. Prayers which have been evidently answered, by the success which has hitherto encouraged the work, notwithstanding the difficulties and troubles which must attend the first organization of any institution, however small; but valuable is the experience thus acquired. It is not from any desire for relief from pecuniary anxiety, or fatigue, that the lady so earnestly requests subscriptions. It is that by others aiding in the work she may hope that when her day of life has closed, the Children's Home may yet remain, to afford relief to many little ones, and as a continuing proof how graciously God will bless humble efforts and offerings bestowed in grateful love for His sake Who never turned away from any cry of pain or sorrow: 'Who giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might, increaseth strength.'

Subscriptions and donations will be most thankfully received by E. A. Freeman, 70, Montpelier Road, Brighton; Messrs. Dimsdale, 50, Cornhill, London.

ON THE BENEFITS OF COLD WATER.

COLD water! yes, it is a very useful thing; sometimes rather a formidable force. Most of us have violently objected to its application, when hard-hearted nurses forced it upon us in our early days; and some of us shudder even now at a very modified form of the 'cold water cure.' Much has been said and written concerning the wondrous cures effected of late years by hydropathy;—by the water-drinking, the douching, wet-sheeting, and other plans, which perpetually go on in the hygienic establishments of Malvern.

The secret of the beneficial influence of cold water is, we are told, in its producing a healthy re-action of the vital forces. Where it fails in doing this, harm, not good, is apt to ensue. But the cold water, now under consideration, is of a moral kind—a sort of treatment we all exceedingly dislike, but which, nevertheless, has a peculiarly bracing effect upon some. There are a good many other names for this moral element; it too is a very great power; it too needs to be cautiously used; and above all things to be of good quality. Some people call it 'snubbing;' a very large dose, a perfect wet sheet in fact, is sometimes administered as 'wisdom,' or 'experience;' while the 'douche' is 'mere common sense,' —utterly annihilating, in short!

Then who does not know what the 'cup of cold water,'—the Scriptural type of the smallest and least costly gift—sometimes is? how exquisitely refreshing! how bracing and revivifying! But then, the source from which the draught comes must be a pure one; and there are many qualities of water, which act differently on different constitutions. No doubt, chalk water—so limpid, that its streams are perfectly deceptive as to depth—is very beautiful; but there *is* chalk there, nevertheless. We shall hardly wish, either, for the chalybeate springs of Montgomeryshire and other counties—still less for the rich porter-colour, loved by anglers, which tells of peaty origin; but these may all be preferred to the milky poisonous lead waters; or that very peculiar greenish blue, which distinguishes some of the little tarns near Snowdon, and which is a mark of copper in the soil. We must be decidedly ill before we resort to Harrowgate, or condemn ourselves to a course of sulphur; or even to the saltness of Cheltenham!

Don't be quite sure, even though the water you drink is 'so delightfully cold,' that you have got the pure element; nitre has great powers of giving water this quality, but is a lowering drug!

The bracing and wholesome effect of sober counsels, wisely given, is a blessing which few of us can prize too highly; even though now and then the draught do seem somewhat cold, and to some very hot or very *cold* natures, may sometimes be dangerous. But with the moral force, I would plead that the same rule be observed as with the physical

one; that to the young and weakly it be applied cautiously and sparingly.

It is no pleasant sight—the child who has been always 'snubbed,' and thrown back on himself, and who is either encased in a hardened outside, or else timid and cowering. It is a mistake to think that self-conceit will be cured by this treatment, although for *vanity* it may be usefully employed. Self-conceit is a high opinion of *oneself;* vanity the delusion that *others* have a high opinion of one. They are often found quite separately. Self-conceit is more apt to be intensified than killed by cold water—a disease, in fact, *driven in*, and therefore the more fatal.

I think the lonely child, in Hans Andersen's wonderful 'Improvisatore,' tends to show that even for vanity cold water may be a mistaken remedy. 'I myself felt with what vanity my heart throbbed; but in the manner in which I was brought up it must be so, or else it must bleed. Gentleness and encouragement would have preserved my thoughts pure, my soul full of affection: every friendly smile and word was a sunbeam, which melted one of the ice-roots of vanity, but there fell more poison-drops than sunbeams.'

Yet, as a general rule, I think the rising generation are *not* treated to much of this cold water. They do not appear chilled—quite the reverse. Sundry rules, respecting the use of the tongue, answering again, irreverence, &c., which used to be in fashion, are gone out in most families as utterly as mob-caps; and the unhappy children very much require some agency to stunt that growth of self-importance, pertness, and general uppishness, which is so common. Yet, even in these cases, the 'douche' is a medicine which does not always answer when administered from above. Those in authority can seldom be dignified when they snub! and anything like bitterness from a superior is positive mischief: but how much good a side-stream will do!

The cool remarks of a contemporary wash off a wonderful amount of folly, which would be got off by no other means; and will sometimes smoothe superficially sharp stones into better shape. A person, who in boy or girl days has not learned not only to bear but probably to enjoy 'chaff,' is apt not to be the pleasantest of companions in the rubs of life.

Yet disagreeable, and in some cases even dangerous, as the 'shower-bath' may be, the 'wet-sheet' for children is a far more dangerous mode of treatment, and uniformly injurious! Children subjected constantly to the process of 'packing,' or repression, hardly have any childhood, and either grow cold and limp, without any aspirations or purpose, or else live in a glowing enervating world of their own, using the very cold water, which should have braced them into reality, as fuel to the flame of their fancy.

Such sanguine and ambitious temperaments *do* need cold water in a gentle shape. A little wholesome neglect, a little prudent opposition, teaches that life has absolute duties—necessities, which convert 'may be' into 'must be;' and thus, pro'ucing healthy reaction, solidifies and

intensifies their energies. It is for the sternest characters—those with most *stuff* in them, that we need least fear the chilled surface, (and well if it be the surface only,) which is the result of constant checks, where there is not the power and warmth to conquer them.

But many people complain that they have 'been chilled,' when they might have avoided the rain or the pump. They go about the world asking for 'advice,' 'sympathy,' and what not, from anybody—trotting out what might be supposed to be their favourite theories to their next neighbour at a dinner-party, or to the most unsuitable confidantes; and then if their vanity gets a take-down, they are 'misunderstood.'

As people grow older, they learn more and more how few there are who *will* take the trouble to administer a merited reproof, or even an expostulation for folly or misjudgment—how the consequences of our actions, and the stings of conscience, are our checks, rather than even the remonstrances of real friends.

Do we not also know the kind of plant that is produced by nothing but hot-house treatment? when the watering has always been with hot water—when no cold wind has ever blown on the leaves, and too little sun come through the sheltering glass to give them colour? Such people are not necessarily selfish—certainly not, when there is true religious principle—but soft, incredulous, short-sighted, and very often unable to realize suffering. Pleasant companions enough for sunny days, but a something wanting in them on bleak ones—with none of the stronger deeper capacities for self-denial, endurance, and sympathy. Thus some go through life like spoiled children—all agree in spoiling them. Station, wealth—more often personal beauty, playfulness, and grace—mark out these. Sorrow passes lightly over them—the very winds spare them. Good—they have their vocation and use; but do not go and ask that at their hands which you may gain from those who have from their youth been braced by cold water.

For an instance of the result of different training, you have but to make an offer of any kindness to one who has always been used to the douche and wet sheet. A distant declining of it—a suspicious and elaborately apologizing acceptance, are the alternatives. Try the same on the other. It is laughingly accepted—assumed as a matter of course—thanks hardly expressed, or gratitude felt; and the same favour expected for the future, with the utmost coolness—from you, or someone else—no matter!

Between these two is the via media, so nobly expressed by Henry Taylor: 'The nature which stands too strong in its *humility* to fear *humiliation*, which knows its own independence, and is *glad* to be grateful.'

Yet how rarely is such a character to be met with! never perhaps without a preparatory course of hydropathy! Yet, happily for us, the training of our lives does not cease with youth; or rather, ere childhood is past, our Father takes the ordering of our teaching into His loving

hands; and on many of the tenderest and most shrinking natures are 'the waves of this troublesome world' allowed to beat with violence. Sharp sorrow, terrible heart-aches, bewildering circumstances, acute physical suffering—all these things are sometimes given to those who *seem* least able to stand them. Yet the Good Physician never gives a mistaken prescription; and the dark waters from His Hand only brighten and mould the patient into His likeness; for He has said, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'

S.

DEPART FROM ME.

'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.'

DEPART from me, for I am stained with sin;
My heart is barred—Thou canst not enter in.
Defiled and dark, unholy and unblest,
How can it shelter so Divine a Guest?

Turn Thee aside to those who evermore
Are watching for Thy foot-fall at the door—
The meek, the merciful, the pure in heart,
Who dare to welcome Thee—depart, depart!

Hast Thou not pastures where Thy loved ones feed,
To whom Thy Presence is a joy indeed?
Hast Thou not sheep that know Thy gentle voice?
Canst Thou not walk among them and rejoice?

In happy homes, which I may never see,
The feast is spread, the welcome kept for Thee;
There, at Thy feet, Thy friends may hear Thy Word—
I am not one of them—depart, O Lord!

Yet, for one moment, ere Thou dost depart,
Let me behold Thee, know Thee, as Thou art;
Let me but think what such a life had been,
Ransomed by Thee from death, and self, and sin!

O happy eyes, that look upon Thy face!
O happy hearts, that are Thy dwelling-place!
Thrice blest, who kiss Thy feet, Thy garment's hem,
And love their Lord because He loveth them!

Oh! hast Thou but one blessing? Shall no ray
Fall on the hardened and the castaway?
Hath not Thy mercy one redeeming touch,
For guilt that cannot weep, or love so much?

I have no tears, like those repentance poured
Upon Thy feet at Simon's churlish board;
No fragrant gift like that by Mary shed
At Bethany's glad festal on Thine head.

I may not share Thy tortures by Thy side,
And on the Cross confess the Crucified—
I dare not come as want, as hunger comes,
To crave a portion of Thy children's crumbs.

Depart from me, O Lord, ere I blaspheme—
Oh! whence these tears? who loosed the blessed stream?
What mighty hand hath burst my sevenfold chain,
And brought me forth to life and hope again?

O Love, that would not pass the victim by,
Whom thieves had stripped, and Levites left to die—
Nor leave the helpless by the healing wave,
That rippled in his ear, but could not save—

Thou knowest all—and wilt Thou still forgive?
Oh! let me clasp Thy Cross, and I shall live.
Unworthy as I am, and stained with sin,
My heart is Thine—O Lord, abide therein!

ANNA H. DRURY.

HINTS ON READING.

Echoes of our Childhood, by the author of 'Everley,' (Masters,) strikes us as the prettiest book of nursery poems we have seen since the days of Jane Taylor's ever memorable books. The illustrations are spirited, but they unluckily show by their incorrect drawing that they ought to have been touched up by a professional hand. However, the nursery will not trouble itself about that; and the young pickle who has pulled the string of the shower-bath will be perfectly delightful to them. There is much of sheer merry nonsense of a very good sort, and some, too, of the more tender and deep kind, that some little girls will, we think, dream over, and enjoy greatly.

We should hardly, however, have given this nursery book the foremost place in our hints, when we have to notice '*Hymns and other Poems*,' by the Rev. W. Bright. (Rivington.) We think this a beautiful little book; and would mention as our especial favourite a poem on the little martyr king, Louis XVII., which would, we are sure, delight our readers by its appreciation of the true royalty of that 'Son of Saint Louis.'

Among the books that last year's Dante Festival called forth is the *Life and Times*

of Dante, by M. Mignati, written in English, though printed at Florence—a clear useful little book, that will be found a convenient compendium of information about the great poet of the Middle Ages.

We are glad to see the *Stories and Lessons for Evening Schools* (Mozley) come to life again with redoubled spirit; and we would direct our readers' attention to another magazine, namely, *The Net.* (Lothians, Ave Maria Lane.) The name of Miss Mackenzie is a higher guarantee than most periodicals receive, that this is likely to be all that we can wish. The endeavour is to be less brief and desultory than are most of our missionary magazines, which claim our interest—now for a Confirmation in Rupert's Land, where we hear nothing but localities and numbers—now for a Consecration in Bengal—now for a scrap of a sermon in Australia; and hardly succeed in being interesting even to those who have some distant idea of the places and circumstances, far less those to whom even Sydney or Delhi have not become even geographical facts. Miss Mackenzie therefore proposes to keep the pages of her magazine limited to only a few missions, namely, those connected with the Cape, together with Melanesia and Honolulu; and she trusts to give detailed information regarding these such as may attract unlearned readers. Her first number gives a large amount of interesting matter for one penny—and we think our readers will find themselves well rewarded by taking it in. The magazine further points out the kinds of help in the way of needlework, gifts, small school payments, &c., of which each mission stands in need, and likewise who will be the home collectors of such contributions. We believe this will be a welcome opening to many who would willingly be home workers in the mission cause.

Mr. Mitchell's series of tracts for boys and men, *The Curate's Budget*, continues in full force, and we are assured that the boys for whom they are intended enjoy them much. *William Baird* is a specially good one; and so is the most recent, *Blue Anchor Yard.*

The Heavy Sixpence is one of the best S. P. C. K. tracts. It shows how a repented sin may become a turning-point in a life; but we are often perplexed as to the merits of the S. P. C. K. books. For instance; why in *Patty Milner's Savings* should such a preternatural event occur as the breaking of a Penny Savings Bank, except to injure poor people's confidence in one of the best investments they can make? And why do the mothers almost uniformly talk in a style that would make one run out of a cottage if a real woman attempted it?

In another style—our correspondent, Mrs. Higginbottom, would certainly proscribe *The Two Surplices*, (Masters,) where the washerwoman's son point blank *Mrs. Fairfaxes* the clergyman's wife. There is a certain prettiness in the story; but *Michael the Chorister* long ago has been the parent of such an imitative choir of dying choristers, that we think little boys will consider the office dangerous, unless they are naughty enough to save their lives.

Those who wish for a special Lent Reading will be glad of *Lent Lectures on St. Peter*, by the Rev. G. C. Harris, Prebendary of Exeter: eloquent writing, which goes deep into the life of that Apostle, whose life above all calls out our sympathies, and is replete with warning.

Mrs. Gatty has given us *Robin the Conjuror*, in company with some others of her tales, in a little volume called *Domestic Sketches.* (Bell and Daldy.) *The Game without an End* is a powerful and fearful warning; and our favourite among the whole is *The Family Friend*—a picture of such a household as is perhaps the pleasantest of all to live in.

The Editor must here apologize for a blot in *The Prince and the Page*, pointed out, alas! too late for rectification in Mr. Macmillan's elegant reproduction of the tale. It is, that the Knights Hospitaliers should not have been represented as being also Priests. They were indeed monks; but as warriors they could not be priests, and chaplains were therefore annexed to the Order.

We hope many of our readers are acquainted, and that more will be, with that excellent little fortnightly paper—*The Literary Churchman*. Not only does it give clear and thoughtful essays upon passing subjects and events, but it reviews more thoroughly than most Church papers the current literature of the day, so as to give good notions at once, not only for clerical and devotional study, but for drawing-room reading, for the children's play-hours, and for the lending-library—always applying the touch-stone of sound principle, and with the clear sense and good taste that not only tells whether a book is good to read or not, but *why*.

The Number for January 7th contains a letter from the Rev. John Keble, on Ritual questions—enough in itself to impress this little paper with weight and authority.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A COMPLAINT.

Sir,

My husband has a district church on the outskirts of a large town, where we have now been settled six months, and I am very anxious to make myself useful. He wishes me to get acquainted with everybody, and to use my influence with the young women of the middle class, to raise their tone a little, and engage them to take part in works of charity; but I fear I do not the least know how to set about this part of the business. I am very fond of poor people, and whenever we were at home we used to go and see them a great deal; but then, it was a nice little quiet village, all belonging to Papa, and none but poor people, only not half so poor and squalid as most of these, for they had good cottages with gardens, very cheap, and Papa employed them all. Such charming kitchens, with sanded floors, and shining oak dressers, and meals tidily set out—a fine rout we made if all was not nicely kept. We called them by their Christian names, and scolded if the children were not at school; and as Mamma dressed them all, they could not be smart. I do long for such a parish again; but Augustus says we can do much more good here, and that it is a very important place. But I cannot find many nice poor people; they are always begging, and trying to impose on me; and if at all above the very poor, they have so much vulgar finery and pretension. And if I try to be very kind and friendly with the tradespeople's wives and daughters, they put themselves quite on an equality with me. And now I want to ask you about a most strange way they have of calling me by my name at every sentence, till I get quite sick of it. They never say Ma'am, and I do not care whether they do or not; but this constant going on of 'Yes, Mrs. Montgomery,' 'To be sure, Mrs. Montgomery,' does worry me to a degree. What can they mean by it? Everybody does it except just the very richest. Our biggest person is a great brewer, who gives Russian dinners, and sends his sons to Eton, and lives quite out of the town. They seem a very good family, of course, not quite *comme il faut*, but very harmless; some of the girls really nice.

Another most stupid way the people have of keeping one room unused, even when pressed for space. Any one of the small mechanic class will actually lay out a table with trumpery ornaments and books, and put cut paper in the grate, and show you into this cold stuffy room, just to imitate the rich tradesman, who keeps a very smart but equally stuffy parlour, useless in this way, only the articles are more showy, and consist of bead mats, painted card baskets, and Westall's Illustrations, and perhaps a gilt lamp. And all the while the bed-rooms are too crowded for health; and an airy sitting-room would be the greatest boon for the girls to work in, instead of the hot

stuffy dining-room or kitchen. I am sorry to say the curate's wife even gives in to this; she has by great effort put some cheap showy furniture into her drawing-room, and is afraid of using it; and not only she won't light the fire, which may be economy, but she does not open the window. And she makes her child say Mrs. Montgomery, though she does not quite herself. And, by the way, the school children call me Teacher; and the school-master said 'Yes, Miss,' to an elderly aunt who was with me, to her great amusement. I told a very shabby child to take a tawdry flower out of her hat, and next Sunday was told, 'Please, Teacher, Father says it be to bide.' The school-mistress, however, is a very good humble young woman, with no pretension, and we are great friends. (I believe she says Ma'am.) Indeed, I think I like her better than anyone here; and the next would be an old bed-ridden woman who has been a housekeeper; and the youngest daughter of the brewer, who is really intellectual, and takes pains with herself.

I hope I am not a fine lady, but I must confess that the people seem to me rather empty and silly, and that I get a little vexed when they make themselves quite my equals, or rather very condescending when I come for money. I do so dislike collecting; and instead of being obliged to my husband for taking all the trouble, they seem to think they are doing him a favour by giving. But surely they are bound to help their own workmen if in trouble, and support schools for their children; they cannot expect the clergyman to pay as well as manage. But the end always is, that rather than let a good work fail, he makes himself responsible, and will have to stand the loss; and I do not suppose he will pocket any of the income, which is very small.

The young ladies seem to me to read many more idle books than we do. They do not care for history, or science, or politics, and only talk gossip, or about their dress and work, when they go out, so the reading does not fit on to their social life; and they do not read to talk, as perhaps we often do; but still we gain in the end, and though we do read all the good novels, we read the histories and controversies and reviews besides. I tried lending some books to some of these damsels, but found they only cared for novels, which we never buy; and when I lend them magazines, they only read the story, which was just what I had not read, and cared nothing for some very good papers that I had meant to improve them with. But they quite think that they are my society; and one of them honestly remarked, that it must be very different to what I was used to. And then I found that I had considered myself as having no society at all, except two people five miles off whom I had known before, and not wishing or caring for it; and it had not occurred to me to look on Miss Jones or Miss Tomkins as more my friend than the school-mistress. Would there be any use in being more intimate? and can I pull them out of their gossip? and could you, who write partly for this class, I think, just hint to them that ladies don't say, 'Yes, Mrs. Montgomery,' or shut up their drawing-room?

Your humble servant,

BLANCHE MONTGOMERY.

St. Philip's Parsonage. Nov. 21st.

MUSIC.

LETTER III.

My dear C.,

I will write down without delay the rules I spoke of in my second letter. As regards the *accent*, which depends chiefly on the time.

First. The *principal accent*, which in every species of time falls on the note directly following the bar. In the first species of *simple common time*, (one semibreve

in the bar,) if the bars chiefly contain *long notes*, there is but this one accent, falling, remember, on the first note in the bar.

Secondly. The *secondary accent*, which occurs sometimes in the first species of simple common time, besides the principal accent. If the notes in the bar are of *short duration*, such as *crotchets* and quavers, this secondary accent falls on the *third crotchet*.

Thirdly. There are other subordinate accents, which occur in the *second* species of simple common time, (one minim in the bar;) they vary according to the *measure note*.

Fourthly. The accent is sometimes interrupted; when long notes are placed between shorter ones in the same bar, or when syncopated notes occur, the natural flow of the measure being interrupted, the accents no longer fall in their usual parts.

In playing music, especially good compositions, it is most essential to pay all attention to the accent. To one with a good ear, this of course comes more naturally than to a person with a defective or uncertain one. The *rhythm*, or measure, is more difficult to attend to.

As to phrasing, the term applied to the resolving and executing of musical sentences. In grammatical works, you will find these three terms of phrasing: the *period*, the *section*, and the *phrase*. To put this shortly and simply, I will just say the first, the *period*, is the complete independent clause, and always terminates on the *key-note*. The *section* and *phrase* are parts of the period. Remember to increase in tone but gradually towards the middle of the phrase, and decrease towards the end, marking with emphasis the concluding note.

I perhaps need hardly remind you that, in general, passages ascending must always be played *crescendo*, and *vice-versa* returning. A melody coming twice over, should be played rather louder the second time, marking the repetition, and avoiding only monotonous or wearying effect. When you find the air transferred to the bass, or variations follow, be careful to mark it distinctly, and make it apparent that the melody is kept up.

And let me give you a word of advice as regards accompanying the voice: how very often one hears a song well sung, quite spoilt by the accompanyist, who, forgetting that the music should be subservient to the voice, drowns the singer's tones with crashing chords and needless *crescendos*.

The same thing too in duets. I have always found the bass part more troublesome than the treble, from having to keep myself secondary to the treble, not being too powerful, and still animated and spirited. Be very careful with the light and shade, colouring, and pedal work of your music. Mr. Ruskin in one of his lectures on painting, shows how much more difficult it is for amateurs to colour than to sketch, or merely draw an outline: for he says, 'form is *absolute*, colour is always *relative*;' and with the colouring of music it is just the same. It is entirely relative. I know many masters who forbid their pupils to touch the pedal at all, from the general habit of young ladies in literally drowning their performances with it. They certainly make a noise, but it is not a pleasant one; and they also by this contract a habit of depending on the pedal to cover wrong notes and defective execution.

I am not fond, in general, of drawing-room arrangements, but they are often useful, and to practise them may be good self-discipline: variations on an air, except by the composer himself, I always avoid. W. H. Calcott's arrangements are generally good, and not very difficult. Much of this light music may be classed as purely ornamental.

We have been speaking of children's like and dislike for music: coupled with a liking and taste for it, how often one sees an intense desire for display! Children of musicians, inheriting their parents' talent, are often brought forward at a very early

age, performing in public, and before large audiences. It is astonishing to see what these little creatures can do, and what they go through; but it is altogether very objectionable. The late hours, the hard practising, and the ordeal that it must be to them, is most hurtful of course both to mind and body; and the early deaths of so many great masters, at what is called the musician's age, thirty-six, has been attributed in a great measure to this.

The brain, nervous and excitable, is over-tasked from the first, being almost forced into premature development, and re-acts on the physical constitution, generally delicate, and both break down together. Run over a list of those so early snatched from us, and you will find that they have been at work almost from their cradles.

Mozart's musical education began before he was two years old; and in his sixth year he was making with his father and mother a tour through the principal courts in Europe.

In 1791 he died, after being in bad health for some time. His last work, the celebrated *Requiem*, was composed under circumstances which, it is said, hastened his death. A stranger called on him, and asked him to write a *Requiem* for one just dead. De Stendhal says: 'Le pauvre Mozart se mit dans la tête que cet inconnu n'était pas un être ordinaire, qu' il avait sêvrement des relations avec l'autre monde, et qu' il lui était envoyé hour lui annoncer sa fin prochaine. . . . . Enfin l'ouvrage fut achevé avant les quatres semaines. L'inconnu revint au terme convenu. Mozart n'existait plus. Sa carrière à été aussi courte que brilliante Il est mort a peine âgé de 36 ans.'

Haydn, whose life is a great contrast to Mozart's, while in their works is some affinity, lived to a good old age; but his childhood was quiet and retired; and it was not till about his seventeenth year that he was able to give himself up to the study of music.

Mendelssohn's early death was grief to all who knew him. His 'Leider' were composed when but a boy, with other promising works.

I do not mean to say that real genius and talent early displayed, can be or should be held back. Far from it. Such powers are best left to soar on their own wings. What is thought bad, is the unnatural exciting, and as it were, impelling forward of a gifted young mind, forgetting that time and strength, mental and physical, are required for the due development of the powers bestowed by their Creator.

At one very large concert I was at, some young children performed; one little girl played admirably on the violin, and was repeatedly *encored;* the poor child was intensely nervous, and looked the whole time as if a fit of hysterics would do her good.

How strong is the power of association in music! how some melody carries us back years ago to where and how we first heard it! And to some airs one takes a positive dislike, from having heard them badly performed; and often the disagreeable impression is not effaced when hearing them properly played. Haydn's mother had a very fine voice, and the recollection of her singing to him when a boy was never effaced from his mind.

I must now, my dear C., take leave of you, and hope to hear soon from you.

Yours ever,

A. R. F.

Notices to Correspondents.

Miss Kelly, 8, *Houghton Place, Ampthill Square, W.C., Lady Superintendent of the Clarendon Square division of the Brill Mission, acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a parcel of clothing from* Elia.

E. C. *is thanked for* 10*s. in stamps for the Honolulu Mission.*

M. M. *for* £1. 1*s. for the Thames Church Mission.*

For contributions to the rebuilding of the Church of the Holy Trinity, New Westminster, British Columbia, Miss Adela Dundas *thanks* F. M. *and* G. *for* 10*s.;* E. L., 8*s.;* S. M. C. U., 2*s.* 6*d.;* S. G., 5*s.;* B. H., 2*s.* 6*d.;* Anglo-Catholic, 1*s.;* M. *and* G., 8*s.;* Anon., 5*s.;* For the Church, 2*s.* 6*d.;* M. D., 2*s.;* A. K. M., 4*s.*

To the Visitor *who asks for books for reading to the sick and aged poor,* Jessie *recommends* Help and Comfort for the Sick Poor, *(Rivington,)* Plain Words, *(Skeffington,) parts of* Cottage Readings, *(Mozley,)* The Home Beyond, Portraits from the Bible, *and* Thoughts in Verse for the Hard-working and Suffering—*all published by Mackintosh. A* Visitor *recommends Bondelion's* Bed-side Readings, *(S. P. C. K.) Bishop Hall's* Balm of Gilead, *(S. P. C. K.) and the Rev. A. Oxenden's* The Home Beyond. M. C. W., Tracts and Sermons for Christian Seasons, *Dr. Hook's* Christian Taught by the Sunday Services, *and Rev. A. Oxenden's* Scripture Characters; *another correspondent, the* Labouring Man's Book, *by the same author.*

A Subscriber *begs to be told of good books on floral decoration of churches.*

Snowdrop *asks what (if any) passage in the Psalms is referred to by Tennyson in the lines—*

> 'I hold it truth with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.'

Celia.—*If* 32 *pp. are not an 'observable enlargement' in our Christmas Number, observation can hardly be minute. The* Cameos *are not published separately. Prices of books can hardly be given unless sent by the publisher. Can any of our correspondents direct* Celia *where to find a small engraving of Time with the scythe, hour glass, and snake? We know of one in an old edition of* Gay's Fables, *but of none more modern, nor separate.*

A. R.—*The traveller will be fortunate if he finds such monuments.*

D. Q.—*You must still have patience.*

Declined with thanks.—O. V. T.

The Homestead.—*We grieve to confess that we have never been able to trace home the Story of the Lady and the Robber. Everybody has heard it, everybody wishes to carry it beyond second or third hand, but nobody succeeds.*

Blumenthal *asks for a receipt for making skeleton leaves. We know of none but maceration in rain water, watched with exceeding patience.*

A Constant Reader.—*Miss Strickland's* Tales and Stories from History, (*S. P. C. K.*) *might suit you. Margaret Plues'* Rambles in Search of Wild Flowers, *would be the botanical work we should recommend.*

M. S.—*Miss Mackenzie's direction is the same. (See what we have said of* The Net, *in our Hints on Reading.)*

Accepted with thanks.—Translation from Victor Hugo and Uhland.

Miss Ainger *gratefully acknowledges subscriptions received from* E. D. R. *and from* 'One who does what she can, not what she would,' *for the Kanaladorp School Building Fund.*

10*s. of stamps from* F. Howard, *are likewise thankfully acknowledged by the Secretary of the Children's Hospital.*

Miss Kelly, 8, *Hampton Place, Ampthill Square, N. W., acknowledges with thanks parcels of clothing from* Miss Colville, Reading, *and* Miss Wingate, Spilsby—*for the Clarendon Square division of the Brill Mission.*

M. D. *asks what flower is used in illumination as the emblem of obedience.*

John and Charles Morley, Printers, Derby.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 3. MARCH, 1866. PRICE 1s.

PRACTICAL READINGS ON THE APOSTLES' CREED.

ARTICLE V.

'HE DESCENDED INTO HELL: THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD.'

WHEN I say I believe that Jesus descended into Hell, I mean to give a full assent unto this as to a certain truth; that when all the sufferings of Christ were finished on the Cross, and His soul was separated from His body—though His body were dead, yet His soul died not, but went into the usual place of departed spirits. And it may be conceived that the end for which He did so, was to satisfy, fully and entirely, that law of death under which, for our redemption, He voluntarily passed. That He did so pass into the place of separate spirits is certain; seeing it is written, 'Thou shalt not leave My soul in hell, neither shalt Thou suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption.'

When I add my belief that on the third day He rose again, I mean to express my assent to this truth—that the Eternal Son of God, Who was crucified and died for our sins, did not long continue in the state of death; but by His infinite power did revive, and raise Himself, by re-uniting the same soul which was separated to the same body that was buried, and so rose the same man. And this He did the third day from His death, and on the morning of the first day.'

From this resurrection of our Saviour, and the constant practice of the Apostles, this first day of the week came to have the name of the Lord's Day, and is so called by St. John; who says, in the Revelation, 'I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day.

That Christ did thus rise from the dead, is a most necessary article of the Christian Faith, which all are obliged to believe and profess. And that we should meditate upon it is enjoined by an Apostle, who has said, 'Remember that Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, was raised from the dead.' That we should believe it is essential, because that without it our faith is vain, and by virtue of it, it is strong. By this we are assured that

He Who died was the Lord of life; and though He were 'crucified through weakness, yet He liveth by the power of God.' By this resurrection from the dead He was declared to be the Son of God with power;' and upon the morning of the third day did those words of the Father, 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee,' manifest a most important truth. In His death, He assured us of His humanity; by His resurrection, He demonstrated His Divinity.

Secondly, by His resurrection we are assured of the justification of our persons; and 'if we believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead,' it will be imputed to us for righteousness; for He 'was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.' By His death we know that He suffered for sin; by His resurrection we are assured that the sins for which He suffered were not His own. Had no man been a sinner, He had not died. Had He been a sinner, He had not risen again. But dying for those sins which we had committed, He rose from the dead to show that He had made full satisfaction for them; that we, believing in Him, might obtain remission of our sins and justification of our persons. God, in raising Him up from the dead, did acknowledge that that satisfaction He had undertaken to make for us, was complete. 'Who then shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died—yea, rather, that is risen again.'

Thirdly, by our belief in the resurrection of Christ, we confirm and strengthen our own hope; for 'the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled.' For 'if when we were enemies we were reconciled unto God, by the death of His Son; much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life.' We are the members of that body of which Christ is the Head; if the Head be risen, the members cannot be far behind. He is the 'First-born from the dead,' and we 'the sons of the resurrection.' The Spirit of Christ abiding in us makes us the members of Christ; and by the same Spirit we have a full right and title to rise with our Head: 'for if the Spirit of Him that raiseth up Jesus from the dead dwell in us, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken our mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in us.' 'He shall change our vile bodies, that they may be like unto His glorious body.' This is the great hope of a Christian; that Christ, rising from the dead, has obtained the power, and is become the pattern of his resurrection.

Lastly, it is needful to profess faith in Christ risen from the dead; that His resurrection may effectually work its proper operation on our lives. 'When we were dead in sins, God quickened us together with Christ;' and 'as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so should we walk in newness of life.' To continue among the graves of sin while Christ is risen, is to incur that rebuke of the angel, 'Why seek

ye the Living among the dead?' To live in any habitual sin, is either to deny that sin is death or that Christ is risen from the dead. Let then 'the dead bury their dead;' but let not any Christian bury Him Who rose from death that he might live. 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!' There must be a spiritual resurrection of the soul before there can be a comfortable resurrection of the body. 'Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power.

'"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your songs of triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

'Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more!

'Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

'Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

'Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.'

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO LXXV.

THE SIEGE OF ROUEN.

1417–1419.

THE captivity of so many princes of the blood as had been taken prisoner at Agincourt might have seemed likely at least to remove some of the elements of discord; but it so happened that the captives were the most moderate and least ambitious men. The gentle poetical Duke of Orleans, the good Duke of Bourbon, and the patriotic and gallant Arthur de Richemont, had been taken, while the savage Duke of Burgundy and the

violent Gascon Count of Armagnac, Constable of France, remained at the head of their hostile factions.

The Battle of Agincourt had been shortly followed by the death of Louis, the eldest of the three sons of the unhappy Charles VI. His brother Jean, who succeeded to his title of dauphin, was, though only eighteen years old, married to a niece of the Duke of Burgundy, had chiefly lived in the Burgundian dominions, and was supposed to be altogether of that party. The court meanwhile was swayed by the Armagnac faction, and the new heir to the throne showed no desire to trust himself among them. A meeting was proposed between Queen Isabeau and her son at St. Quentin; but the Queen, between indolence and love of eating, was so large and heavy, that travelling by litter or on the saddle was unpleasant to her, and she declared that she could come no further than Compiègne.

Jean's father-in-law, the Count of Hainault, did not like to trust him out of Burgundy; but was forced to comply, and brought him in January, 1417, as far as Compiègne, while the Queen came to Senlis; but the mother and son never met, only the Count of Hainault brought his daughter to pay her respects to her mother-in-law, and returned with the Queen to Paris, to plead the cause of the young Dauphin.

A youth of nearly nineteen years old must have been of either sickly depressed constitution, or tame cowardly disposition, to sit quietly at Compiègne while the regency for his mad father was being debated over; but Jean had at least given no cause of offence to anyone, and the miserable country began therefore to call out for him as the right person to be at the head of affairs. The Count of Armagnac took alarm; and the Count of Hainault was secretly warned that unless he could escape from Paris, he would be seized there, and imprisoned until he should give up young Jean to the Armagnacs.

He escaped by night with only two attendants, and safely arrived at Compiègne, where he found his charge, the Dauphin Jean, in a dying state, which of course was attributed to poison. The poor lad died on Palm Sunday, the 9th of April, 1417; and his father-in-law did not survive him more than seven weeks, but died at Bouchain on the 13th of May.

The only remaining prince was but fourteen. His name was Charles, and he seemed of the same meek dull indolent mould as his brothers. The Count d'Armagnac already had the boy in his power, and resolved to make the most of him; since during the unhappy King's illnesses, the only legal authority rested with the Dauphin.

As to the Queen, she grew more and more detestable. Few women in public station have ever been more disgusting by their self-indulgent vices, than the coarse, dull, heavy, unfeeling Isabeau of Bavaria; and when the whole country was groaning with misery, the people were particularly incensed by the absurd exaggerations of dress worn by her and her ladies. Their head-gear had broken out in the wonderful variety

of horns, and, with only too great appropriateness, of ears, so tall, that it was necessary to have the door-ways of the houses altered to admit them!

Armagnac knew that public feeling was strong against her, and he was also afraid that she might begin to intrigue against his power. He therefore had her seized, and shut up in a sort of honourable captivity at Tours, with three of his counsellors charged to watch over her and open all her letters. Almost all her money and jewels were seized; and her chief counsellor, the Sire de Boisrédon, on a charge of not having bowed low enough to the King, was sewn up in a leathern sack, labelled 'Let the King's justice pass,' and thrown into the Seine.

The Count d'Armagnac now reigned supreme; no prince of the blood came to the councils, and the King and Dauphin were absolutely in his hands; but he was in great difficulties. Nobody would pay any taxes, and he was forced to raise supplies by any means in his power. Various hoards of Queen Isabeau's were discovered and appropriated by him; and he likewise stripped the churches of the reliquaries of the favourite saints, even those of St. Denis and St. Louis, and laid frightful exactions upon the bourgeois of Paris; besides which, he forced every three families to pay and equip one man-at-arms, under pain of being imprisoned, or even slain, as Burgundians.

The Duke of Burgundy was however advancing with his forces, and the Parisians were always far more inclined to him than to the other party; perhaps because he brought wealth from without, by which they profited, while the others looked upon Paris as a sponge to be continually squeezed for their own benefit. The Count d'Armagnac, and Tannegui Du Chastel, a Breton knight who was Provost of Paris, were constantly riding along in the streets and on the ramparts with armed men, to prevent any rising in favour of the Burgundians. Such was Armagnac's distrust of the citizens, that every feast was attended by one of his sergeants to listen whether there were any murmurs; and no one was allowed to have in his window a flower-pot, lest it should be used as a missile against the troops below. For a whole day's ride round the environs of the city, every farm-house had been sacked or burnt. Indeed, it was said that in Paris a man had only to be called a Burgundian, or anywhere else in the Isle of France, an Armagnac, to be instantly put to death. All the soldiers who had been posted to guard Normandy and Picardy against the English, were recalled to defend Paris against the Duke of Burgundy; and Henry V. could have found no more favourable moment for a second expedition.

He appointed his brother, John Duke of Bedford, to govern at home in his absence, and sailed again for Normandy, with 1,500 vessels, and an army of 25,000 men-at-arms, besides archers and artillerymen. He landed at Beville on the 1st of August, 1417, and immediately sent all his fleet home again, while he issued proclamations forbidding his troops to plunder, or to comport themselves as if in an enemy's country; and

inviting the inhabitants to submit to him, both as descendant of their ancient Dukes, and as rightful King of France.

In neither capacity were they disposed to accept him. There was no one to fight, and everyone fled away—25,000 families into Brittany alone; so that in some districts there was a silence as of death; and in the city of Lisieux the English found but one old man and one woman. Such cities as had garrisons were forced to surrender, one by one—Caen not, however, till after a sharp assault, in which Henry lost many men; but he was unopposed by any troops in the field, for his step-brother, the Duke of Brittany, was neutral, and the Constable D'Armagnac and Duke of Burgundy were far busier in tearing France to pieces than in opposing her enemies. Burgundy was advancing to besiege Paris, when there came to him a secret messenger from the Queen, entreating him to come to deliver her from her captivity at Troyes; and feeling that an alliance with her, the only legal appointed Regent, was exactly what was wanting to give his party a colour of right, he sent her a favourable answer, with instructions how to proceed.

He then proceeded with his troops to Chartres; and on the night of the 1st of November galloped towards Troyes with the 800 best mounted horsemen in his army. He stopped two leagues from the town, but sent sixty knights on with the Sires de Vergy and de Fosseuse.

The Queen had on her side told her three guardians that she would hear Mass on All Saints' Day at the Convent of Marmoutiers, a little way outside the city. They durst not interfere with her devotions, and could only follow her; but no sooner had she entered the church, than the sixty horsemen surrounded it; and half an hour after, the Duke himself came up, great civilities passed on either side, and the Queen was honourably conducted to Chartres, whence she and the Duke sent out letters to all France, declaring that the King and the Dauphin had fallen into the hands of persons of inferior rank, who exercised an intolerable tyranny, and calling upon all faithful subjects to assist in their rescue.

The newly-elected Pope sent the Cardinals Orsini and San Marco to try to reconcile all the belligerent powers. Henry would listen to no proposals, and pursued his victorious course; but the Queen and Duke of Burgundy on the one hand, the King and Dauphin on the other, professed themselves willing to agree to the terms. But as this pacification would have been the ruin of the domination of the Constable d'Armagnac, he and his party prevented its being ratified, the chancellor insolently declaring that the King might seal it if he chose, he should not!

This last rejection of peace filled up the measure. The Parisians could endure their misery no longer; and though there were 3000 Gascons in the city on purpose to intimidate them, and to be denounced as a Burgundian was almost certain death; things had come to such a point that they preferred that if they *were* to be slain, it should be for daring something instead of only being suspected.

A tradesman who had the charge of the keys of the gate of St. Germain des Près, had been ill-used by the Gascons, and had obtained no redress. His son banded himself with half a dozen young men, and contrived to enter into communication with the Burgundian Sieur de Lisle Adam, who was in garrison at Pontoise, and who promised to be at the gate, with as many men-at-arms as he could collect, at two o'clock at night on the 29th of May. He could only get together 800, the most notable of whom, one Sir Guy de Bar, had the strange soubriquet of the Calf, and they presented themselves with somewhat anxious minds at the gate. Perrinet had meantime stolen the keys from under his father's pillow; he and his friends met them at the gate, admitted them, and then locked the doors again, and threw the keys over the wall. They went on silently as far as the Châtelet, and there met 400 armed citizens, who had been forewarned by Perrinet, and upon this encouragement they rode forward crying, '*Vive la paix! Vive le Roi! Vive Bourgoyne!*' a cry that seemed to the citizens to announce a deliverance from a hateful tyranny. They hastened to assume the white cross of Burgundy, and hurried out to arrest their chief enemies. Several of the Armagnac ministry were seized in their beds; the Constable d'Armagnac just succeeded in escaping to the house of a poor mason; and Tannegui du Chastel secured the person of the Dauphin, whom he snatched out of his bed, rolled him up in the coverings, and carried him to the door, where they set him on horseback and took him to the Bastille, then a considerable fortress, where he and his other friends shut themselves up.

Lisle Adam had made straight for the Hotel St. Pol, where he found the poor King in a mild gentle state, free from his raging fits of madness, but almost imbecile, and easily made to do whatever was required of him.

'How fares my cousin of Burgundy? he dreamily said; 'it is long since I heard of him.'

He was put on horseback, and led in state about the city by way of giving a sanction to the proceedings of the new comers; and he was made to appoint le Veau de Bar Provost of Paris instead of Tannegui du Chastel.

Only three lives were lost on this first day; but when crowds on crowds were released from the prisons, with pale looks, ragged clothes, and dismal histories of their sufferings from the Armagnacs, an outcry for vengeance began to arise. Houses of persons suspected of being of that party were searched, and they themselves underwent all the tortures they had inflicted on the Burgundians, while a diligent search was kept up for the Constable himself, until the mason, afraid to conceal him any longer, gave him up to his enemies.

Lest the Dauphin should fall into the hands of the Burgundians, he was escorted to Melun, and the next day Tannegui du Chastel, who in his Bastille still had a larger force of men-at-arms than Lisle Adam, to whom the Duke of Burgundy could not at the moment send reinforce-

ments, resolved to try to retrieve his cause; and leaving the Bastille, at the head of 1600 men, crying 'Vive le Roi, the Dauphin, and the Count d'Armagnac!' forced his way to the Hotel de St. Pol, where he expected to find the King; but Charles had been removed to the Louvre the night before, and Tannegui in his disappointment could think of nothing better to do than to render himself doubly odious by letting his men disperse to pillage the houses, shouting 'Death, death! kill all, kill all!' The Calf of Bar, the new provost, came out like a bull, armed the burghers, and was making such brave head against the enemy even before Lisle Adam came up with his troops, that Tannegui got back to the Bastille with only 1200 out of his 1600. He therefore felt obliged to give up the struggle for the capital, and followed the Dauphin to Melun.

The young Count de Clermont, son of the captive Duke of Bourbon, was only fifteen, and Tannegui hoped to have taken him, too, away; but the boy resolutely refused to leave the place where the King resided; and in the absence of the Duke of Burgundy, who was detained by an appointment to meet the ubiquitous Emperor Sigismund at Montbelliard, this sole prince within reach was placed at the head of the council that would fain have ruled Paris, but found it beyond their power, for fresh partizans continually flowed into the city, greedy for plunder. Wild free companions came in troop after troop; and worse than these, the butchers and others of the lower orders whom the Armagnacs had expelled from Paris, and who thirsted for vengeance.

A report arose that the prisoners of wealth were to be put to ransom for the benefit of the captains; and the populace became infuriated, as no other populace save that of Paris has ever been. Stories that the Armagnacs were returning to deliver their friends added fuel to the flame, and false alarms were constantly rousing the people to run from one gate to another expecting to see them. At last a brazier named Lambert, on the night of the 12th of June, began to harangue the people, and exhort them to secure themselves and their vengeance by the destruction of all the Armagnacs. They assembled in multitudes, and rushed to the prisons of the Hotel de Ville. Lisle Adam and his friends rode to the place with nearly 1000 horse; but they beheld full 40,000 people, armed with mallets, axes, and clubs! 'Away with your justice and reason!' cried the raging multitude, 'the Armagnacs are dogs; they have ruined the kingdom and sold it to the English. They have even prepared flags of the King of England to plant on the walls!' The gentlemen thought themselves justified in not interfering, and only said 'Well done, children!'

The prison was forced, Armagnac himself was dragged out and slain in the court. His body was stripped, and a long gash from the left shoulder to the right side was marked on it, in derisive memory of the red scarf worn as a badge by his party. The court of each prison became a slaughter-house; the prisoners were called down one by one, and there murdered, till the assassins were up to the ancles in blood. The women

were as savage as the men, and dragged the corpses about the streets in derision. The prison slaughter had but given a passion for further carnage; and the murderers broke open the houses in search of Armagnacs, killing not only men, but women, children, and even new-born babes, to whom in their diabolical frenzy they refused baptism as being little Armagnacs. The massacre lasted from four o'clock of Sunday morning, to ten o'clock on Monday. Some say that 3000 perished, others 1600, and the Duke of Burgundy's servants reported the numbers as only 400. On the fourth day the bodies were all thrown into a trench together, without any funeral rites; but the reign of terror continued, and every suspected Armagnac was instantly slaughtered.

After nearly a month of this horrible state of things, the Queen and the Duke of Burgundy arrived; and out went six hundred Parisians to welcome them, wearing blue jackets and the St. Andrew's Cross of Burgundy; carols were sung, and the Queen's litter was strewn with flowers, as the Duke escorted her to the Hotel de St. Pol, where the poor King received them with his usual fatuous courtesy.

Henry V. in Normandy assuredly deemed that the voice of Heaven had said, 'Shall not My soul be avenged of such a nation as this?' But it was a dangerous thing, uncalled, to assume the part of avenger.

Each party had striven to negociate with Henry; the Duke of Burgundy had proposed to come to terms, but had been startled by Henry's demand of all the old provinces held by the first Plantagenet, together with a million of crowns, and the hand of Princess Catherine. Meanwhile, he had taken Falaise and Pont de L'Arche, and on the 19th of July laid siege to Rouen, the beautiful home of his forefathers. It was a populous place, well fortified, and had a garrison of 4000 soldiers, and 15,000 citizens trained to arms, under Sir Guy de Bouteillier, who had taken every measure for its defence. He had destroyed the buildings and gardens outside the walls, and made the country waste; and on the advance of Henry, he drew out his forces to meet him in the field; and though driven back into the city, he continued gallantly to harass the English in all their siege operations.

Henry nevertheless encamped his troops in six divisions, one opposite to each of the six gates of the city. They were connected together by ditches with banks high enough to shelter a person passing behind them from missiles from the walls. The King was resolved to reduce the city by blockade, and therefore enclosed it with lines, strengthened by thick thorn hedges, and on all the eminences with towers of wood, batteries of cannon, and military engines. To close up the Seine from the inhabitants, he threw a bridge of boats across it, and below were two booms, each consisting of three chains of iron; and from his near kinsman, the King of Portugal, then one of the chief naval powers of Europe, he hired a fleet of two hundred small vessels, which kept his camp perfectly well supplied with provisions from England.

He thus was not only starving Rouen but Paris, for that city has

always trusted greatly to its river for bringing supplies; and while the English blocked up the river below, the Armagnacs at Melun intercepted all provisions from above, so that even before Rouen felt the famine, Paris, with its wild improvident populace, was reduced to terrible straits. Food was frightfully dear, the unburied corpses of the frequent murders brought the retribution of pestilence; and in a short time no less than 50,000 had died among them—some, favourite knights of the Duke of Burgundy. Some of the men who had been foremost in the massacres were brought by these horrors to a frenzy of remorse for what had really seemed a possession of the demon of bloodshed: they deemed that the ghosts of their victims pursued them; and imagining themselves past hope, refused confession and the Sacraments of the Church. It is said that seven or eight hundred of these wretches died raving in the hospital called the Hotel Dieu, and one rushed about the streets of Senlis, proclaiming his own condemnation, and then leapt head-foremost into a well. Others, however, tried to drown remorse by fresh outrages, accusing the Armagnacs of all the ills they suffered. Worst of all was Capeluche, the public executioner, who on the 21st of August roused the people to another massacre of all the prisoners who had been arrested since the 12th of June. It is said that the populace was further inflamed by 'the false sermonizers and preachers of the University,' who, some in the squares, some in the pulpits, declared that the princes would not execute justice, but only wanted ransoms for their captives. Thus excited, the mob fell upon the prison of the Grand Chatelet, where the jailors shut them out, and permitted the inmates to defend themselves by launching stones and bricks, so that they beat off one assault; but in the night the murderers broke through the roof, and killed all they found there. After destroying all the prisoners in the lesser Chatelet, they hurried to the Bastille, and absolutely undermined part of the wall and effected a breach. The Duke of Burgundy would better have deserved his name of Jean Sans Peur if he had led his brave knights, however few, against this murderous rabble, instead of coming out peaceably to try to conciliate them. He even took by the hand the headsman, Capeluche, whom he did not know by sight, but he could not persuade the wretches to spare the prisoners; and fearing to lose his popularity, he did not bring in troops, but only made the mob promise that the prisoners should be taken to the Chatelet to be tried, and then surrendered those for whom there was most clamour. No sooner were the poor creatures brought to the Chatelet than they were all slaughtered; and about eighty or a hundred perished on these days. The Duke then proposed to the populace to go and attack the Armagnacs, who were cutting off their supplies, and they readily consented. Nearly six thousand accordingly marched out of Paris, and he instantly caused the gates to be closed so that they could not come back again; after which he ventured to arrest Capeluche, the grasp of whose hand he remembered with loathing, and caused him to be beheaded by his own servant, whom Capeluche himself

instructed how to conduct the execution—for to sweep off the head with a blow of a sword was an absolute art, for which the headsmen of Paris enjoyed a grisly fame.

Jean Sans Peur need not have felt the touch of the executioner so great an indignity. His own hand was bloody enough; but, strange to say, unbeliever as he was, one of his most anxious cares was to force the Bishop of Paris to revoke the sentence of the Council of Constance against Jean Petit's sermon justifying the murder of the Duke of Orleans. It was done; but the Duke was soon to reap the seed he was sowing.

The Duke had sent the young Dauphine, Marie of Anjou, to join her husband, who held a sort of court at Bourges; and proposals were made to him to join his parents at Paris; but he was entirely in the hands of the Armagnac party, and besides, trusted neither his mother nor anyone else. The young Count of Armagnac, son of him who had been killed at Paris, had been defending Guienne against the English. He concluded a truce, came to Bourges, and used his influence towards treating with Henry; but Tanneguy du Chastel was the real head of the party, and was resolved against any accommodation with England or Burgundy, and the treaty came to nothing. Indeed, Henry had not been conciliating; he had disobliged the envoys by insisting that at the conferences English should be spoken instead of French; and when, shortly after, other messengers came from the Duke of Burgundy, he professed that as things stood there was no government in France with which he could legally treat. The Cardinal Orsini came again to try to soften him, but to him Henry spoke of his supposed mission of vengeance. 'It is the will of Heaven,' he said. 'God has led me hither by the hand, to punish the sins of the land, and to reign in it like a true king. There is no sovereign, no law, in France. No one thinks of resisting me; I have just rights, and I shall go on and put the crown of France on my head. It is the will of God.'

Poor Rouen was resisting in all loyalty and constancy, though unaided. The store-houses ought to have held provisions for ten months, but Normandy had been too long the seat of war for the garrison to have obtained all the food they had hoped; and the desolation was increased by a great band of wild Irish, who had been brought over to Henry's aid by the Prior of the Hospital of the Knights of St. John at Kilmainham. These spoilers were armed with targets and long knives, had one foot bare and the other shod, and the best off rode little active ponies. They did infinite mischief to the French, going out on marauding parties, in which they would catch up little children, and leaping on the backs of the cattle, would ride back to the camp with child and cow together. What they did with the children does not appear, but it was long before slavery became extinct among the more remote Irish.

Many a brave deed of arms was done by the besieged Rouennois, but famine was threatening them, and in their distress they resolved to make known at Paris, that unless they obtained speedy relief they could hold

out no longer. Accordingly, an aged priest contrived to leave the town, pass through the English, and make his way safely to Paris. He took a most clerical way of making his errand known, for he obtained of the great University preacher, Master Eustache Pavilly, to set forth the need of patriotism in a sermon. In fact, not only were public addresses then usually in the form of sermons, but the priest had probably been debarred access to the Duke of Burgundy, who either would or could not relieve the city, and must have known its situation; and the only hope left was in attempting to stir up public feeling, to which the Duke might be forced to give way.

Accordingly, Pavilly took for his text the words, '*Domine, quid faciemus?*' 'Lord, what shall we do?' and vividly set forth the miseries suffered by the brave men of Rouen for the sake of their country. The Rouennois priest followed with the force of an eye-witness, describing the loyal love of his fellow-citizens for the Crown of France, and adding, like a true Norman, that he was sent to cry the great 'ha-ro!' (which they believed to be the cry for justice in the name of Rollo;) adding, that if extremity should force them to swear fidelity to the King of England, no one would become a worse foe to France than they.

The sermon produced much applause; and Jean Sans Peur made plenty of promises, but all he did was to make fresh offers of the hand of Catherine and the cession of Normandy, to which Henry replied that the Duke of Burgundy had no right to bestow away the inheritance of the Dauphin without his own consent. It was now November, and the besieged had been reduced to the most dire distress, but they were cheered by the hearing that the King had taken the oriflamme at St. Denis, and that the Duke of Burgundy was on the march to Beauvais. They had eaten up their horses, and were feeding on rats, frogs, and vermin, but this news encouraged them to try to hold out longer; so they turned out their useless mouths, and the poor creatures wandered in a miserable state between the walls and the English lines. Disappointment was in store for the besieged. The Duke declared that his army was too small to break through the English, and at Christmas turned back to Paris, advising them to make what terms they could for themselves. So on the 3rd of January, 1419, these brave men sent a deputation of two warriors, two citizens, and two ecclesiastics, to negotiate a surrender; but Henry answered, through the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl of Warwick, that in their present extremity they had no right to demand any terms, and must submit unconditionally to his mercy. Upon this, they resolved in their despair, to undermine a part of the wall, set fire to the town, and the moment the breach should open, sally out at it all together with their wives and children, and 'march whither it should please God to lead them.' They separated, intending to meet on the morrow for this fearful expedition; but in the meantime tidings reached King Henry of their design, and pity or policy, or both together, made him offer to receive the deputies again. He then promised most moderate

terms. Three obnoxious persons were to be delivered up to him—the archbishop's vicar-general, who had, without any authority, declared him excommunicate; a citizen who had been concerned in a murder; and a third, who had commanded the artillery: the knights and men-at-arms were to depart freely, on swearing not to serve against him for a year; and the citizens should be safe from all military violence, on the payment of a fine of 300,000 crowns, and on swearing fealty to him as their King. Those, however, who would not own him, nor take the Cross of St. George, were free to quit the town, but with nothing but their clothes.

These terms accepted, Henry entered the city in great splendour, attended by his brothers, Thomas and Humfrey, and by his chief nobles. Behind him rode a page on a handsome charger, carrying a fox's brush on the point of his lance, which, Monstrelet says, 'afforded great matter of remark among the wiseheads.' The best reason the wiseheads have yet devised is, that Henry had once, as a boy, unearthed a fox in an arbour which had been his favourite resort at Kenilworth, the home of his childhood, and that someone had called the event a token of good luck. Ever after the brush was his badge. He proceeded to the cathedral, where he gave thanks, and then took up his abode in the castle whence William the Norman had gone forth to conquer England. He established his head-quarters there, and soon won the hearts of the people. Only one even of his three prisoners was put to death, and Sir Guy le Boteillier swore allegiance to him. Indeed, it must have been a relief to an honourable Norman to have any justification in turning from the cruel and anarchical Valois family to such a true King of Men as Henry of Monmouth.

(To be continued.)

THE SIX CUSHIONS.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.')

CHAPTER IV.

CAPE VERD.

'Oh dear! oh dear! was there ever such an intolerable bother?'

'What's the row, Joan?'

'There's the stream of visitors begun. I could not get Mamma to get ready in time; and now the morning callers have begun there will be no such thing as stirring out in time.'

'In time?'

'Oh! don't you know—for going to Mrs. Henderson's.'

'Very odd if I did not know! You have dinned nothing else into my head for the last thirty-six hours! Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.'

'Now, Miles!'

'But what time is this tremendous kettle-drum to come off?'

'At five o'clock.'

'And it is not half-past two! Well, you are crying out before you are hurt.'

'Yes, but I know when they once begin they won't stop.'

'And what of that?'

'Don't you know, Miles, they will be sure to send for me, and then—oh dear! I shall never be able to get away, and Walter Bellenden will come back, and there will be an end of me.'

'How sad!'

'Miles! It is very vexatious to live with people who never will sympathize with one!'

'Ah! my sweet little sister,' cried the tall brother, in a languishing voice, 'how piteous is your fate, to be de..ined by mundane frivolities from the interesting occupation of pricking holes in a bit of canvas with a long—'

'Now, Miles, I won't have you irreverent.'

A door opened from an inner room, and a gentleman put out his head. 'Joan, do I hear you chattering here? Don't you know that your mamma has a whole host of people to entertain in the drawing-room?'

'Yes, Papa, but I can't go in.'

'Can't?'

'No, for if I did I should be caught, and not able to go to Mrs. Henderson's in time.'

'And what of that?'

'The work, Papa.'

'I'll tell you what, Joanna, you have turned the house upside-down about that work ever since it was put into your head, and almost worried your mamma ill about it. If it is to be made an excuse for doing nothing to help her, I'll hear no more about it. I shall tell Mrs. Henderson you have other duties.'

'O Papa, Papa!'

Her father did not attend to her, but walked on, leaving the door open as a hint that she should follow. 'O Miles! Miles!' was then her cry.

'Stuff!' said her brother, seeing her real distress; 'you know you would have saved all this if you would only have gone in time to keep mamma from getting overwhelmed with all these old women.'

'I suppose I must,' said Joan disconsolately; 'but if they do stay till half-past four, dear Miles, do just make a row under the window, or anything to make an excuse, or get me out.'

'Very well—if you can escape the grey tyrant father! You'll have him shouting for you in a moment.'

Joan was obliged to obey, and entered the drawing-room, where her mother, a fragile delicate creature, sat on her sofa, in the midst of three elderly ladies and one young one. Her face seemed to strangers to

betoken nothing but the sweetest and most kindly interest in their communications; but to her own family, the quiver of the dark eyelashes, and the pink spots on the cheeks, were evidence that though there was some enjoyment, there was also a patient endurance of the clamour of tongues which would cost her something by-and-by. Captain Harding was effecting a diversion by talking to one of the ladies; and Joan knew that the best thing she could do would be to entice as many as possible into the conservatory and garden; but she had a particular aversion to her own contemporary of the party, Edith Thetford; and besides, whatever might prolong their stay, was an increase of the damage both to her mother and herself.

So she only entered on a languishing kind of conversation, thinking that she was keeping it quiet in order that the third pair of tongues might not be a fresh element of torment to her mother; and the visitor was obliged to work up a little animation for herself.

'Is not your aunt, Lady Bellendon, coming here in a short time?'

'Yes—next week.'

'Which house has she taken?'

'Sans Souci.'

'Oh! that is nice! It is so near you. How glad you must be! She will take you out a great deal, I suppose.'

'I don't think so.'

'Oh! but you will find it so. How delightful! She is such a charming person for pic-nics, and croquet parties, and all that.'

'I have no time for pic-nics and croquet,' said Joan, with an important air.

'Indeed! Why, you are out?'

'Joan,' said Captain Harding, in a voice to her ears full of displeased warning and reproof, though perfectly polite and courteous towards the strangers, 'would not Miss Thetford like to see the opening we have made towards the water?'

Captain Harding's house and land were his own, he was particularly fond of laying out gardens, and had managed to make his beautiful little Cape Verd worthy of its name, with the wonders of exotic vegetation that grew in its warmer nooks; its fearless orange trees, and bushy myrtles. The only fear was that it would get so perfect at last that he would find no more to do to it, would grow tired of it, sell it, and go off to create another paradise. However, as no other air in England, or out of it, afforded Mrs. Harding so much comparative ease, there was the less danger.

Joan was rather in difficulties. His look had reminded her that one stipulation had been that the cushions were not to be made matter of chatter and discussion, and it was therefore the less easy to answer Miss Thetford's much astonished demand why she should doubt about having time for the gaieties her aunt was likely to bring in her train—inquiries that no attempt to do the honours of the straight quarter-deck terrace,

the lovely view into the blue bay, nor of the rose garden, could avert.

Why should she not have time now she was out?

Joan observed that she had only been released from the school-room, and a nursery governess taken for her two little sisters, instead of her own grand finishing one, in order that she might be free to be with her mother, read to her, write her notes, drive out with her, and save her trouble generally. It was perfectly true; but the truthful Joan was not at ease while she explained, for she knew it was not the real reason of what she had just announced. Nor did it satisfy Miss Thetford, who began at once to console her, and assure her that when Mrs. Harding was pretty well, as she always was in the summer, of course she would not think of keeping her at home, and preventing her from enjoying herself. It even sounded as if Miss Thetford fancied that Joan was afraid of her as a selfish exacting invalid, for she declared that Lady Bellenden would be sure to talk to her, and show her that it would not do.

'Oh!' cried Joan, in horror and indignation, 'it is not that—it is no such thing as that. Mamma would let me go anywhere—do anything. She would never stand in the way!'

'What—and will not your papa let you? I call that a shame!'

'No such thing!' cried the hotly indignant Joan, 'they would both only like it for me, it is only that I don't care. I have got some work that I have undertaken,' she added, in a tone of some mystery and importance.

'Indeed, what can it be? It is such a pity. Can't we help you in it? we are such quick workers,' said Edith Thetford; who, troublesome as she was, was good nature personified.

'O no, no,' said Joan, with dignity, 'not for the world. I could not let anyone help me.'

'What is it?'

Joan hesitated, feeling as if to mention it would be against the injunction.

'Oh, I know! It is for the church, is it not? We met Mrs. West just now, saying—as proud as could be, that Camilla was engaged to meet all the *élite* of her young friends to undertake some fancy decoration for the church; it seemed to be considered the appropriate thing for young ladies. Are you one of the *élite*, Joan?'

'Nasty woman!' exclaimed the exacerbated Joanna; certainly little proving her right to be one of the *élite*.

'Well, I don't see any harm in her! I think she is very good fun. But do tell me, surely Dr. Henderson cannot have given you so much work as to hinder your enjoying yourself. He could not have meant that; and Carry and I would come and help you any day.'

'No, I thank you,' exclaimed Joan. 'He said it was to be a work of self-denial, or it would lose its very essence. And I value it too much

to depute it to other hands. Indeed, I have promised not—not even mamma must help me.'

'Oh, very well. Only remember if you get tired of it, you have a friend in need who will forgive and forget.'

Before Joanna had digested this kind offer, came the welcome signal to return to the house, as the guests were departing. It was but three o'clock. The round visage of the clock seemed to grin derision, and its little warning note to chuckle at her, as Miles might have done, for the needless frenzy she had been in; but the fret was still upon her spirits, and she eagerly exclaimed, 'Now, Mamma, let us get out before the enemy return to the charge, or Walter comes back from seeing that tiresome house.'

Mrs. Harding felt a strong inclination to have a little quiet rest before her drive in the pony carriage; but, in the first place, she always gratified Joan whenever it was possible to her; in the second, peace would have been unattainable with Joan in one of her agonies; and in the third, nothing distressed her so much as for Papa to come in and be displeased with Joan for worrying her. So she smiled sweetly, and consented that Joan should send her maid down with her hat; and when the maid, almost a confidential nurse, remonstrated upon her flushed tired looks, she smiled again, and said the fresh air would do her good; and she took care that nothing of languor should strike her husband's eye as she crossed the hall and took her seat in the pony carriage, where Joan was charioteer, and after taking her out for a couple of hours, was to set herself down at the Rectory.

Joan had subsided now. Her fears were over, so that she could be happy again; and a very happy pair they looked, the mother scarcely appearing older than the daughter, so delicately cut and tinted was her face, and so long and shady her dark eyelashes. Joan was a taller larger person, with more marked features, and a rich bloom, such as her mother never could have had, as well as an air of vigour, health, and animation, which made her pleasant to look upon, though she could hardly ever possess the same lovely gentleness of expression. It was pleasant to hear her talk in her great and enthusiastic happiness.

'Mamma, I am sorry if I fidgeted you; but I was so afraid anything should happen to stop me; and I think it ought to be a very high duty indeed to interfere with this work.'

'I should be very sorry that it should be interfered with, my dear! It is a great privilege.'

'Yes, Mamma, I always did like to think of the women that wove the veils and hangings for the Ark; and don't you think one may trust this is a little like them?'

'Dear child, I like your thoughts; only you know a thing like this must be done in soberness and vigilance.'

'O Mamma, do you think such a matter could be only one of my flashes in the pan, as Papa says?'

'I think, my dear, you have sobered and steadied since your Confirmation, and I think this work, rightly managed, may be a great help to you in becoming still more steadfast.'

'I thought so, when it was first proposed,' said Joan, in a low voice; 'and, Mamma, you will take care, please,' (such a lengthened insinuating please) 'that I am not beset and hunted about to gaieties now my aunt is coming.'

'We will see, my dear; I will do the best I can for you; but you must remember that it is one duty not to be ungracious, or hurt people's feelings.'

'And am I to have every opportunity of doing this in a self-denying way taken from me?' cried Joan, in a piteous voice.

'I hope not, dear child; but we must be quite sure whom we deny.'

And Mrs. Harding's whole voice and manner were so weary, that Joan, who when free from opposition, had time to collect such consideration as she possessed, saw she must go no further, and drove on in a serene vision, quite sufficient to herself.

CHAPTER V.

THE KETTLE-DRUM.

THE large round table of the drawing-room at the Rectory had been cleared of all its ornaments and books, and Clara Braithwayte was helping Mrs. Henderson to set chairs for the party, measure off canvas, and divide the rainbow heap of richly coloured wools and silks into equal numbers of knots and skeins.

Clara was almost like a daughter to the house, which owned no daughters of its own. She was the middle one of the family of the senior curate; with two daughters older, two brothers younger, than herself. Emily, the eldest sister, had married very young; a very short time before the death of her mother had left Susan, the second, to be the hard-working diligent conductress of the household. Clara, the first who had been born in the present home, and god-child to both the Rector and his wife, had had the run of the house from infancy; and, especially since the reins had been in Susan's hands, had been as much there as at home. It had even been under consideration whether she should accompany them to the Lakes; but her brother's holidays, and certain visits to their kindred, had conspired to cause this plan to be abandoned, and she was instead left in charge of many of Mrs. Henderson's minor offices; and among other matters deputed to her was the presidency of the six cushions. She was to keep the pattern in case anyone needed to refer to it; and if the supply of any of the wools fell short, she was authorized to order more; and if any difficulty arose, she was to write to Mrs. Henderson, being sure to have her direction. Clara was a very sober, steady-going,

orderly, person, to whom the trust might be committed with confidence, thought Mrs. Henderson, as she looked at the pleasant, smooth, plump cheeks, and honest eyes, bent on the skeins which her fingers were dexterously parting, so as to have no tangles, and to deal just measure to each. There was character, thought Mrs. Henderson, even in the way of dealing with a hank of worsted. Clara had done her own small commencement of the work, so as to leave the pattern free for the others, and make her own piece likewise available to copy from, and be at liberty to help them and her godmother; and she had also made the discovery, that the rich blue of the grounding was much disposed to soil the fingers of the worker, and what was worse, the white wool of the lilies. There was a little controversy as to whether the lily whiteness could be best secured by working it in first or last, and in the midst—rather before the hour—Miss Harding was announced.

'Ah, Joanna! always the first. I hope your mother is pretty well.'

'Oh yes, thank you! Oh, how lovely! it is graceful and Gothic both at once. May I begin? or is it not fair on the rest?'

'I think you had better begin, as you will sooner set the pattern free for others. But would you not take off your hat first?'

Joan's hat, holland jacket, and gloves, went two or three ways at once; and while Clara, with a little expressive lifting of her eyebrows, put them evenly on the sofa in the back drawing-room, she had pounced on the pattern, and without the preliminary of opening a skein, had seized on one thread of the whitest of the whites, and was detaching it from the rest by a breakage at each end, leaving the skein a helpless twist.

'Oh, take care, Joan!' exclaimed Clara; 'you can't begin with that! See, I have made a hole in the middle stitch of the pattern. It is that bit of green leaf.'

Joan wriggled her shoulders almost imperceptibly, and observed that she hated green leaves; nevertheless she submitted, and took up a green skein.

'You had better open it properly,' said Mrs. Henderson rather severely, for she thought this an unpropitious beginning, 'or you will spoil and waste the wool.'

'I've no scissors here, and Bennet will do it up for me. She always tidies Mamma's wools for her.—Oh, thank you!' as Clara cut the green into lengths for her.

'And,' added Mrs. Henderson, 'you had better put in the white at the last; for Clara finds that the blue comes off upon it.'

'Oh! shall I have the ground to do first? How horrid! that is like all the bread first and the butter last!'

'Nevertheless, Joanna, you must follow rules, if this work is to be real and not a toy.'

Joan pouted a moment. Mrs. Henderson was not nearly so much beloved as the Rector, except by Clara, who had her in the very innermost place in her heart, along with her father, Susan, and the boys.

'I want it to be real,' said Joan, recovering herself in a moment, with her brown eyes moist with something like a tear. 'I will do exactly what you tell me, Clara; only it seems a pity to waste time on the lambswools and fuss, when I have to take off the pattern.'

'More haste worse speed, sometimes,' said the lady; but at that moment the door-bell rang, and Miss Maclaine was ushered in.

'It is just Fenella,' said the pretty Scotch tone behind the parlour-maid. 'Bride was very sorry, but she was obliged to go to Lightsmead with my father; and she hoped you would let me take the pattern for the two of us.'

'Your sister is very much occupied,' said Mrs. Henderson, more graciously than if the insinuating modulations of Fenella's voice had not been mollifying.

'Oh yes. She is my father's companion, and my mother's right hand,' said Fenella, her face lighting, 'and just everything to us children.'

'Us children!' said Clara, laughing; 'I thought you were only a year younger!'

'Fourteen months; but oh, I'm a mere baby to Bride!' said Fenella, smiling with her honest pride in her elder sister. 'She always was the wiselike helpful body ever since she was three years old, and held me back when I was scared with the dog, and would have run into the burn.'

'You can't remember that?'

'No, I suppose not; but Mysie has told it so often that I always think I can.'

Fenella had not been idle while she talked; but obeying the courteous sign she received, had disposed of her hat with the eagle's feather, and her black silk mantle, neatly beside Joan's, and had opened a large basket that she had brought with her. Thence she produced a large holland housewife, and comparing each wool with its corresponding shade in the paper pattern, she brought out her scissors, cut the skeins in lengths, and proceeded to run them, in regular gradations of tints, into their case.

The warning against the dangerous blue was duly given. This Bride had apprehended, and had advised the bringing of some white cotton to trace the flowers with, so as to leave them to the last.

'What patience you have!' Joan cried; 'it makes me yawn for you, to think of going through all that preliminary bore.'

'Bride would not like it at all if I brought it home in a swirl,' said Fenella, as her hands moved rapidly among the colours.

'After all, you will get the start of Camilla and Mary,' said Clara. 'I wonder what makes them so late.'

'Mary is always behind time,' said Mrs. Henderson; 'and I shall not be surprised if Miss West does not come at all.'

'Oh, yes, she will!' exclaimed Joan; 'Edith Thetford told me that Mrs. West is running about boasting that Camilla is to make an association for the church-work with all the *élite* of the place.'

Then Joan felt she had said something unkind and gossiping, and bent down her head over her work to hide her shame; while Fenella observed that she must be a great trial to her daughter, and Clara wondered that Camilla was so different.

'She had a very good governess,' answered Fenella; 'she is very fond of her, and is still always writing. And then Mr. West is so very good and nice.'

There was a chorus of assent to this; and Joan was beginning to utter that often repeated question, why the man who makes his own fortune is apt to be so much less vulgar than the womankind he raises with him; when at the very moment, to make them all most conscious and awkward, Miss West and Miss Rose were announced together.

Camilla began shyly to make apologies for being so late; and Mrs. Henderson, in her quick way, answered that it did not signify once in a way, but with a sound of warning that made Camilla blush up to the ears.

'I am afraid it was my fault, Mrs. Henderson,' said Mary Rose, in her low cooing voice; 'Miss West was so kind as to call for me, and I was not quite ready.'

'Oh!' was all the answer Mrs. Henderson vouchsafed, as she mentally compared the mile that Fenella had walked with the two hundred yards that Mary had been carried. How long, thought she, had Mary kept Miss West sitting in the sun before the door of the Turtle-Nest?

Camilla had come provided with a blue glass egg containing exquisite working implements, rather too fine to use. Mary had brought nothing at all; and Mrs. Henderson was rather maliciously observing that she had better run home and fetch her thimble and needle, when Fenella good-naturedly fished both out of the tartan ribbon housewife in her bag.

The next event was that Dr. Henderson came in, said something kind to each, and after a short chat, that made all go on smoothly and good-humouredly, departed again to his study. His sharp-eyed wife had in the meantime observed that out of the five, Fenella was the only worker who could work and enter into conversation at the same time. Joan was so busy with her needle and her counting that she seemed quite abstracted, and came back out of a dream when directly addressed; Clara and Camilla paused when they either spoke or were spoken to; and Mary sat all the time with her head bent over the work, but not setting a stitch. Mrs. Henderson had her doubts whether, if she had, they would have been to any purpose; and speedily on the Doctor's departure exclaimed,

'Mary, what are you about? Why, you have not begun in the middle!'

'I always begin with the top stitch,' said Mary; the same answer she had made to Clara a quarter of an hour before.

'But you will not have room. You have begun too low down. Look how much wider the edge you have left above is than Clara's.'

Mary made no direct answer, but by a calculation, that cost infinitely more time and toil than it would have taken to take out her small commencement, and begin in the right place, she proved to herself that

there was room for the whole pattern on her canvas, and communicated the demonstration by signs to her two neighbours, Camilla and Clara. To be sure, the proof had been very laborious, had seemed more bewildering than convincing, and had delayed her much, but what was that to the meek triumph of never being in the wrong?

Clara was not certain of this, however, and said, 'It does not look as if there was room; besides, if there is, there will be nothing to turn down, and all the canvass will come fraying out.'

'I can manage it,' answered Mary, in her usual submissive tone, this time unnoticed by Mrs. Henderson, who was engaged with the tea-tray that had just come in.

By the time the party broke up, the pieces of canvas were in the following condition. Joanna had completed the first white lily and its leaves, all except the higher lights, which were to be put in last in floss silk. She would need no further recourse to the pattern, except that she had not marked the distance to which the grounding must extend on either side, nor the rows of shades that were to form the narrow perpendicular sides of the flat cushion; but, of course, this could easily be done afterwards. Her work was pulled a little tight, but had the freshness of quick execution.

Fenella Maclaine's piece was as large as Clara's, which had been done at leisure. It included the entire division of the pattern up to the place where it began to be repeated, with both ground and edge shading; but, to save time, it had all been done in half stitches, the crossing to be put in afterwards. It was perfectly flat and even, with no ends left at the back, and had the air of being done by a person who knew what she was about.

Camilla West had done a smaller piece than might have been expected; neatly, but as if she were not practised enough to work quickly; and Mary Rose's piece was so small that she could not go on without borrowing the pattern. Her canvas, in the corner where she had been working, looked limp and pulled; but, as she explained, 'Clara had made her count, and that took up time.'

Dr. Henderson came in at the end, asked them good humouredly if they repented of their undertaking; augured that he should see something beautiful when he came home, and wished them good-bye as they went off their several ways, Clara alone remaining.

'I wonder how few I shall find done!' sighed Mrs. Henderson. 'I have no trust in anybody but you and that good Fenella.'

'Oh, by-the-by, Alice Cox begged me to tell you that her governess is going to have a month's holidays in a fortnight, in case anyone should give out,' said Clara.

'Poor Alice! she will leave nothing undone for want of asking! Well, if anyone breaks down, I leave you at liberty to transfer the work to her, Clara; but what I expect is that no one will honestly give up, they will only not persevere. And a happy state shall we be in!'

(To be continued.)

A TWELFTH-DAY KING;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF FRENCH LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER III.

'Willst du genau erfahren was sich ziemt,
So frage nur bei edlen Frauen an!'

Goethe.

When the banquet was over, the little king was asked by some of the knights and nobles, who condescended to act as his attendants, whether it was his good pleasure that they should attend him to the court-yard, there to witness a mystery which was to be performed by the Duke's own company of actors, on a temporary stage erected for the purpose. To this he assented with a very good grace, for he thought to himself that it would doubtless be a brave show; and so in truth it was, though strange and irreverent would it appear in the eyes of a little boy of our own days. The subject represented was the Adoration of the Magi; and there were several scenes, in which the three wise men were shown, first, as setting out on their journey, then as conversing with Herod, and finally, as kneeling in lowliest worship before the Infant Saviour in His manger-cradle. They were all in splendid garb; and one of them was black as ebony—in accordance with tradition—and so fantastically arrayed, that at his first appearance Jean very nearly laughed. He was fully interested for a while, but at length got tired of the long grave speeches which were uttered by the various holy personages, and of the prosings of Herod and the Scribes; being too young to appreciate the beautiful quaint pieces of wisdom and piety which were scattered here and there through the dialogue, and too heedless to grasp the true meaning of the performance.

He was not sorry, therefore, when it came to an end, and games of various kinds began, which lasted through the remainder of the afternoon, at least, till the serving of a second banquet, which was hardly less sumptuous than the first.

Nothing had been said as yet of what was to become of the little king afterwards, or what school he was to attend; he was treated with homage and reverence—albeit of a playful kind—almost as if he had been a real sovereign: his wishes were consulted, his amusement studied, and not until sundown was he made to remember that the splendid pageant in which he was taking part was *but* a pageant after all. It was hard to him then to feel that the short day of triumph and splendour was over, and that he must put on his own shabby clothes, and turn into a poor

child again. The red lips pouted, and the bright eyes looked woeful, as the young lords, who were acting as his valets, conducted him to the tiring-chamber, and took off from him his gorgeous mantle and necklace of curious workmanship; and when they began to unfasten his robe of crimson silk there was something very like a struggle.

'Quiet, then!' said one of his attendants, giving him a little shake; 'you have had your day of pleasure, so do not be ungrateful enough to turn unruly now.'

'They do not shake kings!' said the child passionately; 'and I am still a king while I have the crown on!'

'Then that matter is soon settled,' answered a page, laughing, and putting out his hand to snatch the crown off; but Lord Louis prevented him.

'Be not so hasty, Raymond,' he said gently, 'it would be ill done of us to send the child away in tears, when my noble father meant that this day should be all gladness to him.—Look you here, Jean, you shall come and see us again to-morrow, and shall dine at the Duke's own table, for such is his pleasure, and be sure he will feast you well. Then if your mother will come to fetch you, a purse of money shall be given her for your use, and you shall be sent where you may get good store of learning. So now be docile, and put on this strong new suit of clothes which my father has allowed me to give you in place of the old ones you doffed this morning. See! will not this keep the cold out?' And he held up smilingly a little coat of frieze, common enough in comparison with those garments of mimic royalty which Jean had just been wearing, but good of its kind, and the most suitable garb for a boy of his class.

Jean had ceased to struggle, but was pouting and mournful still; and when Louis took the crown off, and laid a gentle hand on the ermine collar of his tunic, great tears of mortification rose to his eyes. It had not been so with the last year's king, for he was a timid sickly child, who had been more frightened than pleased at having to act a royal part, and was glad enough to turn into his own humble self again; and some of the play-monarchs of preceding years had enjoyed the day like a game, had really played at being king, and thought it no more than natural that their pleasant play should end when bed-time came; so Jean's resistance was wholly unexpected. It was not, therefore, wonderful that the young noblemen, who had been seeking only amusement, were surprised and annoyed at his sullenness, and disposed to send him away as quickly as might be; though they might well have felt rebuked by the greater kindness and forbearance of the Duke's young son, who, even in his mirth, remembered that his father had designed this yearly fête as a work of charity—'done for the love and reverence of God,' as the chronicler says—and that it would be a pity an action thus charitably intended should prove hurtful to its object.

'What is it grieves you?' he said, stooping down, and looking kindly in the little indignant face. 'You should leave it to women to care for

gauds, such as dress and the like; my father's valiant friend, the great Maréchal de Boucicaut, says it is unworthy of a Christian man to be curious in his attire or in his fare.'

'Ah, but I should like to be a real king,' said the child proudly. 'I do not want to be a poor boy, as I was before.'

'Yes; but that is your own rightful station; and remember that our good Lord so glorious, who was reigning as a great King in Heaven, did yet for our sakes lay aside His glory, and come to earth as a poor child, clad in common clouts, and lying in a manger.'

'Louis speaks like a very clerk!' said his cousin, the page Raymond, who was being trained up in the Duke of Bourbon's household according to the custom of the time; but the companion whom he addressed answered in a low tone, 'I cannot mock at his devotion, it is so like that of the holy saints, whose lives are read to us on fête days; and Maitre Pierre de Chantelle says that such early wisdom is a mark of chiefest grace.'

So little Jean thought, too, though he could not have put it in such words. He gazed with wondering reverence at the young noble, who spoke so like a priest, and listened patiently to his words, associating them with the waxen figure he had seen at Notre Dame that day. 'But the Babe had a white robe sprinkled with stars,' said he; 'I marked it well in the church this morning; and a golden ring all round His head that looked well-nigh like a crown.'

'Yes, the good priests put that rich garb on His waxen semblance in token of reverence,' said Louis; 'but do not think our dear Lord Himself had any such bravery. His blessed mother was a poor woman; and her husband, St. Joseph, laboured as a common carpenter. Did you not know that?'

'I had heard it, methinks.'

'But now you will remember it? Ay, I am sure you will.'

'Yes, truly I shall,' said Jean; 'and I shall tell it to my father, for I think he must have forgotten it too.'

This naïve remark, and its unconscious significance, made the young men laugh. They were glad that Jean had recovered his good-humour, and watched him with not unfriendly amusement as he now took off with his own hands the silken coat, and contentedly put on the garments of frieze.

'I thank you, my Lord,' he said, looking up brightly at Louis when his toilette was completed, 'and I thank everybody for my happy day.'

'Ah, that is spoken like your own blithe little self,' was the cordial answer. 'Now, farewell for a while, but be sure you come again to-morrow at ten.'

'Give you good even, my Lord, and you Lords all,' said the little fellow, making a respectful salute to the whole company in the way his mother had taught him.

'Good even, little one,' they responded; and Louis called to the

servitor who had been Jean's friend from the first, and who was now about to accompany him home, saying, 'Take care of the child, Eustache, and see him safe to his mother, and tell her that he has acquitted himself right well.'

This was welcome news to Marie, who had passed the day in a mixture of joy and fear—joy at her son's good fortune, and anxiety lest he should anger the kind duke, and injure his own prospects by some piece of childish misbehaviour. She greeted him joyfully on his return, and willingly consented to his going to the Hotel Bourbon again the next day, promising herself to fetch him from thence in the afternoon, as Lord Louis had directed.

So when dinner was served the next morning in the great hall, little Jean, in the homely but neat dress which his patron had given him, was among the guests, and was allowed to take his place at the table of honour, not far from the Duke himself, though, in general, even visitors of the noblest birth were not permitted this privilege, as the Duke was not fond of being talked to at dinner, and usually had none near him, says his biographer, but the esquires who waited on him and carved for him, and Baudequin Mesclin, his good maitre d'hotel, who provided for all his needs. There were many guests present that day, for the Bourbon hospitality was well known; and the same biographer tells us, that during the King's attacks of illness, all those who visited the palace, and found that Charles was too ill to hold his court, and that no preparation had been made for their entertainment, were accustomed to say, 'Come and let us dine at the hotel of the Duke of Bourbon, we shall be welcome there,' a suggestion which seems to have been unhesitatingly acted on; 'dont le duc,' we are told, 'estait moult joyeux.' Nothing more kindly and unaffectedly cordial than his greetings to his guests could be imagined; and great was his care that they should be well placed and luxuriously served, though he himself ate and drank but in frugal measure, observing the rules of self-denial, which he and his hardy companion in arms, the gallant Boucicaut, had long ago set themselves.

Jean was not so bewildered by the various dishes as he had been on the preceding day, and being now only the humblest guest present, instead of the little King of the Feast, was less noticed, and had more leisure for listening and looking about him. I am not sure that he quite sympathized with his host's taste for having the 'gestes' of 'the most renowned princes, formerly Kings of France,' read aloud during dinner, nor that the work selected on this particular occasion, Christine de Pisan's 'Livre des Faicts et des Bonnes Mœurs du grand Roi Charles V.,' struck him as particularly interesting, though it was considered one of the literary masterpieces of the age, and was listened to by his friend Lord Louis with the brightest attention. Still there were some grand bits about feats of arms which caught his ear now and then, and he marvelled much to hear it said by one who sat near him that the writer

was a lady, a fair and courtly dame, who had sometimes honoured that very table with her presence.

When dinner was over, and grace had been said by Maitre Pierre de Chantelle, the Duke's chaplain, many of the guests bade a courteous farewell to their entertainer, and went away, while others remained, and gathered round the fire, discussing the news, the Duke meantime giving audience to any person who chose to come and speak with him, whether to prefer a petition or for any other cause. Even the poor people, who had been waiting in the court-yard to receive the broken fragments of the meal, were freely allowed access to him if they had aught for his hearing; and while these and others came and went, Jean was permitted to sit on a little stool at the Duke's feet, and watch what passed. Some minds, even at eight years old, are quick to catch impressions from what they see; and not all his father's representations of the selfishness, avarice, and cruelty of the whole race of the nobility, had gone so far to convince Jean, as did now the sight of the courtesy, charity, and kindness of 'Louis the Good' go towards impressing him with a conviction to the contrary.

Presently his own turn came to be addressed, for the crowd of applicants had at length dispersed; and turning to him, the Duke said mildly, 'Now, my little one, we must think of *your* welfare, and my trusty maitre d'hotel shall make a quête for you among my knights and squires. See, here are forty livres to begin the collection, and the money shall be given to your good mother to maintain you at school, so that you may not need to work for your livelihood, but may get thoroughly instructed, and become a wise and learned man.'

'I do not want to go to school,' said Jean, twisting himself round so as to look up in his patron's face, having forgotten to rise when the Duke addressed him; 'I should like to be allowed to play till I am old enough to go to the wars; there is no use in crabbed books.'

'Hush, you are speaking foolishly now,' said the Duke chidingly; 'there is *great* use in books, as even *I* know, though my store of learning is but small compared with what you may acquire if you will. My good chaplain can tell you how much profit learning brings to those who are diligent in their studies.' And he looked round for his beloved confessor, who was standing not far from him.

'You have much to learn indeed, my son,' said the priest, drawing nearer, 'since you have not even been taught to stand when your superiors speak to you,'—Jean reddened, and started up,—'but I suppose I should rather speak to you of the pleasantness of the learning which may be found in books. Now, while you are so little and childish I dare say nothing seems to you so pleasant as play, but you must take it on trust that there are higher pleasures than that; and hereafter, when by diligence you have mastered the first difficulties of learning, you will know the keen delight of drinking in new stores of wisdom day by day.'

'And God has given you a bright wit, methinks,' said the Duke, 'so if you will but use it, knowledge will come easier to you than to those by nature dullards. At any rate, learn you must, and so I counsel you to learn cheerfully,' he ended, with a smile.

Jean had so seldom heard a 'must' that he did not feel its force as much as many children would have done; but instinct told him that it would be vain as well as wrong to bandy words with the Duke, and he remained rather sulkily silent.

'I had thoughts of getting you admitted into the "Collége des Bons Enfans," in the Rue St. Victor,'—continued Duke Louis.

'I think, Sire, he is almost more fit for a "Collége des Mauvais Enfans," if there be such an one!' interposed the Count of Clermont, with a laughing glance at Jean's sullen face; but his father went on without noticing the interruption, 'However, as I hear you have a good mother, who has no other child, and can ill spare you, I think it will be better for you to attend the day-school held by the Brothers of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.'

'Then I need not leave my mother? Oh, thanks, Monseigneur!' cried the child, with glistening eyes, all his sullenness vanishing.

'No, you can bide with her for the present, at any rate, and need but quit her side for a few hours each day. Now are you content?'

'Ay, it is not so bad now,' said the little fellow, nodding. As much as to say, 'I can bear it, since I am not to be shut up all day long with the monks and the books, and away from my parents and my play.'

'Very well; then take the hand of my good maitre d'hotel, and go round with him, and see what you can get,' said the Duke, with a smile.

Jean obeyed, yielding his little fat hand confidingly to the hearty grasp of Baudequin Mesclin, who led him round the circle, holding out a silver cup to receive the gratuities of each in turn. The knights gave a franc apiece, or sometimes more, and the squires half a franc, so by the time the quête was ended a hundred francs had been collected; and when the forty livres given by the Duke had been added to the contents of the cup, and Baudequin began to count it over previous to depositing it in a stout leathern bag, Jean looked on in speechless wonder and delight, thinking to himself, 'Now my mother and father shall have nice new clothes like mine, and I will get my mother to have roast capons for dinner always, like those I ate of yesterday.'

'My sister Isabelle wishes to see the child, Sire; may I take him to my mother's bower-room awhile?' said Louis, now coming forward and addressing his father.

'Yes, you may take him; but bring him with you into the chapel for the office of Nones. His mother will come for him after that,' was the reply.

So Jean was taken to the saloon, where the Duchess of Bourbon, her little daughter Isabelle, and the Countess of Clermont, sat at work with

their bower-maidens. Two pages were in waiting at the door, and another—the Duke's nephew, before mentioned—was sitting on a cushion at the Duchess' feet, singing a ballad about a preux chevalier, who had been fortunate enough to rescue a fair lady who had been taken captive by a giant. After the momentary interruption, caused by the entrance of Louis and his protégé, the song went on as before; and Jean found it so charming, that when it was ended he cried out eagerly, 'Oh, sing something else!'

The ladies-in-waiting looked intensely scandalized; and Louis blushed as if he himself had been guilty.

'Hush, little malapert, none sing here but at my lady-mother's request,' said he. 'Pardon him, gracious Mother, for I am sure he meant no harm.'

'These are ill times, in which even babes do forget the respect due to their superiors,' said the Duchess, sighing; 'it was not so when I was young; but indeed, I have ever thought that the simple folk of our Dauphiny of Auvergne, among whom I lived then, were wiser in all good and mannerly lore than the sharper-witted people of this turbulent city.'

'Yet our Parisians can be the most courteous of all people when they will, dear Mother,' answered Louis respectfully; 'and this child here is going to be a right well-ordered, grave, and learned man some day, for my noble father is going to send him to school, and he is to be trained up for the priesthood. I brought him here that Isabelle might see him.'

'What a bright face he has!' said Isabelle, glad of an excuse to lay down the tapestry-work which she—being but twelve years old, and full of spirits—sometimes found rather wearisome. 'Prythee, Cousin Raymond, fetch me my box of raspberry confection from yonder table. I dare say the little one is fond of sweets.'

It was a kind of dried sweetmeat, composed of raspberry juice, honey, and some other ingredients, and allowed to harden till it could be taken up in the fingers, like our modern sugar-plums; Jean was nothing loth to partake of it, and was allowed to sit down on a mat by the fire to munch it at his leisure, while Isabelle asked her brother to play a game at chess with her.

'Nay, nay, Isabelle, do not be so idle,' said the Duchess; 'come back to your work.—And you, Louis, see if you can repeat to us those good verses of Eustache Deschamps,' which we strove to teach you a week ago.'

Both the young people did as they were bid; and the graceful Louis drew himself up into an attitude of most respectful attention, as, standing before his mother, he repeated—

'Vous qui voulez l'ordre de Chevalier,
Il vous convient mener nouvelle vie;
Devotement en oraison veillier,
Pechié fuir, orgueil et villainie:

L'église devez deffendre,
La veuve aussi l'orphelin entreprendre,
Estre hardis, et le peuple garder:
Prodoms loyaux sanz rien de l'autruy prendre,
Ainsi se doit Chevalier gouverner.
* * * * * *
Comme jadis fist le roy Alexandre.'

'You are a right good pupil, Louis,' said his sister-in-law, the Countess, 'now Raymond here cannot even remember the two short couplets which I tried to teach him at the same time.'

'I know it began "Chevaliers en ce monde cy," dear Lady,' said Raymond, with something very like a yawn, 'and I know it was to the same purport as most of the other rhymes I have learnt since I came to my uncle's, which all go to prove that a good knight must be a saint and a warrior rolled into one.'

'You will be neither the one nor the other if you do not improve,' was the spirited reply. 'I saw you laugh and shrug your shoulders when my gracious father-in-law was quoting yesterday those noble words, that "the lands of kings and knights have been given to them in order that they may defend the people."'

Her brilliant eyes were full of reproach; but Raymond answered lightly, 'Ah, now you have brought back those couplets to my memory! Do not say I cannot remember them, for thus they run—

"Chevaliers en ce monde cy
Ne peuvent vivre sans soucy;
Ils doivent le peuple defendre
Et leur sang pour le Foy espandre."

only you know I like those lines about "Anges de Paradis" much better, for my homage goes ever to the ladies.'

'Ah, those were written for the tournament which was held at St. Denis, in the year 1389,' said the Duchess.

'And you sat there smiling sweetly, gracious Aunt, did you not? while the minstrels sang—

"Servants d'amour, regardez doucement
Aux échaffauts Anges de Paradis;
Lors jouterez fort et joyeusement,
Et vous serez honorés et chéris."

I forget the rest; but, oh! would that I had been one of the knights to whom that was addressed, and could have broken a lance in your honour!'

'You were not born then, child,' said the Duchess rather dryly; but Isabelle cried gaily, 'You shall break a lance for me some day, Cousin, only I will not have you for my knight unless you are full holy and brave, as well as great in gallantry.'

'I wonder if Eric the Pomeranian is all that!' whispered saucy Raymond.

Isabelle blushed and bridled, for this Eric was her affianced husband, the King of Denmark and Norway; she had lately been betrothed to him, and the marriage was to be celebrated so soon as she should be of age sufficient.

'Do not whisper, it is not a courteous custom,' said the Countess of Clermont gently, having caught the sound, though not the sense, of her young cousin's remark.

Jean meantime said nothing, but thought the more. He seemed to be engrossed in stroking and fondling a beautiful dog which lay on the mat near him, but in reality he was listening attentively, and learning a good deal without knowing it. He had been used to be unruly with his mother, because, as she was a woman and gentle, he saw no necessity for minding her; but here, in the Duke of Bourbon's household, he found women the chief teachers of right sentiments and courteous ways, and great lads of fourteen and fifteen content to be taught by them, and to obey them. He had thought, too, that knights and nobles lived only to enjoy themselves, to fight and feast; and now he found that the knights themselves were taught a very different view of their duty. '"To guard the people, to help the widows and orphans,"—I must tell my father that the fair young lady in the great grand head-dress teaches the pages that knights must do all that,' said he to himself. 'I like that lady—she has a lovely face; but I think she they call the Duchess looks somewhat crabbed. I am sure those pages by the door must be afraid of her, for they never say anything. How young one of them is! not so very much bigger than me: and I remember now that he rode beside her litter yesterday, and that the master of the pages called out to him that he must keep close, for if he rode away, as he had done before, he should be whipped! They do not live here in the palaces at all as I thought; the boys cannot even do as they like as much as I can myself.'

These reflections were cut short by a summons to the chapel; and Jean was again surprised to find that all the household assembled to hear the sacred office, and that even the youngest of the damoiseaux was expected to be quiet and attentive. He would not have found it thus in all titled families, for in some the very spirit of misrule prevailed, and in others all religious duties were gone through impatiently as a piece of tiresome formalism, necessary merely for appearance sake; but fortunately his one experience of life in a noble family happened to be a bright exception to the general fashion of those corrupt days, and a spirit of cheerful sincere piety pervaded the Bourbon household, which could not fail to have its effect even on a passing guest.

When he went afterwards with the Duke into the hall, he found his mother waiting at the door for him; and it may easily be imagined with what modest gratitude she thanked his noble host for the kindness shown to him, and with what joy she received the news that he was to be but a day-scholar at the school of St. Germain, and would not therefore be separated from her entirely.

'Your son has been welcome, most welcome,' said the Duke with ready kindness, 'and I think he is one who will profit by what is done for him. With whom shall I bestow the money that has been gathered for him? Have you the means of keeping it safely, good woman?'

'No, I should fear lest it might be robbed from me, Monseigneur; but there is a good priest—Father Ambrose by name—who has befriended me often, and I doubt not he will be gracious enough to keep it safe for my Jean in the treasury of his monastery, and give me out what is needed from time to time.'

'That is a wise plan of yours, and no doubt Father Ambrose will prove a careful treasurer. You must be sure to take all that is needed for your son's maintenance, so that he may not have to work for his living, nor you to toil the harder on his account. And now, good-day to you and to him; I trust he will be diligent, and grow up a learned man and a holy, so that he may be a comfort and an honour to you and your husband when you are getting into years.'

'Shall not I ever see you again, nor Lord Louis, who has been so kind to me, Monseigneur?' faltered Jean, almost unwilling to go.

'Nay, I did not say so,' began the Duke; and Louis broke in eagerly, 'Oh, dear Father! grant me this boon, that I may send for the child now and then? It would grieve me not to see his merry face sometimes.'

'You shall not be grieved, my Louis,' said the Duke with anxious tenderness; 'your boon is granted, and doubtless on some of the fête days the child can be spared to come to you.'

'Oh, thanks, thanks! then I shall see you again, my Lord,' said the little fellow delightedly; and Louis answered, 'You have a warm heart, I perceive, and will not forget me, any more than I shall forget you. Good-day—good-day.'

Jean went away now quite happily, prattling to his mother, and to the servant who had been sent with them to carry the money. But two disappointments awaited him; his mother would not promise him roast capons for dinner, neither would she consent to buy clothes for herself and his father out of the money which had been given for his education and maintenance!

(To be continued.)

LILLA'S RELATIONS.

CHAPTER XI.

'Now, Miss Mary, I have brought you your tea at last. I am sure you must have wanted it this half hour; but you see, the bees swarmed, and I had to go and look after them.'

'Oh no, Serle, I was in no hurry; I am not at all hungry.'

'And you have not taken your wine! Two hours ago I sent it up to you, and the doctor's orders were so particular, *twice* a day, Miss Vivian!'

'I could not take it, indeed; I have not got over the head-ache the other gave me.'

'Head-aches is weakness.'

'But wine makes me feverish. Indeed, Serle, it does; I am not used to it.'

'I know very well, Miss Vivian, that your fever is all weakness. Why, the measles are quite gone now. You must really take it, or I shall speak to master.'

Serle gave the last threat in a severe voice, as if she expected it to have an immediate effect; then she added, 'But I will let you off this once, if you will sit up and have your tea.'

Mary Vivian sat up in bed, and submitted to have a shawl over her shoulders and a pillow at her back; but she turned away in disgust at the sight of what to a less sickly appetite would have been a most tempting arrangement of tea, toast, water-cress, &c.

'You must try, Miss Vivian—do; just a little bit. Would you like anything better? A little apricot preserve? No! Nor a piece of such beautiful fresh mackerel?'

'Thank you, no; I like this very much, only indeed I am not hungry. I have really had enough; look, I have eaten all this.'

'Do you think you would try and get up a little to-day? Mr. Wilcock said you might if you liked.'

'No, thank you; I don't want to get up.'

'Oh! and Mrs. Dickson sent over some beautiful strawberries, and she is coming to call and see you to-morrow. That will cheer you up a bit, Ma'am.'

'O Serle, I cannot see her in bed; please say I had rather not.'

'Why, you will be up to-morrow, Ma'am. I did not come up to you when the messenger came, for I fancied you might be dozing; so I sent a message to say I thought you would like it.'

Mary made no answer, but her face flushed, and tears stood, unperceived by Serle, in her eyes.

'How long Uncle Seyton is out!' said Mary, after a moment's pause.

'He said he should come in before church; it is nearly time now, and I must be going. Do you want anything first, Ma'am?'

'Will you give me that purple-covered book that stands at the window end of the row—not the last, but the third?'

'Is this it?' said Serle, going to the wrong end and taking up a green book—(One of Serle's few defects was that of never going by a description.)—this one?—No, is this it? Well, it is not here, Miss Vivian; I don't see it.'

'Oh yes, it is, *I* see it; the third from the window end. No, that is wrong—never mind, that one will do.'

So Serle, imagining she was right, gave her the very book she did not want, and left the room. Mary burst into tears as soon as she was gone.

We sometimes hear it said that illness draws out a person's real character more than any other thing—an assertion at the outset apparently true, but which on examination turns out to convey a half truth only. With more justice it is also said that illness acts differently on different characters. For instance, it would be hard, because Mary Vivian, gentle almost to a fault through all her life before, was pettish, hard to please, and inwardly (not outwardly) repining, under the measles, to say that her real character was only now displayed. Very often illness, on persons of opposite temperament, has a most opposite effect. One sees those who are by nature full of energy, activity, and strength, lie quietly, almost gladly, down, giving up objects, pleasures, pursuits, and cares, which seemed but a day or two before to engross all their life. In illness they lose, as if by magic, the impetuosity and irritability which has been perhaps cause of grief and sorrow to themselves and to their friends for years. For a time they give all up, and resigning themselves to drink the cup of suffering, they find an unexpected sweetness lurking there. But they are the same people still; and when health comes back once more, with its trials and its responsibilities, they too often find the same difficulties and troubles returning with it. Perhaps something of gentleness, or strength to fight, is left behind, the faint trace of all the 'sick-bed resolutions;' and perhaps, however slight, *some* little good may have been gained; but still the old battle has to be fought, the old work has to be re-commenced, just as if no one had ever said 'what a wonderful change sickness had worked in So-and-so.'

Mary was the very opposite to all this, and her illness had hitherto had a very different effect on her. Something must be put down to her circumstances. It is a very trying thing to pass, as she had done, from a family where she was looked on rather as an interloper and a burthen, to one where she was an honoured and much-considered guest. It would be apt to make even the best of us selfish, proud, and rebellious, when inevitable crosses came. The measles were a very hard cross to Mary's will. It had been delightful to her for the first week after the departure of the Paris party to go about with her uncle in the parish, and walk and talk, and run his messages, and visit his sick people, like his child. No one doubted that she had had the measles in childhood. Mr. Seyton had asked his sister-in-law when they came first to Woodleigh, and her answer was decidedly 'Yes;' the real fact being that, although Grace and Charles had had it, Mary through some accident had escaped.

The measles at Woodleigh this summer were like a plague—houses full of children, even grown people, were attacked by it; and an alarming proportion, specially amongst the latter, and the very little babies, died. Mary from the first had had them very lightly—lightly, that was, compared with many others, though sufficiently severely to feel intensely

miserable while the illness was at the worst, and wretchedly weak when it was passing away.

Mr. Seyton was obliged to do double work now. Illness brought poverty with it, and he was often out, either riding or walking, all day. Serle, too, was fully occupied in making soup and puddings, and going to see and advise and even help to nurse some of the patients; doing some of which work would have fallen on Lilla had she been at home. Thus it happened that during many hours of Mary's convalescence she was necessarily alone.

It would seem, at first sight, as if solitude, to one so used to it, and one who had been apt to wish rather for loneliness than uncongenial society, would scarcely be a very intolerable burthen. But loneliness in health, and during a convalescence, are very different things; voluntary solitude, and solitude which is in a measure enforced, tell very differently on the subject. She fell back into the morbid fancies of nobody loving her which she had indulged during her life with her aunt, and coated herself over with the reserve which her uncle thought he had succeeded in breaking through.

Poor Mary! she was very unhappy—how unhappy, no one but herself knew; for she never gave way to any great burst of impatience, as a less self-possessed person might have done; she did not complain of her pains and aches, nor did she resist remedies when it came to the point of their being seriously ordered; she contented herself with a half-injured, very meek tone, a sort of taking for granted that she was necessarily the last person in the house to be considered, and acquiescence in the fact that she felt very ill, and was a great deal worse than anyone else perceived or believed.

Four days before the present chapter opened, the little under-housemaid took to her bed, and was almost immediately in great danger; Mr. Seyton and the whole household were occupied with her state, and Mary, though not in the least neglected as to necessaries, had even less than before done for her in the way of amusing her tedious hours. Perhaps if she had really been altogether fanciful, a little neglect might have done her no harm; but in fact, her fancies about not recovering were the consequence of weakness telling on a delicate constitution which had hitherto escaped any serious shake. Once she had allowed a word of her thoughts to escape before Serle, and had been met with as much ridicule as a respectful nurse could possibly use. Mary from that moment had a deeply-injured feeling in her heart, which sometimes showed itself in a casual word or action; but she never mentioned the subject again, never above all to her uncle, who would have treated the idea more as it ought to be treated, with respect and gravity, and at the same time with common sense. Of course the more silent she kept, the more morbid she became, dwelling ever on that dim awful idea, with a sort of fascination, half of self-importance, and half of the pleasure of self-pity. Every little thing, however, was harassing and depressing to such a state of mind; sense of

neglect especially. Moreover, there was a most distracting gap in the book-shelf opposite the bed, Herbert's Poems and the Lay of the Last Minstrel having tumbled one against the other in consequence of the absence of the Golden Treasury, which someone had taken down and never replaced: when to all this was added the wrong book which Serle had given the patient, and the fact that she had left the room, summoned away in haste, without giving Mary some warm water to wash her hands, which she had asked for an hour ago, perhaps an invalid who had been confined to bed for ten days, and had been alone three hours, may be excused for a fit of crying such as Mary indulged herself with. Her tears soon spent themselves, and she tried to amuse herself as best she might with her book, although it was not the one she wished for. But the tears came back again every instant, not in passionate sobbing, but in irrepressible floods, brought back by some sentence she was reading; and they were flowing fast, when her uncle, receiving no reply to his repeated knocks, entered.

The Vicar of Woodleigh looked at least ten years older than when we last saw him. Heavy dark shadows were under his eyes; and watching, anxiety, and perhaps Lilla's unwonted absence, had put lines where they did not use to be. He was very anxious about many of his people, and his was a nature so intensely sympathetic, that his care for them affected him even physically.

His 'My dear Mary, are you feeling worse?' startled her. She would a great deal rather have suffered severe bodily pain than that he should have found her crying, and she felt at the moment that nothing should induce her to confess the cause. Really she could not have easily defined it, had she felt inclined; and she felt positively irritated at the soothing tone which a short time before had been so grateful to her ears. Why, when she particularly wished to be let alone, would he persist in asking her questions? It added to her irritation each instant that his gentle voice went on trying first one thing and then another, and she continued to repeat over and over again that it was nothing, till the tears came again with the effort, and from quiet crying she got to sobs before Mr. Seyton suspected that his anxiety was producing hysterics. What was to be done? Something very serious must be the matter, thought the Vicar. Had she had any bad news? had anyone been unkind to her? No answer, only a repetition of the violent choking sobs which shook the patient from head to foot; and he was going in despair to call for Serle, when Mary gasped out, 'Oh, do not—don't—I can't help it indeed. Stay with me, please—don't leave me.'

'Yes, dearest, I will stay. Quiet yourself—nay, do not; I must send for Serle if you cry.'

'Uncle, I will not; but do stay. I don't want to do wrong, indeed, but I cannot help it.'

'Shall I read to you? What were you reading? Poor child! you

cannot see; let me read;' and the Vicar took up the book she had had in her hand.

Common sense was regaining the mastery; the absurdity of crying because Serle had given her the wrong book struck her in such a very bright light, that she repressed with difficulty a great inclination to laugh.

'Ah,' said Mr. Seyton, 'Thomas à Kempis. But, my dear, you have the advantage of me, I cannot read him in French. What book have you here that I can read?' and he went towards her row of books.

'I cannot read much now,' said Mary. 'I am so stupid, I cannot understand.'

'I suppose French and English are equally easy to you in that way. It is weakness which makes you unable to understand; but do you find French a pleasant language for devotion?'

'No, not generally; but A Kempis I love in French, because I have always been accustomed to read him in it.'

'Well, I am no judge, for French is not a language I am familiar with at all; but I fancy I should dislike the exaggerated tone.'

'I wanted another book,' said Mary, sinking back into the plaintive mood from which she had half emerged, 'but Serle gave me A Kempis by mistake.'

'Have you the Lyra Apostolica?' said he, glancing along the tidy row in the sort of dreamy way which one is apt to have when looking for favourite books. 'Ah yes, here, I see;' and he drew out what he thought was it. 'Why, my dear, you have Charles's hymn-book here!' said the simple vicar wonderingly; 'I gave it him while he was ill.'

Mr. Seyton was so occupied in looking at the hymn-book, that he gave his niece time to recover herself a little before she had to reply to his remark; and he perceived nothing but weakness in the quivering voice which said, 'We exchanged. You know, Uncle, you gave me one at the same time, and he preferred the red binding to the purple.'

'Dear me, if I had had the least idea of that, I could quite as easily have given him a red one too. He should have told me that; however, it does not signify. I will write your name in this one too. Oh, I see he has put your initials himself. Now, my dear child, I will read you, if I can, to sleep; you are very flushed and feverish again.'

He read several hymns to her, and then came a summons for him, and he was obliged to leave her. Before going away, he said, 'Shall I leave you the hymn-book, dear Mary?'

'No, thank you, Uncle. Would you kindly lay it upon the drawers?'

He did so, and looking at her in a half-puzzled kindly way, went to baptize a dying baby, while Mary rang the bell at the head of her bed. Emma came, and Mary said she should like, if it was not giving too much trouble, to have a little of the arrow-root she had refused before.

Very willingly was it made, and daintily was it served; the great vexation in that house being that Mary could not be got to express a preference for anything to eat. When the cup was empty, and the little

handmaid, departing, made the customary inquiry, 'Can I do anything more for you, Ma'am, before I go?' the answer given almost briskly was, 'Oh, just before you go, hand me that book which lies upon the drawers.' The hymn-book was given, and a smile of satisfaction stole over Mary's face which could hardly be owing to anything soothing within the book, for she did not read it.

Either the arrow-root or the book had a good effect, for before five minutes were over Mary was asleep, and the hymn-book was under the bed-clothes, clasped tightly in her arms.

(To be continued.)

ROMAN THE READER.*

(A RUSSIAN CHURCH CONSECRATION.)

BY MADAME ROMANOFF.

Before attempting a sketch of the Consecration of a Church,† it is imperative to give a brief description of the building itself. I do not intend to speak of the large and magnificent cathedrals of the capitals and government towns, but of the ordinary churches of our smaller towns and villages. It must be remarked, however, that strictly speaking, every House of God intended for the form of worship called Pravoslavié is built according to the following general plan.

The Russian churches are principally and professedly built in the Byzantine style, but many seem to me to have no style at all. They have a rather long body, with a cupola over the east end, and the belfry at the west. Some churches have several belfries built at the corners, and small ones have their bells hung in a little tower on the top of the cupola. It is these belfries and cupolas that lend a feature completely Russian to the building. For the edification of some of my readers I may as well remark that the form of these cupolas resembles a Spanish onion, root upwards. Most of them are surmounted by a cross, and are frequently covered with bright metallic plates that shine in the sun.

The church is divided into three parts, the entrance, the body of the church where the people stand, and the altar place. This is in imitation of the Temple of Solomon, which was also divided into three distinct parts; besides which, it has other mystic meanings. There are no seats, and no possibility of sitting down for the ordinary church goer, however fatigued or weak in health he may be; unless, indeed, faintness compels him to make himself the object of general observation by resting

* See the Sketches of the Rites of the Greco-Russian Church in our former numbers.

† Owing to the Author's residence in Russia, we much fear that one or other of the technical terms may be left mis-spelt.

on any projections or steps that may present themselves to the sufferer. By making great friends with the beadles, I have known ladies in bad health, who were unwilling to forego the comfort of joining in the prayers of the Church, but who were unable to stand during the long services, having been accommodated with chairs behind the screens, where the readers and singers stand; but only in cases where the choristers sang in the gallery or choir. There is no organ in the Greco-Russian church, nor any instrumental music permitted in it.

The body of the church, then, presents the appearance of a vast empty hall, at the east end of which is an elevation of two steps in height, extending the whole width of the building; and at about two or three (or in large churches more) yards distant from the top step, is what I will call the altar screen; a slight wall, richly ornamented with pictures in silver, or plated *rizas*—that is, they are completely covered with metallic plates, chased and ornamented, which represent the clothing (Scl. *riza*) of the saint, and there are apertures left for the face, hands, and feet of the painting to be visible; before each are candlesticks or suspended lamps of immense size, capable of containing thirty or forty candles, which candles can be purchased from the sexton at the entrance. In this screen, which reaches to the roof of the building, are three doors. A large double one, composed of open gilt carvings, with small pictures introduced in them, is in the middle, and is called 'the Royal Gates;' and on either side, a small one called the Deacons' doors. It is behind the screen that the Priest stands during the Liturgy and other services; at times the Royal Gates are completely closed, and all possibility of the congregation seeing what is being done precluded by the drawing of a silken curtain (Symbol: the veil of the Temple) over the inner side thereof. The space behind the screen is called the Altar, and it occupies about the eighth of the length of the entire building. In it, immediately before the Royal Gates, stands a square table, which is called the Throne, and which is the altar in fact. On it are placed the Gospels, an immense volume richly bound in velvet or in silver gilt plates, and ornamented with enamel medallions of the Saviour and the Evangelists; a gold or gilt cross for the congregation to kiss, a sort of tiny catafalque with a little box in it for the Holy Elements, and a silk handkerchief in which is carefully wrapped the Antimius.

Beneath the Throne there is frequently a little box containing a portion of relics, in allusion to the passage in Revelation, vi. 9. This, however, is only in cases when the Archbishop himself consecrates the church in person, and not by deputy.

As I have before remarked, the Greco-Russian services are full of allusions and similitudes, which often seem very far-fetched, and in some instances rather incomprehensible. To enumerate one half, or one hundredth part of them, would weary my readers, and be a task of no small trouble to the laborious and enterprising person who should undertake it. But to impart an idea of these symbols, I will mention a few of

the inward and spiritual meanings of the last named appurtenance to the altar.

And first, the table itself represents various incidents connected with Jesus Christ; for instance, the Throne of the Almighty, Christ being One with the Father—the Table of the Last Supper—the Cross—the Sepulchre; but I think attention is drawn to it more in the last point of view than in the others. It has several coverings: the first, a white linen one, called the Sratchitza, is made in the form of a cross, the four ends hanging down, and covering the legs of the Throne to the very floor, and is in remembrance of the 'linen clothes' left by the Saviour in His Tomb on Easter morn. Another covering, of the same fashion as the Sratchitza, but made of some rich material, is called the Inditia, and represents 'the glory of God.' It is always as magnificent as means permit. The third article is the Iliton; it is the handkerchief before-mentioned, and reminds us of the 'napkin' which bound the head of our Lord, and which the Apostles Peter and John found 'wrapped in a place by itself.' It is always in a folded state, except at the time of the celebration of the Holy Sacrament, when it is spread out on the Altar, with the Antimius uppermost.

This Antimius, which is always kept wrapped up in the Iliton, is a small piece of silk or linen material about fifteen inches square, with a picture stamped on it, representing the burial of Christ by Joseph of Arimathea and the Holy Women. At the four corners are the busts of the Evangelists. Above and below is an inscription to the effect that i was in very deed consecrated by the Archbishop of the diocese, and that through it his blessing is conveyed to the whole building. A minute portion of relics, anointed with Holy Oil, is secured in a tiny bag or pocket, and sewn on that side of the Antimius which is turned to the east. Without an Antimius no church in Russia can exist; it cannot be consecrated without one, and until it is consecrated, Mass, *i. e.*, the celebration of the Holy Sacrament, cannot be performed.

A church ought to be consecrated by the Vladika himself; but as the immense distances of Russia render this frequently almost impossible, this plan of consecrating the Antimius empowers the Blagotchiny of a district to consecrate new churches in his own particular blagotchinié.

Besides the Throne, there is another table in the altar, at the north side, called the Altar of Sacrifice, on which are the Holy Vessels, and several other utensils, as they are called, which are unknown in the Anglican Church: for instance, the Spear (in remembrance of that which pierced the Saviour's side) used for cutting out little triangular morsels of bread for the Sacrament; the Star, which forms a sort of covering to the plate; the Spoon for administering the Sacrament; and other things. Besides these, to the extreme east wall is placed a chair, on which the Vladika alone can sit; on either side of it are, or are supposed to be, seats for twelve Priests—in allusion to the twelve Apostles.

The Priests put on their canonicals in the altar; but the various

garments, suitable for occasions of joy or woe, are kept in a vestry in the entrance, and brought by the Sacristan into the altar.

The greater part of the Liturgy is performed by the Priest in the altar, and one does not hear much that he says; the Deacon stands principally before the Royal Gates, with his back to the congregation. But there is so much movement in all the Greco-Russian services, that to denote the exact plan of their performance is almost impossible. Infants are anointed and baptized in the body of the church, facing the Royal Gates; (the font is moveable, and is brought from the corner where it usually stands;) the Sacrament is administered at the steps leading to the altar; Confession is performed in some private and remote corner of the building, face to face with the Priest. There are no confessionals. The Ordination of Priests takes place in the altar; Marriage is celebrated in the body of the church, with the Royal Gates open all the time; and the Burial Service chanted in the same place, the deceased lying with his head to the west, his feet to the east, and his face uncovered; except Priests, who are entirely hidden from view.

Roman had taken an intense interest in all that concerned St. Nicholas' Church, from the time he was made collector of the funds; and it increased to positive affection for the building as it approached its completion. And it was one of those churches that seem to win, by a secret charm, a greater congregation than others; its picturesque situation, the rippling rivulet that flowed from beneath the vaulted foundation of its altar, its remarkably sonorous and cheerful-toned bells, and the elegant and well-ordered adornments of its interior, combined to make it most attractive; besides which, the Priest, in whose town-district it happened to be, was a favourite; and the Protopope was half pleased, half jealous of the throngs that assembled when 'hours' and an acathistus were chanted there.

Offerings poured in from all sides; a rich merchant presented an elegant inditia; another, who had derived benefit, as he supposed, from the water of the spring when afflicted with inflamed eyes, gave the cup and plate; a former Governor of the Government of Q., who had recovered from a severe illness at Boogorki, had sent the bells from Slobodskoy. The ladies contributed various embroideries; and even the pupils of the artizans' girls' school sent in their mite in different articles of needlework necessary for the rites of their Church. During the three weeks that elapsed between Roman's return from the Government town, and the eventful day, he and his choir sang themselves almost hoarse in preparation for it. On the eve there were night-matins, and everything was prepared for the morrow's ceremony.

By seven o'clock the next morning the church began to fill. Nothing like tickets existed, nor was permission asked; it was open to all comers —that is, to all who could get in. The stanovoy, the peace-mediator,*

* *Mirovoy posrednik;* a new authority, established at the time of the Liberation. He is supposed to be the go-between of the Nobles and the Peasants.

and the 'head' or peasant-representative of the law for the workmen, a respectable and it would seem too mild a man for his office, had hard work to maintain order; everybody wanted the best place, and the best place was the altar, which from the first had been crowded to the utmost with ladies, to whom it was open for the last time, and who were anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity.

The Antimius, placed on the Plate and covered with the Star and a little piece of embroidery called the Veil, lay on a little reading desk to the right hand side of the Royal Gates, opposite the picture of Christ. On a large table in the middle of the church were the Cross, the Holy Oil, the coverings for the Altar-Throne, and all the Sacred Vessels for the Altar of Sacrifice, with a similar Inditia to that for the Throne. An immense candle in an immense candlestick stood at each corner of the table.

The first thing each Priest does on coming into the Altar of the Church about to be consecrated, is to dress himself, or rather to suffer himself to be dressed by the Sacristan (generally one of the Readers) in his full canonicals, five in number, which are as follows:— (Each article is kissed and signed with the Cross before the wearer puts it on.)

First. The alb, a sort of frock with loose sleeves: donned with these words, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, who clotheth me in the garment of Salvation.'

Secondly. The cuffs: the right hand one is laced with these words, 'The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence: the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass.' The left one with 'Thy hands have made me and fashioned me: O give me understanding that I may learn Thy commandments.'

Thirdly. The belt. 'Blessed be the Lord, who girdeth me with strength, and maketh my path undefiled.'

Fourthly. The stole. 'Blessed be God, who hath poured His grace on His priests.'

Fifthly. The chasuble, or upper garment. 'Thy priests, O Lord, are decked with health, and Thy saints shall rejoice and sing.'

There is also a sixth article, called the Epigonation, which is bestowed for long and faithful service, and consequently is not worn by the younger priests. It is of no use, apparently, being merely a square stiff thing made of brocade, about nine inches long and six broad: it is trimmed with gold fringe, and with an embroidered cross in the middle; strings are sewn to the upper corners, and secure it to the shoulder of the wearer. The ejaculation used when this is put on is, 'Gird Thee with Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Thou most Mighty!' It dangles at the side.

The Russian name for the Epigonation signifies *something worn on the thigh.*

On the occasion of a Consecration, the Priests put on a long apron of

peculiar fashion, made of white calico, and long wide sleeves of the same material, fastened with running tapes at the wrist and above the elbow; this is to protect their canonicals from injury during the ensuing operations.

When all the Priests are assembled and vested, they leave the altar by the left hand Deacons' door, and proceed to the table in the body of the church. Each holds a lighted candle in his hand, and so do the Deacons, Readers, and congregation. The Protopope, who in this case performed the part of the Archbishop, began the service by chanting the moleben for Lammas Day, followed by the Benediction of the Water; which done, he and the other priests, eight in number, carried the table with all the things on it, through the Royal Gates, which till then had been closed, into the altar.

Now they begin to wash the Throne; sprinkling it plentifully with holy water, and rubbing it with soap and sponges.* Not a fibre of the wood is left unwashed; within, without, underneath, and round about, they rub, splash, and wipe dry. After this, four large nails are driven into the corners, with stones, thus fastening the thick top of the table to its legs; and the holes made for the heads of the nails are filled up with voskomastica, a mixture of wax, mastic, incense, and powdered marble, melted together. This is in remembrance of the 'spices and ointments' that the holy women prepared for the Body of Jesus. The superfluous voskomastica is scraped away with knives prepared for the purpose. Perfumes are then poured on the table, mingled with holy water, and wiped away; also red wine, in the form of a cross; after which the wood is rubbed as perfectly dry as is possible.

The chanting of the 145th, 23rd, and 84th Psalms, by the choir, accompanies these ablutions.

They then take the Sratchitza, sprinkle it with holy water, and put it on the Throne, tying it extremely smooth and tight by a thick cotton cord, bound three times round the table in a dent made for the purpose in the thick board; this is covered with the Inditia, while the choir sings the 93rd Psalm.

The ladies are now requested to leave the altar; and the Holy Gospels, the Cross, and the other things before mentioned, are removed from the table to the Throne, each being previously sprinkled with holy water, and carefully wiped.

The same washing, driving the nails, and filling in the dents, is repeated with the Altar of Sacrifice, the covering put on it, the Holy Vessels placed there, and covered with a brocade cloth. The sprinkling of the walls and floors of the altar follows; which when done, the High Priest says,

'Let us depart in peace!'

* These are sent in great quantities by religious families, and are reclaimed after the ceremony: they are supposed to be beneficial in sickness. The candle end that remains is carefully kept as a remedy for tooth-ache.

The junior Priests take the Holy Water, the Gospels, the Cross, &c. The readers, sextons, and beadles, and the more devout of the people, take the church banners and the principal pictures. The High Priest, having waved incense towards the Antimius, takes it reverently in both hands, plate and all, (having delivered the censer to the Deacon) and holding it on his head, moves forwards towards the west door, forming the head of the procession. The second Priest sprinkles the wall and the people as they go round the church, the choir singing all the time this Tropar.

'On the rock of Faith, O Holy Lord, is Thy Church founded, in which our prayers are offered to Thee. Receive Thy people, who cry to Thee in faith! Save us, O Lord our God! save us!

'Glory to Thee, O Christ our Lord, the praise of the Apostles and the joy of Thy Martyrs! By them wert Thou confessed in the Holy Trinity!'

When they get round to the west door again, they stop in the entrance, with their faces towards the door, which is shut. Half of the choristers have remained inside, and are stationed near the door.

High Priest. 'Blessed be Christ our God, always, now, henceforth, and for ever!'

Choir (inside the church.) 'Amen.'

High Priest. 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.'

Choir (in the church.) 'Who is the King of glory?'

(These quotations from the 24th Psalm are repeated three times.)

Deacon. 'Let us pray to the Lord!'

All the Choristers. 'Lord, have mercy upon us!'

Then the High Priest reads, still in the entrance, a long and beautiful prayer; which is succeeded by a shorter one, called the Entrance Prayer:

'O Lord God our Governor, who had ordained estates in Heaven, and hosts of Angels and Archangels to serve Thy glory, grant that our entrance may be like unto the entrance of Holy Angels, who with us serve Thee, and with us praise Thy Goodness!

'For it is very meet to give Thee all praise and honour and worship; to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; now, henceforth, and for ever.'

All the Choristers. 'Amen.'

High Priest. 'The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of glory!'

Choir (in the church.) 'The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of glory!'

(Also repeated three times.)

The door is then opened, and the procession enters and proceeds again to the altar through the Royal Gates. Here the High Priest places the Antimius on the Throne, and lays on it the Holy Gospels, and having waved incense says another prayer, in a loud voice, he and all the clergy and congregation, on their knees. He then takes the Cross, and standing

before the Royal Gates at the top of the steps, with his face towards the people, signs with it three times on the east, south, west, and north; the Deacon waving the censer all the time, and the choir singing, 'Lord have mercy upon us,' each time that the High Priest signs.

The kissing of the Cross immediately follows, first by the clergy, and then by as many of the people as can make their way to the steps. Another Priest stands by the one who holds the Cross, and sprinkles each one as he kisses the Cross, a Deacon or Reader holding the vessel of holy water.

The Consecration was immediately followed by Mass; and the Priest whose district it was preached a short sermon, simple and very much to the purpose. Among other things, he invited the congregation to Confession, to the Table of the Lord, to bring their children to be baptized and be married. He did not, however, allude to the possibility of performing requiems or the burial service in that bright cheerful House of God—why sadden that joyful day? One of the choristers, a wag in his way, nudged Roman, and called his attention to the omission: he got nothing but contemptuous silence for an answer; but Roman could not help thinking, who would be the first to be buried or married here?

Nearly six hours' service fatigued both priests and people. At two o'clock, the merchant who had given the Inditia entertained the clergy at a handsome dinner; but it had scarcely come to a conclusion, when the sweet sermon bell of St. Nicholas announced that it was time for vespers; and Father Peregrin and Roman left the scene of festivity to perform them. For a whole week the Antimius lay unfolded on the Throne, and every day full service, Matins, Mass, and Evensong, were performed; and each with the assistance of Roman.

The brief lovely summer of Russia in those latitudes had arrived. Under Father Ivan's directions, Roman was preparing with feverish ardour for Deacon's Orders. He was beginning to think, too, that he must seek for a wife, but at present he had not met with anybody likely to suit him: the wife he wanted would indeed have been a wonder—should he eventually find her. He required her to be pious, wise, kind, industrious, affectionate, and lively; something of a scholar too, a good housewife, and an agreeable hostess; sufficiently well looking to excite his own admiration, and a neat dresser!

He had not seen his mother since he had been ordained, and a letter from Nadia informed him that she had been ill, and that she wished extremely to see her son. He obtained permission to leave Boogorki for a week; and as he had but very little cash, he set out on foot. He had heard of a very charming Deacon's daughter at a village a little out of the road to Elenovka, and he contrived to get a commission to her father from one of his brother Readers, who was related to the Deacon in question, by way of introduction.

He arrived at the village purposely late in the evening; and having

refreshed himself with a good night's rest in the hayloft of the peasant at whose house he supped, he made himself as beautiful as his costume permitted, and presented himself at the Deacon's house. The young girl was not at home! she had gone with her mother at an early hour into the fields to pull up the flax.

What was to be done? He was rather disappointed, but at any rate he had become acquainted with the tyatinka, which was half the battle.

It was one of those burning hot days in July which have no parallel in Great Britain. The early morning was hot enough, but from noon to six o'clock it was overpowering, especially in the open country—in fields of rye just ready for harvest, barley, and buckwheat. Roman was thankful when, at about one o'clock, he reached a small and almost deserted hamlet, all the able-bodied inhabitants of which were occupied in the fields. With some difficulty he found an old woman, left in charge of a whole generation of little grandchildren, whom he persuaded to give him a meal; after which he lay down in a comparatively cool corner, and fell into a heavy sleep. It was still a burning glowing afternoon when he awoke, undecided whether he was the better for the nap or not; but he knew that he had still about twenty-two versts before him, and there was nothing to be done but to push forwards; so he bathed his heavy head with some cool well-water, which he drew for himself, besides several pairs of buckets for his hostess, and set forth again on his journey.

The road became more and more familiar to him, and his heart was full of joy and peace as he trudged along, recognizing now a bridge, now a distant hamlet, now the hay-stack of a neighbour at Elenovka—all of which served as it were as landmarks, and showed him the distance he had still to travel. Instead of its becoming cooler towards evening, the air seemed to get more and more oppressive, dark clouds appeared in the distance, and rumblings—Roman could hardly decide whether of thunder or of somebody passing over a wooden bridge in a country cart—began to be heard. He did not care being wetted to the skin if the rain should come—indeed, he rather fancied the idea of such a shower-bath; meanwhile, the stillness that precedes a violent thunder-storm became overpoweringly oppressive, and the rumblings increased to claps, preceded by vivid flashes of lightning, and accompanied by a violent hot wind. Roman redoubled his pace; it was now nearly five hours since he had partaken of his very frugal meal of chopped onions and kvass, with black bread, at the deserted hamlet; and he began to muse on creature comforts at his mother's house—of a swim in the river, and of a quiet *tête-à-tête* with Nadinka at the open window, when the Deaconess should have gone to bed.

'Lord, have mercy on me!' he exclaimed, crossing himself; and a blinding flash flew past him, followed instantaneously by a deafening peal of thunder. He was passing through a field of buck-wheat in full flower, the pretty pink and white blossoms showing like snow in harvest-time.

He looked around him for something approaching to shelter, but the vast plain was bounded on all sides by distant forest of various aspects, and only here and there a solitary tree relieved the flatness of the scene; his heart beat high, and a chill of alarm ran through his veins. During a momentary cessation of the thunder, the church bells of Elenovka were distinctly heard, wafted by a dusty gust of wind; their sound rejoiced and calmed the traveller.

'The Angel of the Lord tarrieth about them that fear Him!' he said aloud, as his trembling hand made 'the sign of man's redemption' over his pallid face and heaving breast; but before it had made the last movement over his heart, that heart beat for the last time. . . . . Roman fell to the ground, struck dead by lightning.

'By the Grace of God!'

* * * * * *

'Lord, have mercy on our sins! Ah! thou most holy Queen of Heaven! merciful Micholaï! Here's a sin, a sin! Lord! teach me what to do! Batioushka! Roman Dmitrievitch!' cried the Elenovka miller, who was the first to pass by after *that* flash. An abundant and refreshing rain had fallen, and the sun was again shining in gentler splendour on the delicate flowers of the buck-wheat, and sparkling in the drops that lay in their tiny cups. Roman was lying a step or two from a sharp turn in the road, and the buck-wheat was sufficiently high to conceal him from the miller's view until his horse suddenly pulled up, and by so doing nearly threw his master out of the cart. The bells of Elenovka, clearly heard in the fresh still air, announced that service had begun; it was the second peal of night-matins; the next day being the great Russian Feast of St. Elijah.

The miller stood for a few moments undecided what to do. His knowledge of law was not very extensive, and the Russian has an aversion to corpses in general, which increases to positive horror when death has been violent or accidental. Besides, the law forbids the removal of a body from the place where it was found, until the authorities have viewed it, and held a sort of inquest on it; yet, to leave poor Roman's remains in the very middle of a well-frequented road, and by such a turn that passengers from Elenovka could not see it until they were within a step or two of it, was awkward, and might occasion frights and misfortunes, especially to passers-by in country-carts; not to speak of the disfigurement that might ensue to the body. His mother-wit came to his rescue, and suggested covering the corpse with the wicker body of the cart, which would protect it in a measure without compelling him to touch it. The worthy miller's hands trembled so that he could hardly untie the knots of cordage which secured the basket to the wheel-part of the cart; and he was in a sad state of mud on rising from his back and knees after the operation. Having performed his pious task with many ejaculations of horror, pity, and self-preservation, he seated himself on the telega,*

* Wheel-part of a country-cart.

and turning his horse's head towards Elenovka again, drove with his utmost speed homewards.

On his arrival at the village, the Evening Service was still going on. He drove straight to the stanovoy's house, and was told that both Ignaty Silvestrovitch and Tatiana Alexandrovna were at church; but considering the urgency of the case, he resolved to call the former out quietly.

'I'll go myself,' he said to the cook.

'Are you out of your mind, Micah Maximovitch?' exclaimed she; 'only look at yourself, are you fit to enter the Temple of the Lord? What is the matter?' she asked, looking into his face, and observing his scared appearance for the first time. 'What has happened?'

'A sin, a sin, Matrionoushka! The Lord was pleased for me to find it out. There is nothing to be done. I must see Ignaty Sylvestrovitch immediately, or I may answer for it!' and he moved towards the kitchen door.

'Well, stop! I'll run for him,' said the cook; 'only tell me, what is it?'

'A body, a human body!' whispered the miller, not feeling certain that he was acting quite lawfully in telling anybody before the stanovoy. 'And I suppose that death was caused by the Grace of God.'*

'Yes, yes!' cried Matrona; 'it was an awful storm! Akh ti Gospodi! and whose body is it, my rodimoy?'†

'That's not your business, Baba!' was the sharp reply; 'go for Ignaty Sylvestrovitch, or I must go myself.'

'Directly, directly—this moment, rodimoy,' cried the cook, as she threw a shawl over her head and hurried out of the house.

The woman had the sense not to make her way through the throng to her master, who stood near the altar-steps; she told her errand to the sexton, who was stationed near the west door at his little table, with wax tapers for sale; and he quietly delivered her message to the stanovoy, who immediately followed him, to the astonishment of the congregation, and to their no small curiosity.

'What is the row?' he asked of the cook, who still stood at the sexton's table.

'Micah Maximovitch has come to our house, all over dirt, Master; and he has found a dead body, somewhere—by the Grace of God, he says, Master, so—'

'Hold your tongue, woman, in God's House,' said the stanovoy; 'be off with you. I'll come directly.'

One or two pious worshippers who stood near heard what Matriona had said, and in a few minutes the whole congregation knew it—that is

* This expression is applied to deaths and fires, or any misfortune caused by lightning.

† Relative—a term of civility or kindness applied alike to kindred or strangers.

to say, the last person was informed that Micah Maximovitch had been killed by lightning, and that the cook had discovered his body.

The stanovoy, with the indifference and business-manner characteristic of all stanovoys, immediately set about the formalities. He was originally a cavalerist, but had lost an arm in the Hungarian campaign, which however did not prevent his riding on horseback on every possible occasion. He ordered his steed to be speedily saddled, and rode to the spot. There having glanced at the pale calm face, in the first twilight of setting sun and rising moon, he again mounted his horse, and after a moment's reflection, gave a few necessary orders to the underlings who had accompanied him, and rode forward to town.

In less than three hours he had reached the doctor's residence. That functionary had already gone to bed; but he instantly rose on hearing who had come, ordered refreshments to be served, while his horses were being put to; and in half an hour's time, the friends, for such they were, were seated in a large commodious wicker equipage, and on the Elenovka road.

A guard in the meantime had been placed over the body, consisting of three timid peasants, who regaled each other the whole night with tales of horror adapted to the occasion. They had the effect, however, of keeping the narrators and hearers awake during the brief July night, and others came to relieve them soon after midnight; curiosity overcame fear, and the first party voluntarily stayed until Ignaty Sylvestrovitch returned with the doctor at about three o'clock. They were much surprised to see them so soon; for in general doctors and stanovoys assemble for an inquest without the slightest regard to the season of the year, and it is no uncommon thing to hear of villagers who have died suddenly or in a suspicious manner, being kept in the ice-cellar for many days—sometimes more than a week or a fortnight—while one or the other of the necessary authorities is being waited for, before whose decision no Priest dares perform the Burial Service. A glance was sufficient for the medical man to decide at once that lightning had caused Roman's death.

The steel walking-stick that his landlord had given him some two and a half years ago, and which had been his constant attendant on all his rambles, was the fatal instrument. He carried it over his shoulder, with a little parcel of books that the father of the charming daughter had asked him to take for Father Pëtre. His better coat, a change or two of linen, and a piece of cotton print which he had bought on credit for a dress for his sister, were tied up in a bag, and strapped to his shoulders like a knapsack.

All the formalities having been observed, the doctor and stanovoy proceeded to Elenovka to commit them to paper; and Roman was laid on a cart, covered with matting, and slowly conveyed to his native village.

It was still early morning; and strange to say, the people whom it most

concerned were ignorant of the misfortune that had befallen them; for Ignaty Sylvestrovitch had threatened anyone with the utmost rigours of the law who should communicate the report to Pavla Lavrentievna before his return to Elenovka. Nadinka, it is true, had heard at church that someone had been killed by lightning, and she repeated it to her mother; but it seems to be the peculiarity attendant on all accidents and mishaps, that the recipients are generally the last persons to think of its happening to them in particular; and so it was in this instance. One would have thought that as Pavla Lavrentievna—now quite recovered—was expecting her son every hour, she would have been full of solicitude and maternal misery; would have rushed to the place where the accident had happened, to make sure that Roman was not the victim. She did however think of him, for she said—supposing he would come straight from Boogorki, and not knowing of his intention to pass through the village of the Deacon's daughter—

'Well, the kingdom of Heaven be his! And thank God that it is not our Romanoushka!'

She was still asleep; but Nadia was up already, and busy milking the cow in the grass-grown yard, when the stanovoy knocked with his whip, which he instinctively held in his hand, although he had left his horse at town in the doctor's stable at the wicket gate; and great was her surprise on opening it to see him at so unusual a time. She murmured an apology for her house-working attire, and asked him into the house; but he waved his only hand, and made a gesture of silence as he said—

'Where's Pavla Lavrentievna?'

'She's asleep still—that is—I'll go and see—'

'Sh—sh—sh! no! hold your tongue, Nadinka—Nadejda Dmitrievna,' he added, correcting himself, 'let her sleep. Did you hear nothing last night? were you at church? I have just come from the inquest.'

'Somebody was killed by lightning, they said,' answered Nadinka, with pity in her voice and inquiry in her eyes. 'Is it true, then?'

'Yes, too true, Nadejda Dmitrievna. My dear girl, how grieved I am for your mother and you! But what is to be done? Such is the Will of God!'

She could not bring herself to understand him quite, but answered, 'Exactly so, Ignaty Sylvestrovitch,' and looked still more inquiringly into his face.

'There was nothing to be done. I looked at him last night at about nine o'clock, and knew then that the doctor could not be of any use; but I rode on to town for him, and we have just finished the inquest. They will be here soon. Listen, listen, Nadejda Dmitrievna!' he exclaimed with great concern, kneeling down by her side and trying to raise her—for at his last words she had fallen to the ground, and was weeping aloud, according to the Russian custom—'for God's sake don't make a noise! we must tell your mother, you know.' But she continued her lamenta-

tions so loudly, that ere he had raised himself from his knees, several neighbours had come to see what was the matter.

'Is it possible, your Nobility,' said a tall thin woman with a baby in her arms, 'that it really is Roman Dmitrievitch? Is it possible?'

'More's the pity, more's the pity, Kyprianovna! How shall we break it to the Deaconess? In ten minutes or so they will have arrived with the deceased.'

Kyprianovna offered to do it herself; and like most persons of her class, was rather pleased than otherwise that the task had devolved on her. The other women were trying to console Nadinka, but without the slightest success. Ignaty Sylvestrovitch was about to enter the house, when Pavla Lavrentievna rushed out, and with a screaming flood of tears made her way through the little crowd of sympathizers, and followed by several of them, ran to meet the approaching throng. The rest stayed with Nadia, who having exhausted herself in a very short time, fell from one fainting fit into another, frightening Ignaty Sylvestrovitch so much that he sent for his wife; and by the time she arrived, with various remedies in her little basket, the yard and house were so thronged with sympathizing or inquisitive people, that she had some difficulty in reaching the room where Nadia, as pale as Roman himself, and perfectly senseless, lay stretched on her mother's yet warm bed.

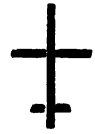
Father Pëtre was already there, very distressed and tearful; the new Deacon, and the two Readers. Two old men were drawing water from the well in the street, and otherwise making preparations for their melancholy duties. Half an hour afterwards, Roman lay on the table in his canonical garment brought from the Church; and Father Pëtre, in a voice choked by the heart-breaking tears of old age, performed his first Requiem.

But above all the voices of the assembled multitude, and those of the Priest, Deacon, and Readers, might be heard Pavla Lavrentievna's cry—'Oh, what will become of *me*? Who will feed me now?'

And Nadinka passed from the fifth faint to the sixth; her sweet attendant standing by her and doing all she could to bring her to consciousness, and aided in her pious work by her husband's clerk, a retired serjeant-major, Andronitch.

Roman was laid by his father's side in the church-yard at Elenovka. Father Ivan, grieved and shocked to the depths of his hot but loving heart, came to the funeral. On his return to Boogorki he ordered a handsome wooden cross for Roman's grave, and on the ninth day performed a requiem. It so happened that Father Peregrin had gone to a distant town to be present at his son's wedding, and Father Ivan did duty for him at St. Nicholas'. It was the first requiem that had been sung there.

By the fortieth day the cross was brought from Boogorki, and placed over the green grave. On it was this inscription in Sclavonic; it was in golden letters on an ultra-marine ground.



HERE RESTS THE BODY OF THE READER,

ROMAN DMITRIEVITCH GIDEONOFF

WHO WAS BORN NOVEMBER 17TH, 1842,

AND ENDED HIS LIFE, BY THE GRACE OF GOD,

JULY 19TH, 1864.

'Thy Grace is sufficient for me.'

A week or two after the fortieth day, with all its observances and tears, had been duly celebrated, Tatiana Alexandrovna was sitting in the arbour for the last time, as she supposed, that summer, and was cutting the leaves of the new journals she had just received, while her children played in the garden. A brisk step caused her to raise her eyes from the book that lay on her knees, and before her she beheld Andronitch, standing as stiff and as straight as a post, with his arms pressed to his sides in strict military style.

'Zdravié jalayou,* Sudarina!' he exclaimed, as her eyes rested on him.

'Good-day, Feodoroff,' replied Tatiana Alexandrovna; 'what is your errand?'

'To your mercy, Sudarina! Matoushka, Tatiana Alexandrovna—about an affair, that is, of my own; with your permission!'

'Well, what is it?'

'I take the liberty of informing you that I have a wish to enter in lawful matrimony.'

'Ah! well, I am glad to hear it,' said she. 'It is not good for man to be alone, you know. And who is the bride?'

'That's the thing, Sudarina! You see, there is no bride at present; that is, I have made up my mind as far as I am concerned; but their female parent, Sudarina, will not give their consent. So I thought.' And honest Andronitch, in great confusion and a profuse perspiration, suddenly became silent.

'So you want my advice, I suppose,' said Tatiana Alexandrovna; 'but you must understand that I can't attempt to give it unless you tell me all the circumstances.'

'Exactly so, Sudarina. The fact is, I asked Petrovna, the Reader's wife, to speak to the Deaconess; but they are proud, Sudarina, excessively proud—they won't hear of such a thing!'

'What a tiresome disagreeable old body that Deaconess is! (God

* 'I wish you health.' The usual greeting of soldiers to their superiors.

forgive me for judging her.) I am afraid, Feodoroff, you will have some trouble with her, even if you persuade her to consent. So it is Nadinka? What did the Deaconess depute Petrovna to say?'

'They were very angry with Petrovna for doing my mission,' said poor Andronitch in a low voice, as if he were afraid of Pavla Lavrentievna hearing him; 'and told her they would as soon see Nadejda Dmitrievna married to a cat-merchant as to me. It's very hurting, Sudarina. And they forbade Petrovna the house; and the Reader, he forbade his wife to undertake such tasks for the future. I am sure I don't know what to do, Sudarina.'

'I am afraid it is rather a forlorn hope, Andronitch; for she is as obstinate as she is cross. But I think you had better first find out if Nadejda Dmitrievna entertains the same opinion as her mother.'

'Exactly so, Sudarina. The fact is, that she does not,' answered Feodoroff cheerfully.

'Then that quite alters the case! Why do you not go to Pavla Lavrentievna yourself, and boldly ask for her daughter, like a brave man as you are, Feodoroff,' she said, glancing at his breast, on which shone a row of little crosses and medals, and motioning with her hand towards them.

'I am not sure of myself, Sudarina; for I know that if she said anything against my calling, I should not be able to keep a civil tongue. And why should she despise me? In what respect am I not a bridegroom for her daughter? In years, maybe, but that's all. Thank God, I served His Imperial Majesty Nicholaï Pavlovitch, (the kingdom of Heaven be his!) and His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Alexandre Nicholaevitch, (God grant him long to live!)'—and he crossed himself as he said this—'for twenty-five years in faith and truth. I have a good place, thanks to his Nobility, (God grant him good health, and to you also, Sudarina!) and a trade, and—' he pointed to his medals with his right hand, and fairly winked with emotion.

Tatiana Alexandrovna continued cutting her books all the time this conversation was going on, and she now bent her head still lower.

'They are so dreadfully proud, are the Deaconess, Sudarina,' pursued the unfortunate lover, after a profuse use of a checked pocket-handkerchief. 'For instance, Tatiana Alexandrovna, on Tuesday it was the name's-day of Nadejda Dmitrievna, and I made her a little pair of shoes,* neat, accurate little shoes, with high heels, and channel soles—quite a sight to see! I took her measure by my eye,' he continued, warming on the subject like a true amateur, 'and put white linings to them, and metallic eyelet holes, and silken ribbons, Sudarina. A first-rate article. So I wrapped them up in a French pocket-handkerchief, and went to congratulate Nadejda Dmitrievna; I came in, and I said, "Allow me, Nadejda Dmitrievna, to wish you joy on your Angel's day, and to present you with a specimen of my work." "Ahk, akh, akh," says the Deaconess,

* A great portion of the Russian soldiers are boot and shoe makers.

"what nice shoes! they will just fit me!" she says; and she kicked off her own and began to put mine on. "Nadinka has a new pair already," she says. And she squeezed her feet into them before my very eyes! I never felt such a fool in my life, Sudarina!' concluded Andronitch gravely.

Tatiana Alexandrovna could not help smiling, though she fully sympathized with the honest soldier. 'Rude creature!' she said indignantly.

'And Nadejda Dmitrievna, she said nothing, only looked sorrowful, like. And her new shoes were not to be compared to mine. Besides, it is not at all becoming for an old woman like the Deaconess to go stumping about in high heels, Sudarina.'

'I should think she would feel very uncomfortable in them, Feodoroff, not being accustomed to it. So you see she will receive a punishment of her own infliction.'

'Exactly so. Which I am sure she will!' said Andronitch, brightening up at the idea. 'But I was going to beg—Tatiana Alexandrovna, Matoushka! do not refuse my humble request! speak a word for me to the Deaconess! Perhaps she will listen to you. That is, if you approve of it, Sudarina.'

'It is a difficult task, Feodoroff, and a delicate one too. I hardly know how to act. But if Ignaty Sylvestrovitch has no objection, I will see what I can do for you. I must ask his opinion and his advice. But I do think the Deaconess rather likes me.'

Down went the warrior on his knees, and would have touched the earth with his brow had not Tatiana Alexandrovna begun to scold the instant he made his first movement; it had the effect of bringing Andronitch to his feet like a professed tumbler. It was beginning to get damp; Tatiana Alexandrovna called the children in-doors, and once more setting the serjeant's mind at rest, she returned to the house.

Pavla Lavrentievna was indeed very indignant and grand at Andronitch's presumption, and of course wreaked all her spite upon Nadia. The poor girl herself, reflecting that she had now lost her dearest friend and only protector, and on the improbability of becoming the wife of anybody belonging to her own immediate class, was more than merely willing to marry Feodoroff. She liked him for his good looks and manly bearing, his music, (he played on the violin at all the village feasts,) and his tales of his military career, and respected him for his sobriety and industry; in a word, she wished with all her heart that it could come about, and was beginning even to feel a certain degree of something like tenderness towards him, of which however she was intensely ashamed in the depths of her modest soul. She laid the foundation of some castles in the air too, relative to her future home, which always caused her to blush crimson when she remembered that it was not sure to be. She even went so far as to imagine how nice it would be if her mother were to give up the house to the newly-married pair, and go to visit the other daughters by turns. She was very busy digging up carrots and beet-roots for winter

store, when Tatiana Alexandrovna, who had found out where she was, knocked at the fence, and gently bade her open the door leading to the river.

'Nadinka,' she said, after a little conversation on common subjects, 'who do you think has sent me here? now do please be open, there's a good girl, and tell me if I am to persuade Maminka to consent, or not.'

Of course a burst of tears was the opening answer.

'I am not going to persuade you either one way or the other, my poor dear,' said Tatiana Alexandrovna; 'but I must have an answer, you know, before I go into the house, or return home.'

'You know best, Tatiana Alexandrovna,' sobbed Nadia. 'I dare not—I'm frightened. I'm sure I don't know what I ought to say!' with another burst.

'Well, have it out first, and then perhaps you'll be able to decide. I'll wait a bit. Only make haste, please.'

'The thing is,' said Nadia, with a tremendous sob, 'that he's a good man.'

'I know he is. Certainly. Well?'

'Well—that's all.'

'For once and all, that is your answer? Further?'

'You know, yourself, Tatiana Alexandrovna.'

'Oh! then, with God's blessing, we will set it all to rights at once, Nadinka! Don't cry, dear. Come into the house in a quarter of an hour. We must go through it sooner or later, so let us have it over to-day.'

It was not without a considerable mustering of her moral courage that the good lady entered the Deaconess' domain. She was enjoying an early tea, with delicious new honey, thick cream, and the most tempting krendels* imaginable. Wherever Tatiana Alexandrovna came she was sure of a welcome—even from Pavla Lavrentievna; and by way of propitiating her she accepted a cup of the herb tea, (for the Deaconess only allowed herself Chinese tea on holidays,) and praised it and the biscuits as they really deserved.

Fortune favoured her; for although the Deaconess was very nearly getting into a dreadful passion at the bare idea of Nadia's being willing to marry anybody, she was reconciled to the proposition itself by Tatiana Alexandrovna's representations of the advantages it offered to herself. She hinted, too, at the possibility and probability of Feodoroff's having rank conferred on him, and concluded by repeating his offer. 'Of course,' she said, 'it remains in your hands to refuse or not; but really, Pavla Lavrentievna, all things considered, I would advise you to give them your blessing. Otherwise,' she continued rather grandly, 'I shall feel that I have offended you, and of course shall be obliged to give up the pleasure of your further acquaintance.'

Such a multitude of different feelings were struggling in the head and

* A species of bakery much used with tea and coffee.

heart of the old lady, that she did not know which to listen to. She did not like to give in; she did not like the notion of any bridegroom but an ecclesiastic.

And had she not always said that Nadia was a Christ's-bride?

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make nothing of. Therefore it may have been a specimen of the Troll tongue.'*

Yes: but as in the case of the Nisse, to whom, now and then, a barbarous or almost unintelligible jargon is attributed, this is the only case in which there is even so much as a hint as to the Trolls speaking in such wise as not to be easily understood. Repeated instances are given of oral communication between them and men, but in every case mutual and easy comprehension is a matter of course.

Passing beyond the points thus glanced at as affording some possible tokens of confusion, we find most of the other incidents of portraiture, both of person and costume, fairly distinct, not puzzling to identify with older delineations. Every account speaks of them as dwarfs literally; as of low and stunted, or dwarfish, stature. No particulars of personal appearance are specifically given: '*En hel Del smaa Trolde*,' (a whole troop of small Trolls;) '*den lille Trolde*,' (the little Troll;) such is the usual description, which, corresponds with the name *pusling*, mannikin; which is not infrequently applied.

As to their attire: 'a little man in green clothes, with a red hat;' 'dwarfs with red heads and red caps;' 'a little Troll with a round broad-brimmed hat;' 'a little Troll with a red cap and a red jacket;' 'a little chap who wore green clothes;' 'a younker in a green jacket'—these are a few of the notices of costume which occur: green having, as it will be observed, the preference as the prevailing colour of their dress.

Their power of vision is either peculiar or very great: for they 'see better by night than mankind do in the brightest light;' and their wisdom and knowledge of the secrets of nature is so great, that man's wit and experience bear no comparison therewith. It is therefore no light matter to incur their resentment; for the sicknesses they send and the misfortunes they direct admit of no medicining, and are overpowering, however steadfastly they be confronted. One of the readiest ways of offending them, almost if not completely past forgiveness, is by damaging, digging into, and carting away, the houes which form the dwelling-places of so many of them. Thus, a man of Rogild 'had taken some soil from a houe near his farm; but during the night there was an awful turmoil—the

* This one instance of the Dwarf or Troll speaking a partially unintelligible jargon, may in reality be, if met with in its own true locality, a true historical trait—a scrap of genuine authentic tradition—on the hypothesis which makes the Trolls or Dwarfs to have been the remnants of a dispossessed earlier and barbarous race of inhabitants. What more natural than that some, at least, among them should long preserve in their lone, remote, or almost inaccessible hiding-places, (rather than dwellings and settlements,) remains, more or less considerable, of their own old original language? And in proportion as this was so, would their speech be more or less unintelligible to their supplanters. Only the probability is, that the tradition itself might be as much out of its natural place in that part of Denmark to which our legend attaches it, as it would be in Cleveland. As occurring in either, it would occur by oral transmission through successive generations of the descendants and successors of those who, in their turn, peopled the scenes which were the real historical homes of such historical facts.

poor horses and dogs, however, having the worst to suffer. The man was wise eno' to replace every spadeful he had removed, but the Dwarfs all the same continued to show themselves wroth; and their revenge was to bring a "wearing" (Yorkshire for a decline, the Danish word being *tæring*,) on him, of which he died.'

Again: an Obo farmer carried away the material of a houe. In no long time all his children fell sick and died.

Another farmer, for the same offence, was stricken with illness, and has been bed-fast ever since. 'And the worst of it is, there is no remedy in such cases—these dwarfs being so much cleverer than men.'

Another man, 'a good few years ago, cut an oaken peg he wanted, upon Kjelle-Moss houe, and drove it into the outer wall of his house. The same night the Troll from that houe came to the farmstead and knocked at the door. Everybody was snug in bed; but the master got up and went to the window, and asked the Troll what it was he wanted. Says the Troll, "I've just a word or two I want to say to you; for all my crockery fell off the shelf and was smashed to bits when you came chopping on my houe, and I mean to have the value of it!" But the man's reply was, "Go and say your word or two to the dog." And to the dog he went—the poor beast was chained up—and took him, and making a circuit of the farmstead, dashed him against the walls until there wasn't a bit of him left; and when the folks got up in the morning every wall about the place was stained and smeared with blood.'

In another instance of a violated houe, the ejected Trolls took up their abode upon the violator's premises; and from that time forth, whenever he either baked or brewed, they took especial good care either to steal or to waste the batch or the browst.

But not a few of the Dwarf community were either thieves or mischievous, without anterior provocation on the part of the human dwellers in the districts they haunted. At South Orslev they stole ale, meal, and anything else they took a fancy to, and plagued the farmer half out of his life. At Hyloe-crook they are intolerably troublesome. 'One man there had bought a crop of hay, which he was to mow himself, but it was just impossible to do anything at all at the work for Troll tricks.'

In days of old too, they had the habit of abstracting the corn-seed, which had been sown in the fields, to the great damage of the poor husbandmen. However, a remedy was eventually found; and that was, in the process of sowing to take care that the seed fell cross-wise. They were unable to meddle with this; and the result was, that they were starved out of the district in which this mode of sowing obtained.

But one of their most mischievous propensities—and here we shall be reminded of a similar practice imputed to the Elves, and perhaps be half inclined to suspect 'confusion,'* though without finding ourselves distinctly

* The mention, a little below, of a 'Moss' in connection with a Troll or Trolls, appears to be a suspicious circumstance. The Moss is the abode of the Elves; Houes, natural hills or rocks, those of the Trolls or Dwarfs.

able to unravel it—is that of bewildering people, or depriving them of the power of recognising or finding their way even in the most familiarly known and accustomed places. 'But there is rede,' says the narrator in one place, simply yet graphically enough, 'even against their worst intent. If a man does but place his May-rowan-tree twig in his mouth, little is the harm they can do him. It is a good plan too, to sing at the top of one's voice on passing the dangerous part of Troll-moss; but the May-rowan is the safest. Every wise-like chap, therefore, always has it with him; so as, if occasion arises, to have it ready for use. It is only a little twig of the rowan tree, cut in the month of May.'*

Another objectionable propensity of theirs is to resort to the scarcely yet obsolete Irish mode of wooing; namely, a forcible abduction of the desirable lady. In the case of the three maidens, who were sitting on Mølgarth houe a little before supper-time, only two of them were quick-witted or quick-footed enough to obey the warning to 'take to their shanks;' 'the third, who continued to sit, sank down into the houe. and was never more seen'—above the surface of the ground, it should be added; for she was afterwards seen by one christened woman, as we shall have occasion to observe a little further on.

But a woman who has lately been confined, but has not as yet been 'churched,' seems to be the special, and—if only they can get near her—the helpless object of their abducting efforts. Thus, 'In the parish of Svenstrup there was a woman who was "waiting to go to church,"—that is, to be churched—and during such period the dwarfs have strange power over women. She knew this well enough, but it was during the throngest (busiest) time of the summer-tide, and so she thought she would venture the length of a couple of fields to shift the kye. The dwarfs presently noticed her, and one of them bustled up out of the earth and after her. She never gave such a chance a thought, and continued to go at a foots-pace; but luckily for her she cut straight across the fields, so that "the little one" tumbled down over each "reeand."† This gave the poor woman some little start. When she reached the farm-stead the 'little one' was just on the point of catching her; her husband, however, who was thatching the barn, saw how things were passing, jumped down in a trice, flung his arms round his wife, and sained and shielded her with the sign of the cross. Then was the little fellow wroth, and said, "For sham' o' yersel', to be beforehand wi' me!" But the people themselves were glad, and gave thanks to God.'

Another practice—the breach rather than the observance of which must have been devoutly desired by at least the parent-sufferers—was; nay is

* I shall have a word or two to say about the rowan tree, and the cutting of it in the month of May, by-and-by.

† A North-Yorkshire word, employed, as I have applied many others elsewhere, because it is identical with the Danish word in the original—*Rende*—and signifying the border or margin of a field which cannot be reached by the plough, and so remains always in grass.

still, says one 'informant;' that of taking away an infant and substituting a bantling of their own in its place. There are many stories of the kind; and selection becomes a difficult task, because each of them in its turn seems to present some new feature of interest. From that neighbourhood of Rønnebeck, so prolific of folk lore, comes the following:—

'Peter Hendrick says, that any time before a child is baptized the Trolls have the power of taking it away, and leaving one of their own Troll-fry in its stead. Nay, even when the person who carries the bairn to be baptized does not make the answers to the baptismal questions correctly and in due sequence, the Troll-tribe may be possessed of the power to take the child and replace it with one of their own; and sair unluck it is to be hefted with sican a bairn. He knew a certain couple whose little one had been thus replaced; and as the creature that was left grew bigger there could be no doubt about its being a changeling; for it could "nowther gan nor stand," (neither walk nor stand,) but must either be carried or else remain lying. Not a word, either, could it speak; and as to "meating" him—why, he never seemed to have enough, and they were well-nigh eaten out of house and home by him. So, one summer at harvest-time, when they had roasted a pig whole for him, they told him that that was a sausage—a species of food he was particularly fond of. So the pig was set on the table for him, and all the folks went out to the fields. But the farm-lad slipped back from the rest, and peeped in at the window into the room where the changeling was sitting. In a minute or two he heard him say, "Sausage has getten e'en; sausage has getten ears; sausage has getten a gang o' feeat; (four feet in a set;) but for a' that, sausage mun intil ma weeam." (my stomach.) And so saying, he devoured the whole pig. Next, he slipped down off the bench, and ran out into the barn; where the boy saw him jumping from one bau'k to another, and giving pretty good proofs that he knew well enough how to handle his legs. This was too much to put up with; and the lad shouted up to him, "If thee deeant drop in for the luck of a licking, never heed! That we should have to slave about wi' thou, and thee yabble to use thy pins like this!" Nor did he let the grass grow under his feet as he ran to tell the men in the field about it all. The master came home at once, intending to give the changeling a precious bagful o' sair bones; but he was too wide awake, and was gone—and gone for good, too—before the man reached home.'

At Norgaard, in the parish of Brovst, there are said to be yet two of these changelings: besides another of a little earlier date, of whom a circumstantial account is given. But it is to be remarked that—not Dwarfs or Trolls, but—Nisses are, in the said narrative, charged with making the exchange, which *is* a robbery. This is, it is hardly needless to say, only another instance of growing Danish confusion: a conclusion which is, after our last extract, only the more strongly confirmed by a colloquy, reported to have taken place in a farm-house in the same parish, between a (so-called) Nisse and a boiled sucking-pig, in the character of a sausage.

Another circumstance, moreover, which yet farther adds confirmation is, that a kind of silhouette sketch of the (reputed) Nisse's personal appearance is given. They are 'small beings, with fire-red hair, somewhat tricksy in disposition, but otherwise not ill-natured.'

One particularly objectionable habit of theirs is mentioned; namely, that of sitting on the roof of the house, and combing their heads a-top of the chimney, just when the porridge-pot was on the fire. 'However,' says the relater, 'that was nought to speak about, considering all the luck and prosperity they brought to the house.'

The changeling in this case (the true child having been caught before its baptism) was repulsively ugly; but the woman cared for it just as anxiously as if it had been her own. This was a source of much gratification to the mother of the Elfin babe, for she often came to see it; and in her thankfulness she promised the woman that her own child should be well taken care of. He was even permitted to come from time to time and pay her a visit. On these occasions he would go into their best apartment, where he would observe everything with a curious eye, but without uttering even a single word; and then he would go back to Brovsthoue, where the (so-called) Nisses had their stated residence. The woman of the house referred to once said to another woman, that she did not think the Nisses (so-called) had a very long space of existence yet before them; and being asked 'Why?' she replied, 'Why, folks are getting so crafty, they make the sign of the Cross over everything; and there's no thriving for such beings when that is the case.'

One other instance must suffice: and that I give chiefly on account of a curious feature in it—and not of singular occurrence either—which, as belonging to actual life no longer ago than during the younger days of the narrator's mother, suggests to us a strange picture of faith and practice among christened folk. The reputed changeling was 'laid upon the parish;' and inasmuch as work-houses and union-houses do not seem to have been discovered in those days, at least in Denmark, this was effected by shifting him about from house to house, and village to village; each substantial householder taking it in turn to maintain and shelter him for a space. Of such a being it was said that he '*gik paa omgang*,' went upon circuit. One such—who as usual could neither speak nor run alone, nor yet ever be satisfied with food—had been 'on circuit' at Rønnebeck; and now it was Everup's turn to take him in. It so happened there was no horse handy to take him with; so it came into the head of one of the men whose business it was, that a couple of lusty maidens might very well carry him between them in a large open basket; and the informant's mother happened to be one of the two selected. Their way lay through Kalby Grove. And when they got so far, the narrator's mother suggested to her companion that they should go and cut them each a good hazel switch, and give their burden as sound a 'yarking' as they knew how, to see if he couldn't find the use of his legs, and save them the toil and trouble of carrying him.

The girl thought it a likely plan: and so they went a bit among the brushwood to seek the switches; but when they came back, their charge had bundled himself out of the basket, and disappeared. And what was more, no one ever saw any more of him!

But in multitudes of instances—I think it may be said, in the majority—the relations of the Dwarf, or Troll, with mankind, seem to have been of a thoroughly amicable kind: quite ready to avail themselves of human aid in this respect or the other, they were always more than ready to repay the service, and on true Christian principles, moreover.

Take the following as a case in point.

'On a farm near Roeskilde, there lived a man named Peter Andersen; and in a houe on his land several Troll-folk had their abode. On one occasion they were celebrating a wedding, and well on towards night their ale-tap was found to be "off." So the Troll hies off to the farmer—who, by the way, had brewed only just lately—knocks at the door, and says, "Won't you be so kind as to help us with the loan of a barrel of ale, Peter Andersen? You shall be sure to get it back when we brew next." "Who are you, and where do you live?" quoth Peter in reply. "Why, I'm the man up in the Houe yonder," says the Troll. "Oh, are you so?" cries Peter directly. "Well, just go down into the cellar, and take a barrel with you." So the Troll got the ale, and cut off home with it. A few nights after, the Troll came to the farm again, and knocked at the door. "Who's that?" speers the farmer, waking up from his sleep. "Only me," replies the Troll. "I've just come with the ale I borrowed; and I've set it all right in the cellar: and I must thank you kindly for the loan of it. And besides, if you can be content without looking into the barrel—why, you can draw and draw, as much as ever you like, but you'll never get to the bottom of it, I can tell you!" Well, this held for a good long time. They drew, and they drew; but draw as they might, there was always plenty of ale; and everybody took care not to look into the barrel. But at last a new maid came; and she couldn't make it out, try what way she would, how the matter stood. They never brewed; and yet they had always buckets full of ale! So she must needs have a look into the barrel, to see if it really wasn't nearly empty. She got nought but a dreadful scare for her pains: for all she saw was, that it was full of lizards. But from that time forth there was no more ale in the barrel.'

Another instance of the same kind, only somewhat less circumstantial as regards the attendant incidents:

'Hads-houe, by Stotsbergby, near Slagelse, is always raised up and supported on fire-pillars every Christmas Eve; and anyone passing near enough may see the Trolls in it, all seated round a fair banqueting-table, making merry and enjoying themselves. One evening it chanced that their bread failed: so they sent a messenger to the farmstead near by, to see if they could borrow a little. The answer was, they might have as much as they wanted, and welcome. A little while after, the supply of

sausages gave out: and again another message to beg as before, and with the like result. The benefit of this transaction was reaped by the folks at the farm for long after: for prosperity and good fortune always followed them from that time forward.'

But it was not only in respect of comestibles—bread, sausages, and the like—or even of the pots and pans useful in preparation of such like matters, that the Trolls availed themselves of human neighbourly feeling and assistance: at times they would even beg the use of an apartment; when, for instance, on occasion of some notable festivity, or more than ordinarily grand doings, their own underground dwellings were not either spacious or commodious enough. Thus, at this same Hads-houe just named, there was on one occasion a famous wedding; and there was scant room for the numerous guests. In this strait the Troll-folk sent up to the farm, and prettily asked, 'Might not the feast be held there?' 'Oh yes! with all the pleasure in life,' was the answer given without demur. When the wedding day was come, and all the Small-folk were assembled at the farm-house, the mistress inquired of the bride, 'Might she not be permitted to look on at all the fine doings?' 'To be sure,' answered the bride; 'only you must be prepared for a precious box on the ear if you are indiscreet enough to laugh, whatever you may see to tickle you.' Well, all the first part of the doings the mistress behaved as pretty as need to be: but when they had set themselves to dancing, it all seemed so irresistibly funny, that, all she could do, she couldn't help laughing for her life. In a trice the small bridegroom stepped up to her, and gave her such a oner under her ear, she didn't get over it for many a day.

It may be added, there are several versions of this tradition, though all of them varying in more or fewer particulars.

The instances next to be mentioned are curious, because involving a degree of inconsistency, which it is rather difficult to suggest a ground for. I mean that the Dwarfs—whose mechanical skill was notoriously so great, and whose acquaintance with the resources of nature so intimate—should yet, from time to time, be found soliciting aid from mortals in matters wherein, it would always have been presumed, they not only would have needed no help themselves, but have been in a position to give rather than to ask assistance.

The following legend, which is met with in different districts, presents a case in point.

'On a meadow between Holtug Kirk and Giorslev Beech-forest, there is situate a houe, with a quantity of brush-wood upon it. A carle was once ploughing near this, and a girl followed the roller. When they were now abreast of the houe, the man heard someone say, "I say! mend me this rake up, will you?" "Not if I know it," says he, and goes on with his ploughing. But they hadn't got many steps forward before one of the horses boggled, (shied) ay, and reisted (turned restive) and all. Well, when at the next turn he got to the same place again, there

lay a rake, and the same voice repeated, "I say, set me that rake right!" "Yes, that I will," says the carle; and soon drove two or three nails in where they were wanted. "There's your rake for you!" he cried, and so ploughed on further away. When next they came round to the same side of the houe, lo, there stood a couple of platters full of butter there! What it meant, they hadn't a notion; until a voice came again, and said, "Ay, that's pay for the rake!"'

In another version the recusant is taken with a sudden sickness—so bad, that he was unable even to rise from the ground. The plough-boy in company seems to have been able to see a little farther into the mill-stone than he, and went with all haste to fetch the rake to the sufferer, who, thus warned to be more complying, set it straight in the twinkling of an eye. The lad then conveyed it back to the houe; and, that done, the man became suddenly as fresh again as ever.

At Hads-houe, already named, the instrument in need of repairs was an oven-peel, or an oven-rake.

In the following story, however, there is a kind of explanation suggested of the inconsistency adverted to a page or two back, and which therefore lends an additional trait of interest to the legend as a whole.

'At Volstrup, in Hormested parish, there was formerly a very large farm, which, about fifty years since, was divided into two. But long before that period, there were a couple of the farm-servants busy ploughing one day in the field which lies between the farmstead and the houe to the east of it. When they reached the eastern end of the field, close to the houe, the steam of new bread was very good to tell, (easy to distinguish,) as coming out of the houe: and presently they noticed an oven-peel lying on the surface, but in a broken condition. What they naturally thought was, that, the Troll himself not being at home, the Troll-wife was in a fix about getting her bread into the oven, with the peel broken, as they saw it was. One of the two carles luckily had a nail or two about him—in his tobacco-pouch, I dare say it was—with which, and the help of the plough-hatchet, he soon put the oven-peel into fettle again. The other man, who stood by and looked on, now said, "Ay, I aims, we'll get a bite of hot bread from the Berg-woman for our trouble!" "Nay," says the other, "I wants nowght, I's seear!" When the men had been up to the farm and got their dinner, and were back again to their ploughing, strange to say, on coming to the houe end of the field, there was a trencher set, with a couple of little loaves on it. The man who had spoken wishfully about the bread, now he had it dared not eat it: but the other—the one who had mended the peel—ate his all up; and precious good he found it, and a vast of good it seemed to do him. The first one, however, put his in his pocket, so as to have it in his power to show the maids at home the Berg-woman's bread. However, when he got back he became suddenly ill, and died. He ought never to have made light of the bread he had himself desired, and still less have proposed to make a joke of it. The loaf—a stone of the shape

of a loaf—was kept for many years after at Volstrup: indeed, it was preserved until the farm-house was burnt down, at the beginning of the present century.

Another matter in which help is very acceptable to the Dwarf-race—as to which, however, as we shall have occasion to remark presently, their Cleveland connexions are infinitely more notable—is the washing of their dirty linen. 'When the predecessors of the present occupants of Mølgaard were in possession, they were always on the best of terms with the Dwarfs who lived in Mølgaards-houe. One day, the mistress saw a bundle of some kind lying upon the houe. She took it up, and went and consulted with her husband what she should do with it. They were of one mind about the matter, and accordingly proceeded to open the bundle, and found it was just made up of nothing but dirty linen. So she washed it, and smoothed (*Anglicé*, ironed) it, and carried it back to the houe. The day after, there was laid in the same place a purse full of money, as payment for the good woman's trouble. From that day forward, the farm-folk continued to be in good circumstances, and all things prospered with them.'

Another time, on a summer's night, one Niels Blikker Jensen of Norhalne was coming past this same houe, when he observed a quantity of fair white linen hanging out on the brush about the houe; and his wonder was, how the Mølgaard tenants came to have so much. At first thoughts, he turned to call them up, for he fancied they must have forgotten to take it in; but then he thought he had better be sure about it, and so he reached out his hand to touch it, and behold there was nothing! For it belonged to the Dwarf-folk,' who, as it appears from this, were active washers on occasion.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS ON GEOLOGY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'IVON,' 'MINNIE'S DOLL'S HOUSE,' ETC.

LETTER III.

ROCKS.

WHAT do we mean by rocks? 'Hard stones,' perhaps you will be inclined to say; but this is not all that a geologist means when he talks about 'rocks.' He calls by this name all the different stones, clays, (hard or soft,) sands, and soils, of which the earth's crust is composed. Thus, coal, slate, granite, and the drifted sand-hills of the desert, are all equally 'rocks' in his language. These rocks have been gradually formed, in different ways; and we will first consider those which are

called igneous, or fire-formed. (ignis, fire.) But, before telling you about the ancient igneous rocks, I wish to draw your attention to what fire or heat is accomplishing in our own day; as it is frequently supposed that the igneous agency is now much less active and violent than formerly. Looking at the great masses of the old igneous rocks, the Alps, Pyrenees, Himalayas, Andes, &c. &c., it may at first sight seem hardly credible that the force which produced them should be still at work, and we ourselves not destroyed by it. Yet such undoubtedly is the case; for, to take a very recent example, in the year 1783, Skaptár Jokul, a volcano in Iceland, threw out streams of lava forty or fifty miles long; and a short time before, a submarine volcano burst forth in the sea, throwing up pumice in such quantities that the sea was covered with it for 150 miles. In our own century we have the formation of a volcanic island in the Mediterranean, which was suddenly thrown up in 1831, in a place where before there had been a hundred fathoms of water. It rose some two hundred feet above the sea, and must therefore have been more than eight hundred feet in height. For some time the crater (κρατηρ, (krater,) a bowl,) in its centre remained open, throwing up columns of vapour, ashes, &c. It first became visible in June; at the beginning of the following August it reached its greatest height, and then began to diminish in size. In October the crater was no longer to be seen, and the island was nearly level with the sea; and in 1833, it existed only as a dangerous shoal.*

The south of Italy has, we know, been a land of volcanic action since quite early times; nor has Vesuvius by any means remained quiet since the eruption which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. Several villages were destroyed by it in the seventeenth century, and yet the volcano does not seem to be regarded as a dangerous neighbour; or at least as dangerous enough to overbalance the advantages of the fertile soil and climate of Campania. 'In fact, the malaria commits more havoc in a few years than the eruptions of Vesuvius in as many centuries.' But does this go to prove, then, that the eruptions of modern times are, as some people have imagined, quite insignificant as compared with those of former ages?

We have no evidence to this effect. We find ancient lavas, but not in such quantities as would point to greater eruptions than those now experienced; and no mass of ancient lava clearly shown to have been thrown up at one time, equal to that of Skaptár Jokul. One thing more we must remember—that it is, comparatively speaking, only lately that attention has been paid to the subject, and that there are consequently but few eruptions of which we have trustworthy accounts. If our history of them went back further, we might find that we had still less reason for supposing that ancient eruptions were either more frequent or more extensive than modern ones.

Indeed, it has been said† that, if we take the active volcanoes of

* Lyell's Principles of Geology, vol. ii.

† Lyell's Principles.

Europe to be about a fortieth part of those as yet known in the whole world, and suppose their activity to be about equal to that of the burning mountains in other districts, we shall have twenty eruptions on the earth in a year, or two thousand in a century. Fifty eruptions of the European volcanic districts in the last century are *recorded*, and how many more have no doubt escaped notice!

What we call modern igneous rocks, are the lavas, ashes, pumice, &c., thrown up through the mouth of the volcano. Of those which are being formed out of our sight, deep down in the earth, we of course know nothing; but we may well believe that what is thrown up is nothing compared with the seething fiery mass beneath; and that if, in times to come, any of these masses should be brought to the surface, they will be found to be on quite as large a scale as the ancient rocks upon which people now speculate, and which doubtless were formed in a similar manner ages and ages ago.

Those igneous rocks which have been thrown up by volcanoes are called volcanic; such are the lava of the present day and the basalt of ancient times. Basalt is often found in a columnar form, and is of a grey or almost black colour. The Giant's Causeway in Ireland is formed of this rock, the columns looking as regular as if built by human hands. Modern lava has also been observed to show a decided tendency to take this columnar or prismatic form. Other volcanic rocks are a glassy lava, anciently used for looking-glasses, and therefore, as is supposed, called obsidian; (ὀψομαι, (opsomai,) from ὀπτομαι, (optomai,) to see;) pumice, (spuma, froth,) a very light spongy-looking rock, much used for polishing, the hardened froth or scum of molten masses of rock; and tufa, trachyte, basalt, &c., different varieties of lava.

Another group of igneous rocks is called the Trappean, from the Scandinavian word trappa, a step, because they often occur in large step-like slabs, and, in a district where they prevail, the hill-sides look as if cut in terraces or stairs.

The third group of igneous rocks is named Granitic, (granum, a grain,) granite, which they all more or less resemble, being composed of felspar, mica, and quartz, arranged in distinct crystals or grains. Granite is generally either red, white, or grey, the two former according as the felspar is pink or white, while the grey colour depends sometimes upon the colour and quantity of the mica, sometimes on that of the quartz. Mica is a shiny substance, occurring in flakes, (mico, to sparkle;) quartz, is a term used by German miners, for silica in a crystalized form, of which common flints are an impure variety; felspar (rock-spar; German *fels*, a rock,) also contains silica, soda, and alumina. Sometimes the felspar occurs in the proportion of one half, never less than a third; but the proportion of mica and quartz is very variable. There are many varieties of granite, such as Syenitic granite, (Syene, in Upper Egypt,) containing a dark glassy mineral, called hornblende, in addition to the other three; porphyritic granite, containing large distinct crystals of

felspar, as well as the smaller grains; and several others. Porphyry is a term formerly applied to a red igneous rock of Egypt, (πορφυρα, (porphyra,) purple,) but is now used by geologists for all rocks which contain imbedded crystals.

Syenite, which also belongs to this group, contains hornblende in the place of mica. Garnets, beryls, and cairngorms, are found in granitic rocks.

Igneous rocks, consisting of these three groups, Volcanic, Trappean, and Granitic, are called unstratified, from their not occurring in regular strata, or layers, (sterno, to spread out.) Sometimes they have the appearance of streams of lava; and sometimes they are found in masses forced into other rocks, or cutting through them in great wall-like sheets, called dykes, just as a stream of lava cuts through the rocks near volcanoes; but they are not found in any order, and appear to have been thrust up at various times, though, as a *general* rule, the granitic rocks are associated with the older strata; the Trappean with the secondary and tertiary; and the Volcanic with the more recent.

We have said that heat acts not only by volcanoes, but also by earthquake, which in many places has bent and twisted the strata in a very curious way; but movement in the earth's crust is not, by any means, always accompanied by earthquake. Sometimes, perhaps more often, the motion is so slow and gentle as to be almost imperceptible; as is the case with Norway and Sweden, which are now being raised at the rate of three feet in a century, without any violent disturbance, by some force acting far beneath in the earth. It was probably thus in bygone times, vast tracts of land being gradually upheaved from the bottom of the ocean, and then again sinking beneath it.

What this force is, and how it acts, we can only conjecture at present, if indeed we be ever able to do more; but it is supposed that both the violent earthquake and the slow upheaval of large tracts of land are caused by variations in the temperature of the earth's interior. Change of temperature causes, in some bodies, a change of bulk likewise. Water, for instance, when frozen into ice, expands, and takes up more room in its solid than in its liquid shape; as is frequently shown by the bursting of a vessel in which it has formed.

Now it is well known that solid rocks expand and shrink in somewhat the same way, that is, from change of temperature. Granite and sandstone are said to expand and shrink every year in Canada, merely from the difference of temperature in summer and winter. Deville found from experiments that granite, passing from a melted to a solid state, would shrink more than ten per cent in bulk. Just imagine, then, miles and miles of melted granite within the earth gradually cooling, becoming solid, and consequently shrinking, and you will readily understand how the crust above should also gradually sink. If, on the other hand, a solid mass should be melted, we may expect that in its effort to expand it would raise the strata above. If this were done gradually, the position

of the strata would not be disturbed; they might still remain horizontal as when first deposited. Thus it must probably have been with tracts of table-land, once evidently beneath the sea, and now raised above it, but without any marks of disturbance. On the coast of Sicily there are shells of the same sorts as those now living in the Mediterranean, raised several thousand feet above the sea. How could they have come there but by the gradual upheaval of the strata formerly composing the sea-bottom?

Nor does this upheaval take place by any means only in the land of earthquakes and volcanoes. Within historic times Sweden has not been subject to shocks of earthquake, except those very slight movements from which almost no country is exempt, and which are probably but the vibrations of more violent motions elsewhere; as when, during the earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, England, Scotland, Sweden, and many other countries sympathized, and experienced what could hardly be termed a shock, but an echo of the earthquake. Yet, though Sweden feels but these echoes of earthquakes, it is, as I before mentioned, gradually but steadily rising.

The more violent motion occasioning shocks of earthquake may be owing to other causes, such as the escape of steam or gas from the earth's interior; but this subject is too difficult for us to enter upon. It is enough that we have many accounts of earthquakes within the last two centuries, to go no further back, which have suddenly raised large tracts of land along the coast some feet above their former level. We have instances of huge masses torn from mountains hurled to a distance and stopping the course of rivers; and even of the movement of mountains themselves; as when, in the account of the earthquake in Calabria, in 1783, it was said, 'Two mountains, on the opposite sides of a valley, walked from their original position until they met in the middle of the plain, and there joining together, intercepted the course of a river.'

Now we come to the rocks which have been formed in the water, and which occur in regular beds, of very various size; some strata being only a few inches, and others many hundred feet, thick.

How were they formed?

Let us look at what the waves, tides, and currents, of the ocean, and the flow of rivers, are doing around us now.

As the waves beat against the cliff day after day, year after year, do they make no impression upon it? Is it just the same as it was hundreds of years ago? Surely not. A glance is enough to show us that a work of change is going on. Where the cliffs are soft, as at the Needles, it is especially evident. We do not need to be told that the straggling camel-shaped rocks were formerly joined to the cliff. One can imagine so well how the waves on either side beat against the projecting wall of cliff, till in some places they ate their way through it, and cut it off from the shore; and one can fancy one sees them eating on still, and gnawing the hollows in their chalk backs deeper, year by year.

But what have the waves done with all the chalk they have swallowed? Lost it? No; only laid it carefully down somewhere else, to form part of a new stratum; hereafter, maybe, to be upheaved. Not even the hardest rocks of granite or basalt can withstand their force. They work on perseveringly, ceaselessly grinding sand from the hardest cliffs, and rolling and tossing the larger fragments till they have lost all their angles, and become the smooth rounded pebbles of which our beaches are composed.

In the Isle of Sheppey, the sea is said to have gained fifty acres within the last twenty years; and so rapidly does it advance, that a church at Minster, now close to the coast, fifty years ago was in the middle of the island. It is supposed that, in another fifty years, the whole island will have disappeared, should the sea continue to advance at its present rate.

East of Sheppey, and near Herne Bay, is Reculver, a military station in the time of the Romans, and in Henry VIII.'s reign nearly a mile from the sea. The walls of the fortification were undermined by the waves in the last century, and for several years overhung the sea. They had, however, fallen down by the year 1780. Some eighty yards further from the sea stood the Church of Reculver; but some years ago, great part of its churchyard was washed away, and the church itself would ere this have followed, had it not been protected by a break-water of piles and stones.

The philosopher Anaxagoras, being asked whether the mountains of Lampsacus would ever be converted into water, is said to have answered, 'Yes, if time lasts long enough;' and, whether or no he did say so, there is no reason why they should not. Larger and loftier ranges of mountains than those of Lampsacus have been beneath the ocean, and may again be, for anything we know.

Now let us look at the rivers.

That long tongue of land stretching into the Gulf of Mexico was formed by the Mississippi; and the Nile would have formed a similar one in the Mediterranean, but for the strong current which now sweeps past its many mouths, and prevents the accumulation of the sediment it brings down with it.

The course of the Mississippi is a succession of immense curves; so that in some parts the river returns, and a vessel, after following its windings some twenty or thirty miles, finds itself perhaps only a mile from its starting point.

At high floods islands are often formed by the water's bursting through the narrow barrier between the curves; and, after the floods, these islands are sometimes gradually carried away by the river, or sometimes rejoined to the continent by the filling up of the narrow passage with trunks of trees, rocks, stones, earth, and sand, brought away from the mountains and valleys through which the river passes.

The matter brought down by this and other rivers is not all deposited

near their mouths, but is swept, often to a great distance, by ocean currents, such as the gulf-stream, &c.; the heavier parts being deposited first, and the lighter after.

The Nile has always brought down such quantities of mud, that the advance of its delta was noticed even in Homer's time; and Herodotus tells us that the priests of Egypt called that country the 'gift of the Nile,' meaning that it had been entirely deposited by the river. But, large as is the delta of the Nile, it is but half the size of that of the Ganges, which, with the Burrampooter, 'descends from the highest mountains in the world.'

During the time of the inundations, mud and sand are poured down by the Ganges in such immense quantities, that the sea is discoloured to a distance of sixty miles from the coast. Forty square miles of land are said to have been carried away from one place in the course of a few years.

But Sir C. Lyell gives a calculation of the quantity of sediment brought down by it in one year, which I must tell you of, as I think it gives one a better idea of the bulk, than an accurate statement in cubic feet and inches.

During the hundred and twenty-two days of the rainy season it was found that the solid matter brought down weighed 339,413,760 tons.

Now the Great Pyramid of Egypt, if one solid mass of granite, would but weigh some six million tons; so that, in those hundred and twenty-two days, a weight of about fifty-six pyramids and a half passed down the river; and, in the whole year, a weight of nearly sixty.

'The base of the Great Pyramid covers eleven acres, and its perpendicular height is about five hundred feet.'

Again, it would take a fleet of eighty or more Indiamen, sailing day and night with freights of 1400 tons each, to carry in four months from the higher country to the sea the weight which the Ganges brings down in the course of one rainy season. 'Or a fleet of about 2000 such ships, going down daily with the same burden, would but be equal to the work of this one river; and yet, besides this, it is probable that the Burrampooter carries down annually quite as much.

It is during the rainy season that the delta of the Ganges receives its great additions. During other parts of the year, the sea takes its turn, and, rushing up the gulf, carries away a great deal of the recently acquired soil.

So much for the transporting power of rivers. Ice-bergs also do a good deal in this way; but, as there will be much to say about them later, we will not stay to discuss them now. One thing, however, I will mention connected with frost and ice. Frost has great power of *decaying* even the hardest rocks. In a severe frost the ground is frozen to a great depth, and the water, whether in rocks or ground, being converted into ice and expanding, cracks the walls of its prison. In this way large masses of rock are gradually loosened.

But it is time that you should know what the aqueous rocks are, now that you have heard something of the way in which they are formed. They may be divided into those formed mechanically, chemically, and organically. In the first division come sands, gravels, conglomerates or pudding-stone, (masses made up of pebbles cemented together,) clay, mud, loam, marl, sandstone, and shale or slaty clay.

In the second division come stalactite, stalagmite, gypsum, and rock-salt. The first of these is formed by the droppings of water containing lime. The lime is deposited in long stony branches like icicles. (σταλαζω, to drop.) When water containing lime drops upon the floor of a cavern, the water, evaporating, leaves a crust, which is called stalagmite. (σταλαγμα, a drop.) Gypsum, also called sulphate of lime, is composed of lime and sulphuric acid. When exposed to a strong heat, it becomes the stucco, or plaster of Paris, used for making casts. It is found very abundantly near Paris. Rock-salt, the salt we eat, is found, particularly in Cheshire, in large beds, which are supposed to have been formed by the evaporation of salt lakes and springs.

* Animals and plants are said to have an organic structure, (organon, a member;) that is, they have certain organs or members which serve the purposes of growth and nutrition; and the rocks formed by them belong to the third division, or those organically formed. Coal is a vegetable formation, as we shall see hereafter; and limestone is formed partly by an animal, partly by a chemical, process. The great limestone-makers of ancient times were the coral polypes, who are still busily at work.

The red coral used by jewellers is the skeleton stem of one species. When living beneath the water, this stem was covered with a jelly-like flesh, in which were numerous little cells, from each of which a tiny polype (πολυς, (polys,) many; πους, (pous,) foot) put forth its many arms or feet, whichever you choose to call them. The skeleton was formed from the lime existing in the ocean, which each polype was employed in secreting and depositing. Coral cannot flourish at a greater depth than twenty or thirty fathoms below the surface of the water, as it requires heat and light, though it has been found much lower. It grows more quickly and vigorously where it can feel the motion and play of the waves, and always works or grows upwards.

A coral-reef on the coast of Australia extends for a thousand miles, and many groups in the Pacific are of even greater extent. Coral, as we have said, cannot flourish below a certain depth in the ocean, so the coral-islands must have been at first reefs fringing the sunken rocks in which the Pacific abounds, and rising or sinking with them. As these reefs were raised to the surface the polypes would of course die, and by the action of the water the reef would at length be converted into a solid mass of limestone containing shells, sand, &c., brought together by the waves. Most of our limestones have probably been formed by the skeletons of coral and other creatures somewhat resembling them. Shell-

* 'Advanced Text Book,' page 51.

fish, such as oysters and mussels, which grow together in large quantities, would soon form a bed of limestone, if buried; and indeed, I have seen a quarry where the limestone is composed entirely of different kinds of shells, their forms still quite perfect.

In our chalk cliffs, along the south-eastern coast, in the Isle of Wight, &c., you may frequently have noticed regular bands of flint, sometimes crossing one another, sometimes horizontal, sometimes running parallel to one another, and varying in colour from dark grey to dusky orange. A flint almost always looks as if it had had to do with limestone, and in fact, is rarely or never to be found apart from it. But, if the limestone was formed in the sea, how did the flints get there?

We have said that the sea contains lime, of which the coral polypes make their skeletons; it also contains silica. Lime and silica, and indeed other minerals, are 'held in solution' by water, (solutus, melted.) Sugar or salt, as you know, are melted or dissolved by water, rendered invisible, but not lost. They are still in the water, but in a dissolved state: *i.e.*, are held in solution. Now, flint is composed of silica, coloured, sometimes by iron, sometimes by other minerals; and many of the tiny shells in the sea are formed of silica too. The sea swarms with these little creatures; and it seems probable that flint is formed from their shells or cases, just as limestone is formed from the shells and skeletons of others. Those beautiful flashes of red and green light sometimes seen as the waves break on the shore in the summer evenings, are due to little organisms, many of which have casings of silica, like small glass houses, around them Some, called from their structure Diatoms, (διατεμνω, (diatemno,) to cut in two,) are known to have formed large beds of rock; whether they are animal or vegetable is not satisfactorily established. Bowerbank is of opinion that the sponges are as active in accumulating silica as the coral in accumulating lime. Now we can see how very likely it was for flint and limestone to be found together. But this is not all. Very few rocks are now in the state in which they were first deposited. They have undergone some change, and have become metamorphic, (metamorphoö, μεταμορφοω, to change.) Pressure alters rocks considerably. Where a mass of mud formed beneath the water sinks down, it becomes hardened by pressure, and the harder it is squeezed, the more porous, or full of tiny holes, does it become. The particles of lime, if there are any, find one another out, and join together in bands; so do those of silica; while the sulphur and iron, or copper, unite to form pyrites, (πυριτης, (pyrites,) conversant with fire,) probably so called because iron pyrites strike fire. The whole mass is penetrated by water, and formed into a hard rock, ready at some future time to be upheaved.

Heat may be joined to the water, as in hot springs, either raising it to a high temperature or converting it into steam.

Hot springs hold various minerals in solution, which, as the water cools or evaporates, crystalize. If you have ever made an alum basket, you will know what crystalization is. Cold water will hold only a

certain quantity of alum in solution; if more than this be dissolved in it while hot, and a wire basket put into the alum-water, the alum will collect upon it in crystals, as the water grows cold. Ice is crystalized water. The Geysers, or boiling springs of Iceland, contain sulphur and silica, and beautiful sulphur crystals are found about their basins, while 'every blade of grass, and every leaf or moss, washed by these waters, is clothed with a thin covering of the same siliceous substance as the great basin is composed of.'*

Quartz rock belongs to the metamorphic order, being, in fact, sandstone altered and hardened, either by heat alone, or by heated water. If a sandstone were penetrated by hot water or steam, part of the silica of which each grain is composed might be dissolved, and, as the water evaporated, be again deposited as a cement to the mass, thus producing quartz rock. Pure white quartz is altogether composed of silica; rose quartz is the same coloured by iron. Many of our precious stones are quartz coloured by different minerals; such as the cairngorm, cornelian, and blood-stone.

Other of the metamorphic rocks are gneiss, an altered sandstone, resembling granite, but having the felspar, mica, and quartz, arranged in plates or layers; slate, which is a hardened clay; and statuary marble, (the marble used by sculptors,) which is crystalized limestone.

Having now given you some idea of what the different rocks are, and how they are formed, we must consider some of the different positions in which they are found.

Aqueous rocks are naturally deposited in horizontal strata; but, as I told you, are frequently tilted up, so as to show their edges. This may occur during their upheaval from the bottom of lake or ocean, but is not a necessary consequence of it. They may, and often do, retain their horizontal position; while in other cases they are found quite vertical, or upright. This inclination in their position is called their 'dip;' it is measured from the horizon, and the angle of inclination, or dip, is the angle they make with the horizon. Strata are said to dip towards some point of the compass. The 'strike' of a stratum is the direction in which it runs across the country, and is at right-angles to its 'dip.' In the Isle of Wight there is a stratum of chalk running due east and west, from the Needles to the Culver Cliffs, 'striking' east and west therefore, and dividing the island very nearly in the middle. The 'dip' of this stratum is in some parts nearly south, at right-angles to its 'strike,' it being, in fact, almost vertical.

Strata are said to be 'unconformable' when they do not lie above one another in parallel order; thus one stratum may be horizontal, and others, above or below, inclined. This unconformability occurs whenever the underneath strata have been tilted or disturbed before the upper were deposited.

An interruption in the course of the strata is called by miners a 'fault;'

* Hooker's 'Iceland.'

it is usually accompanied by a crack or chasm, varying from a mere line to several feet, filled generally with stones and rubbish. For example, suppose a series of four strata deposited conformably one over the other, say sand, gravel, clay, chalk, but in one part the gravel coming on a level with the sand, the clay with the gravel, the chalk with the clay. It would be evident that something had occurred to sink one portion of the bed, or raise the other.

The 'crop out' of a stratum is its rising to the surface, or exposure. The line or direction of the 'crop out' is the 'strike.' In some cases the 'crop out' is the result of denudation; the over-lying strata having been removed or washed away, perhaps in the course of their upheaval from the ocean, or by after occurrences. A river, for instance, may by degrees hollow out a deep valley for itself, and expose the strata on each side. If afterwards the river should cease to flow, some of the lower strata will be exposed in its bed. We shall have a good example of denudation (denudo, to lay bare) hereafter, when you will understand it better.

This has been a somewhat dry list of terms and explanations, but a necessary one, if you are to understand anything of the grammar of our subject, and if, as I hope, you are to be put in the way of understanding really scientific works. It may be well to note that the strike of strata in England is generally north-east and south-west, so that the same strata crop out in Lincolnshire and Somersetshire; in Norfolk and in Wiltshire.

(To be continued.)

CATHERINE DE BOURBON.*

A SMALL unpretending book has lately appeared in France—an historical, or rather biographical, study on the life and character of Catherine de Bourbon, sister of Henry the Fourth of France.

The writer, the Countess d'Armaille, neé de Segur, is entitled to the gratitude of readers of all parties. She has gone, we are sure, through a vast deal of disagreeable reading in order to form a very good, agreeable, and useful book. She has tried to be fair to all parties; and no one can say it is her fault if painful impressions remain where she would have been glad to produce more pleasant ones. She is, we believe, herself a Catholic, but moderate; seeing clearly the conscientious character of her heroine's mind, and neither disposed to be severe upon it, nor yet to treat the King's change of religious profession as hypocritical. Although we can cordially recommend the book to our readers, and wish they would do it greater justice than can be done by abridgement, we think some

* Catherine de Bourbon, Sœur de Henri IV., par Madame la Comtesse d'Armaille, (neé de Segur.) Paris, 1865.

little sketch of Catherine's remarkable destiny may be acceptable to those unable to meet with the volume itself.

We have not hitherto had a very agreeable impression of King Henry's sister. She has always appeared entitled to respect, and even to admiration; but her rigid Calvinism, her imprudent excesses in religious observances, her apparent love of showing her severe side to her brother, have rather checked us in our wishes to *like* as well as *honour* her. Much of this difficulty is removed by the present volume, and pity and tenderness for her are largely increased.

There was but little resemblance between Henry and his sister, excepting in the strength of their passions and in their determined *wills*. Their mutual attachment was most remarkable. In Catherine it was far more unselfish, however, than in her brother. With her it survived the severest trials imaginable; while his causes of complaint were never heavy, and often most unreasonable. It signifies little to say that his mind was far more enlarged than hers, his experience of men and women greater; for the truth is, that the experience was *generally* a very bad one, and corrupted his estimate of purity and truth; in particular, we think, he had no fair appreciation of women; and while he smarted under the virtuous condemnation of his sister's female friends, who were among the noblest ladies France ever produced, he believed fancy and temper and moroseness of belief to be at the foundation of their characters, and rather set himself to *conquer* than to *conform* to them.

Our readers may be supposed to know enough of the renowned Jeanne d'Albret, the mother of Henry and Catherine, to judge how the mind of a daughter, constantly in her presence, was likely to be affected. She would be learned, but one-sided. She would be poetical, and her artistical taste would be cultivated, but all would be under the strictest religious government; and then, what was much to be deprecated, reverence for her mother would be identified with persecution; for Jeanne was cruel and harsh in her measures towards her Béarnois Catholic subjects. Catherine grew up to see, and most likely approve, of all she saw. Henry might rebel, but not so the well-guarded sister.

Catherine, born in 1559, and having for her godmother no less a person than Catherine de Medicis—was educated and remained at the Béarnois court at Pau till the beginning of the year 1572. Then, with her mother and a whole phalanx of Huguenot nobles, she left for Paris, in order to assist at the projected marriage of Henry with Margaret de Valois. Here there came upon her the deep distress of losing her mother, who died in June of the same year. Jeanne had made her will, leaving for executors the Cardinal de Bourbon and Admiral de Coligny; and charging Henry with the special protection of his sister. The ladies who were to be her attendants were named; she was to reside in Béarn, and in due time he was to encourage her marrying a prince of her own rank and her own religion. Jeanne also charged the Queen-mother and her sons to protect her daughter, and guard her in the free exercise of

her religious profession. At thirteen years of age, and with considerable delicacy of health, Catherine was thus left to the perils of that stormy time.

The marriage of her brother, with the sister of Charles the Ninth, took place two months later. It could never have been an agreeable match for any party—certainly there was no love between Henry and Margaret, and the unhappiness of the connection did much to foster in him a general disregard of moral obligations. He was at this time tenacious of those which had religion for their basis; he refused to assist at the Mass performed at Notre Dame after the ceremony; and Catherine de Medicis soon saw that she had failed in securing him to her own party. Then, in that same fatal year, was planned and executed the Massacre of the Huguenots, on St. Bartholomew's Day. Coligny fell, but Henry and Catherine happily escaped. It is said that her brother took upon himself the temporary abjuration of Protestantism for her as well as for himself, and so saved her. She seems to have remained in Paris till after the death of Charles the Ninth, in 1573, and she was sought in marriage by Henry III., but the Queen-mother was not propitious; he married, soon afterwards, into the Guise family; and in 1776, Henry of Navarre, having escaped from Saint Germain, formally demanded that his sister should join him. He established her first at Nerac, and afterwards at Pau.

About two years afterwards we find her, however, still at Nerac, in her nineteenth year; and there she had to receive a visit from Catherine de Medicis, whose ostensible object it was to convey Margaret de Valois to the runaway husband, but who really meant, chiefly, to work on the young king and his sister, and bring them into the Catholic fold. Her means of acting were detestable. Knowing his love of pleasure and of women, she brought with her a whole tribe of dissolute people. With these, the young, pure daughter of Jeanne d'Albret had no fellowship. She kept her own friends about her, and rejected a proposed marriage to the Duke of Anjou. The Queen-mother, foiled, returned to Paris; and the Princess, with her brother and sister-in-law, established themselves at the Castle of Pau.

But here a religious, domestic war arose, in which neither Catherine de Bourbon nor Henry appear to advantage. Mistaking or confounding her own religious practices with absolute Christianity, Catherine showed great intolerance to her sister-in-law, who could with difficulty obtain permission to have a Sunday Mass in a small room in the castle, only big enough to hold six or seven people—the draw-bridge being raised at the time of service. On Whit Sunday, 1579, several of the Béarnois Catholics, desirous of being also present, managed to get into the castle, and were praying peaceably in the small chapel, when a spy proclaimed their presence; and to his great dishonour, Henry ill-treated them, even in Margaret's presence, and consigned them to prison. But he quickly saw his error; and it is to be remarked, that on no after occasion do we

hear of any approach to persecution, either on his part or his sister's. They contented themselves with their own profession, but were far more indulgent to others. The court went back to Nerac, which seems to have been more favourable to the exercise of freedom; and here for four or five years it remained.

We do not pretend to detail the events of these years; suffice it to say that the clever, intriguing Margaret de Valois made her husband very unhappy, while he gave her too much cause to recriminate; and at the end of this time *she* returned to the Louvre, while Catherine took up her abode once more at Pau. But now she was two or three and twenty. She had been already trusted by Henry as his lieutenant-general in Béarn; now she published her own military orders, and was instructed to maintain the towns in a proper condition in her brother's absence. She reigned supreme in her castle, and it was adorned with everything that could gratify her taste. Beautiful, most beautiful, was the view on which her eyes gazed when she looked from the terrace upon which all the principal windows opened—the valleys of Gan and Lestelle, the windings of the River Gave, then the hills and vineyards of Jurançon. And it was a noble suite of apartments which she inhabited. Did she occupy the room in which her brother was born? Hardly that, probably. It was doubtless sacred to their mother's memory; and there stood, and even now stands, (so we learn from a recent traveller,) the bed in which Jeanne d'Albret lay—a huge structure, with ponderous silk curtains. The tradition says that old Henry, Jeanne's father, charged her, before the birth of the child, to repress by every effort the natural cry of anguish—'And oh! my child, if you *could* sing a few notes in the dear Béarnois tongue, your child would be welcomed into the world as he ought to be.' And so she did, says the tale; and the first sound which Henri Quatre heard was his mother's voice lifted up in a pastoral song of the shepherds of Béarn.

One does not, looking down the page of History, meet with one noble lady whose prospects of marriage were at once so elevated and so disappointing as Catherine's. In theory we may say she might have ruled the world. Her brother's marriage with Margaret being unfruitful, she was certainly the first lady in France, and no wonder that her hand was esteemed a great prize. She was first, as we have seen, sought by Henry the Third, then by the Duke d'Anjou. The next suitor was Philip the Second of Spain, the most powerful monarch of his time; and on her decisive rejection of him on religious grounds, her Huguenot friend De Mornay hoped that our own James I. would have been successful. Far inferior as he was in many respects to Catherine, her fate, had she married him, might have been a much happier one than it afterwards proved. Her Protestant sympathies would have been met Queen Elizabeth would have honoured her character, principles, and learning; and among the Puritan ladies of the English Court were many and many who would have delighted in welcoming her as their future

Queen-Consort. De Mornay knew all this, and was really anxious for the match; but Catherine hung back with a sort of shivering distaste for the cold climate of Scotland, and even of England. Perhaps her affections had been even then for some time engaged.

And now her real miseries were to begin—and now is the time to say that the policy of her brother, and even his moral treatment of her with regard to the disposal of her hand, can never be excused. It is easy to see that she was not entirely consistent and blameless, and we must ever make large allowances for Henry's difficulties; but if bad faith towards a sister is a serious crime, we cannot see that it is possible to defend him. We could pass over the sort of degrading position in which he placed her by repeatedly offering her hand to different parties according to his different political views; but we cannot forgive him for first encouraging her love for Soissons, and promoting their engagement, then, after breaking it off—for which he had *some* reasonable pretext—forcing other lovers upon her. We must speak of this more fully, for it was the wreck of Catherine's life.

And first, for the lover. Charles de Bourbon, Count of Soissons, was the youngest prince of the House of Condé. He was very handsome and accomplished. He is said to have 'loved glory like a Bourbon, intrigue like a Valois, and the fine arts like a Medicis.' He united in his own person much of the distinguishing good and bad of all these parties. Versatile, ready for everything, with no fixed principle, he could associate himself with them in their passions, dangers, and daring. Himself the Catholic brother of a Huguenot prince, friend of Henry III. and the Guises, near relative of Henry the Fourth, he was the very Proteus of his time, passing from one party to another with extraordinary lightness and facility.

Being the richest member of his family, and perfectly independent, he might have steered the clearest possible course in such a period. He expended his wealth liberally; he filled his Paris hotel with valuable treasures of art; he had for his guest, often, the crafty, refined Catherine de Medicis; women adored him, the King looked up to him, and the vulgar people fancied he was in league with the invisible powers, and practised magical arts. Besides, he had the reputation of opposing taxation, of helping the weak against the powerful, and thus he was with many an idol, and might, had he so pleased, have exercised the noblest sort of influence in the fortunes of his country.

Can it be other than the most natural thing in the world that Catherine de Bourbon, who had known him from her childhood, who had found a playfellow and friend in him, and had afterwards heard of his bravery in arms, and his important aid to her brother, grew up to love this matchless Soissons, with all the fervour of a romantic heart? It was the single influence which outweighed even her Calvinistic resolutions; for Soissons, as we have said, was a Catholic, though the brother of Condé. She rejected Philip the Second at once, she would have nothing to say to

any other Catholic suitor; but her heart was Soissons', and it was the old, old story of omnipotent love. It is pretty certain that, with him for her husband, Catherine believed she should be secure in her own Protestant profession; and during the four years of her permitted engagement to him, for three of which she was Regent of Béarn and kept her court at Pau, she was as tolerant to the Catholic party as her mother had been severe, while still her attachment to her faith was warmly avowed. But we are anticipating. It is of the actual commencement of the engagement that we ought to speak. Now, nothing in history can be more certain than that Henry the Fourth himself selected the Count de Soissons as a suitable husband for Catherine, and that he actually broke off the treaty with the young King of the Scots, in order to attach Soissons to his interest, through his sister. It does not matter much to say, as can be said with too great truth, that Soissons was only one of many so selected for a time, and apparently thrown aside as occasion served: the fact was, that for reasons of state, and through his desire to detach the Count from the opposite faction, Henry did commit himself eagerly to the scheme of the marriage—that Soissons accordingly *did* abandon his party and give his aid to Henry, and that he exchanged matrimonial promises with the Princess in her brother's presence, with a near prospect of their fulfilment. Henry for some time treated him with confidence and affection, and bore with his natural insubordination, and his disdain of the simple habits of the little Béarnois court. But no one who knew the characters of the two men was surprised that this did not last very long. Henry, ever at heart a Béarnois, could not put up with affronts towards his nobility; and one thing after another disgusted him with his intended brother-in-law.

So time went on. Several years passed away; and Catherine, ruling in personal independence at Pau, saw no reason for these long delays, and was probably unconscious of many of Henry's causes of just complaint. Seeing Soissons perfectly faithful and sincere to herself, corresponding with him constantly, and having a strong advocate for him in the Countess de Gramont, one of her ladies, she evidently had not the remotest idea of change in herself. It is plain the brother and sister were unwilling to do anything decisive, and neither were open with each other. So things went on till Soissons himself brought them to a point. Henry, who had latterly been keeping him as much away as possible from Catherine, left him engaged, and under charge, at the siege of Rouen, while he himself was called elsewhere; and Soissons seized the opportunity, under a false pretext, of visiting his mistress: he took with him a select troop of knights and of light horse, leaving the latter three leagues distant from the Chateau of Pau, and was, there is no doubt, welcome enough to his lady; but whatever *his* designs might be, (and Henry naturally suspected them,) Catherine never to the last owned to having the slightest intention of yielding to a private marriage. She does not even appear to have been aware of Soissons' breach of discipline in visiting her. She wrote to her

brother, telling him of his arrival; and she afterwards declared that it was her intention to avail herself of his escort in joining her brother, as he had proposed. All this might be true; yet the very fact of the lovers being together, the distrust of Soissons, and other designs which had for some time been in Henry's mind, in which his sister was to be concerned —this, and private letters from Pau, violently agitated him, and he wrote off in the most impetuous manner to his old friend, the President of the Regent's Council at Bearn; his words were few, but strong enough.

M. de Ravignan, I am greatly displeased at the Count de Soissons' arrival; and I will only say, that if anything passes contrary to my will, and you aid it by assent or consent, your head will answer for it.

HENRY.

Moreover, he despatched an order for the arrest of Soissons. Ravignan could not well do other than summon his council. Doubtless he was alarmed and suspicious; and after some conference he went with a deputation to the Princess. There, whether wisely or not it is difficult to say, he plainly taxed her with meditating a marriage with Soissons, and allowing him to carry her away from Pau.

By the evidence of a Calvinistic minister, Palma-Cayet, Soissons had certainly asked him to perform the marriage ceremony, which he had declined to do. Catherine, however, excited to the utmost at Ravignan's procedure, vented all her rage upon the Council, and declared she would only account for her actions to the King. Whereon the poor old President, trembling and agitated, told her that Soissons was actually under arrest by the King's orders, and that he should be compelled to keep her also under surveillance till further instructions were received.

Nothing could exceed the indignation of the Princess. She had, by her own after confession, certainly exchanged vows with Soissons, though no marriage had been celebrated; and one cannot but suspect that the interference of the Council was a timely one for Henry, and fatal to Soissons. Meanwhile, the lover, with difficulty overpowered, was conducted into confinement; and Catherine fell ill of grief and indignation. Then the people, stirred by reports of what was passing, and not very friendly to the Count, professed to believe that he had bewitched their darling Princess; that they ought to rise and deliver her from his power!

The poor lady was greatly to be pitied. She wrote pathetically to the King, pleading his past promises,—pleading for herself, pleading for Soissons,—and violently arraigning the conduct of her council and of Ravignan.

Henry was touched by her letter; believed, or affected to believe, her protestations of innocence, but privately wrote his warmest thanks to Ravignan. However, he released Soissons, and recalled him to court, where he came in a spirit of impudent effrontery which could only have made matters worse. He even revenged himself in a petty manner on the officer who had arrested him, though by the King's orders. Is it wonderful

that such conduct irritated Henry still further, and fixed the determination on his mind to break wholly with him as a future brother? In fact, this is not the point at which we blame Henry. His error was in trying to substitute another lover, the Duke de Montpensier, and forcing him on his sister with cruel eagerness and haste, regardless of her touching entreaties to be allowed only to seek some quiet retreat, where she should not again offend him, and to renounce henceforth all thoughts of marriage; regardless, too, of her long habits of independence, for he persisted in treating her as a girl, even after she had attained the age of thirty.

Upon the harshness of Henry's conduct towards her there can hardly be two opinions; and all the best of Catherine's friends—De Mornay, his wife, the Duchess de Rohan, &c.—were strongly and warmly on her side. However, Henry was inexorable in his demands that she would lay down the old love, and take the new; and then it was that, with a burst of passion, Catherine revealed the existence of certain recently written engagements between herself and Soissons, which bound her, in her honour and conscience, religiously to him for ever. At this disclosure, the King's anger, though strongly repressed, was intense. He had not foreseen this obstacle; but it should be removed. He sent Sully to the princess, sorely against the minister's will. He was to use all means, of which deception was certainly, we fear, one, to get possession of these documents. Sully went. His representations were unavailing for some time; but artifice prevailed. He persuaded her that the promises were illegal, as unsanctioned by the King; that the giving them up was only an act of just deference to his authority; that only by so doing could there be the smallest hope of gaining Henry's consent to the union; and he confidently assured her, and afterwards ratified it by a solemn oath on the part of the King, that if they submitted to him entirely, gave up the promises, and signed a declaration stating that each was now free, these submissions would receive the recompense of the King's consent to their marriage.

We need not say that no after conduct of the unfortunate pair could absolve the monarch in breaking his oath. Nevertheless, this was what Henry did; and what, with all our regard for his various good actions, we never can cease to regard as treacherous and false. If even Sully exceeded his instructions at first, the King fully confirmed them, and thus has left a stain on his honourable name which we grieve to record.

It must not be forgotten that the unfortunate princess had to bear the exaggerations of her friends and defenders as well as the difficulties occurring between herself and Henry. Just at this juncture, one of the cleverest women of the time, a Calvinist, the Duchess de Rohan, penned and circulated a most severe comment on the King's conduct to his sister, entitled an 'Apology for King Henry the Fourth.' Nothing can exceed the sharpness and severity of this document. It is in some respects most unfair, as it reproaches the King with the poverty of his sister;—a poverty quite unavoidable, when it is remembered that she had herself, inspired

by the same ardour for the national good as Henry felt, *voluntarily* thrown her own private property into the insufficient public resources. It is very certain that she herself would never have sanctioned this ungenerous recrimination; but Henry was told that she had assisted in the 'libel,' and for some time, in spite of her disavowal, it added to their estrangement.

Unfortunately, the King could hardly fail to recognise the element of truth in part of the satire.

'He is, of all princes in the world, the one who can make much out of a little,' writes the fiery old lady. 'Do you ask for proof? He has only one sister; he has made a dozen friends through her means, and will make a thousand if he finds so many docile princes ready to follow his overtures. But with what judgment, think you, has he conducted all these marriages? What proportion has he retained, so that out of all these princes not one has had advantage over the other, but all have been equally content? Has he not offered her to five or six at the same time, (I might almost say on the same day,) saying to one, "Come to me, and I will give you my sister;" to another, "Bring about a peace between me and your party, I will give you my sister;" to another, "Keep your province favourable, I will give you my sister?" &c., &c.

'But what, say some, "had he no conscience about promising and not performing?" ... and was it not too bad to make his sister a bait for the princes of Christendom? Oh, poor ignorant people, forgetful of all I have told you! Have I not warned you, over and over again, that *this* prince has rare and extraordinary ways of governing? that his virtues differ from those of other princes as much as things visible from things invisible, intellectual things from material? and yet you *will* always measure him by the measurement of others, just as if you had a Louis XII. or a Francis I.—very virtuous princes both, but not like HIM. *He* knows when it is right to promise, and when to keep his promise; and he does nothing for his sister which he has not first done himself. Does not this show that he loves her as himself?'

No wonder that the King was deeply wounded at this cutting recapitulation of certain too well-known facts.

He had, at least, the good grace to give up urging, just at present, the claims of another suitor; and Montpensier soon after married another lady, while Catherine had a considerable interval of peace. She came to Paris to her brother's coronation, and was treated by him with great consideration. His sister, (born in 1559,) it should be remembered, had attained the age of thirty-five at his coronation in 1594; and still the years were passing, and it seemed misplaced as well as cruel to make her an object of contention and barter.

Her religious feelings were more than respected, for she exercised even too much of favouritism, and it seemed as if the abjuration of the brother was to be attended with large compensations to the Protestants from the sister. Henry was crowned king in 1594; and from this time his sister's

party had a special vocation in the state, which it was far from easy to perform well. It is certain that she never was more devoted to her Protestant friends and worship. Her alms, her charities of all kinds, were almost wholly theirs, and the great notoriety of her religious displays excited the strongest animosity on the part of bigoted Catholics everywhere, but especially in Paris. It is quite curious to read of the libels, and the personal, coarse, and cruel abuse of Catherine, with which the vulgar press of that city teemed. They were as bad as those which, at a later time, assailed Marie Antoinette; and yet never was woman more privately blameless, never one more absolutely free from suspicion, than Catherine. Her devoted loyalty, her clinging affection to her brother, were most remarkable. She followed him in his sieges and battles, and underwent hardships which told on her delicate health, for the sake of giving him her companionship. For how long a time there was a lurking hope that he would be faithful to his promises, we cannot tell. We only know that it was far from Henry's thoughts to fulfil them; and as delay after delay occurred, the sister's eyes must have been opened to the falsity of that on which she had so long rested.

She had long ceased to be young. Probably she felt that to be at peace after so much warfare was the greatest blessing left to her; and Soissons also seems to have been on better terms with the King. Then there were state affairs of great importance to be attended to; and Catherine materially assisted in framing the Edict of Nantes. Good earnest woman! full of worthy designs, and leaning on excellent counsellors, who can help wishing that her career had been allowed to go on, and end in the tranquillity it had well earned? It is indeed most painful to feel that its better destinies were again disturbed and tampered with for ends of a worldly policy. Such, however, was the monarch's decree.

Once more a suitor was pressed upon her; and the Duc de Bar, heir presumptive of Charles the Third, Duke de Loraine, was this time the favoured one. One hears no more of opposition from Catherine on the ground of former affection. She seems to have given *that* up—to be willing to renounce it for the King's sake; and she does not personally object strongly to the Duke de Bar, who is a worthy amiable man, profuse in his expressions of devotion to her; but she can and does stand most firmly by her Protestant faith; and the House of Loraine is notoriously rigid on Catholicism. What is to be done? Resolutely declaring her mind on this point, Catherine was not inexorable, provided entire liberty of faith and worship were allowed her, and she went so far as to promise to listen to any arguments which might be urged upon her by Catholic ministers. It must be said that she at the same time represented to her brother that her marriage, while a Protestant, into a Papist family, would not recommend him to the Papal Court, but rather open a wide door for disputes, as the suitor would have to obtain special dispensation, and he was not one to think lightly of the judgment which might be pronounced against him.

The sequel proved Catherine to have been really the only right-judging person among them. Her own singleness of heart taught her a wisdom far above that of Henry, and it is to be lamented that she did not firmly adhere to her judgment. She gave up, however, as usual, in every point but one. She married the duke, listened to all the pleadings of the learned Catholics with seriousness, but without any change of sentiment, had the love and reverence of her husband, and, there is no doubt, respected and loved him also in return; but all the more did she suffer from the sight of the extreme misery which his own conscience—that of an excellent but weak man—inflicted upon him. He had undertaken a part he was unable to sustain with dignity. He was miserable under the Pope's interdict, yet loved Catherine fondly, and was by turns devoted to her, and desirous of a separation.

It is painful to think that Henry lent himself to plead with his sister for the renunciation of her faith. She heard him with grief, and then bursting into tears, said, 'Sire, they want me to believe that *our* mother is damned.'

Upon this Henry turned away, silenced and shocked, and vowed he would torment her no more. He seems to have kept his word; and in time a compromise with the Pope was effected, which rendered the Duke less unhappy. They had no children to be the subjects of dispute, and they seem to have lived lives of great quietude and moderate happiness, till the health of Catherine, always delicate, broke up entirely. She never changed materially, it is believed; but she was not unwilling to perform private offices of devotion with her husband, and in all things tried to soften to him the trying facts of their difference. 'She was,' says the biography, 'absolved by the Catholic Church, *and* faithful to the remembrances and vows of her childhood.' She blessed her husband, who was inconsolable at her loss, and yielded up her spirit on the 13th of February, 1604, at the age of forty-five. Some say that her remains were carried to Vendome, and rest with those of her mother. One would suppose that Palma-Cayet, who assures us of this, was good authority; but others assert that she was buried in a mausoleum erected for her alone in the Duke's park of Sans Souci, (now Mal-Grange,) out of regard to the Catholic scruples of the House of Loraine.

All writers agree that Henry deeply grieved for her.

What became of Soissons? we naturally ask. Three years before Catherine's death, she had followed with something of melancholy interest the negociations for *his* marriage with the Princess of Conti. He left the court, lived in privacy, and died in 1612. He left two children; one of them, a son, who distinguished himself in talent and character; and whom we believe to have been the father of the celebrated Prince Eugène of Savoy, who was a younger son of the aforesaid Comte de Soissons, a French subject, and was born in Paris, October 18th, 1663.*

* The Countess d'Armaille makes Prince Eugène the son of Soissons' *daughter*; but this is manifestly a mistake.

'IS THE BOY A GOOD BOY?'

OR,

A VISIT TO THE SHIP 'INDEFATIGABLE.'

(BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST.')

SOME weeks ago we were paying an interesting visit to a clergyman and his wife, living on board one of Her Majesty's vessels lying in the Mersey. It was still mild bright weather, although autumn was already verging towards winter, and we much enjoyed the novelties of our ship-life, and took a deep interest in all that was going on around us, for the ship was a reformatory-ship for young boys, and the clergyman, whose guest we were, was the chaplain. The present occasion was not our first acquaintance with the Institution and its working, for we had, some eighteen months previously, spent a few days on board the vessel, and have already * given some account of its numerous youthful crew, upon whose countenances the happy influences of its discipline were plainly visible, with a description of all we saw and heard of them.

As we have said, the weather was lovely, and having already on our former visit been initiated into the mysteries of sailor-life on board, and attained to a knowledge of what was meant by piping to divisions, repairing the ratlins, deck-swapping, and cocoa-brush scrubbing, cooking of scours, burgoo, and duff, &c., &c.; having examined into the nature of hammocks, and felt their cork-shaving linings; having perambulated the decks at midnight, and chatted with the 'watch;' having looked on at the tailoring, cap-making, and other industrial pursuits; having been into the school, heard a Bible-class held, and learnt the histories of all the boys who had any; and having now inquired after those who had chiefly attracted our interest, and learnt that one had made two voyages, and another one, both returning with 'V. G.' certificates, that a third had gone home to his father, and a fourth—a frank, noble-browed lad of whom great hopes were entertained—came in for some property; we cast about for a new field of interest.

We were taken to see the 'Shenandoah,' which just then was creating much excitement; we watched the divers employed in the recovery of a recent wreck; we went on board one of the great Cunard Mail Packets just getting up the steam for New York; we sailed to Bromboro' Pool, and were taken over Price's beautifully conducted candle factory—a little world in itself. Still we asked for '*more*.'

'What is that large, newly caulked and painted frigate, lying to leeward of us?' we inquired, one morning, as we stood at the open port of the saloon-cabin; or, as our friend was wont most unmartially to term it, the *drawing-room!*

* See 'The Monthly Packet,' September, 1864.

'That,' she said, 'is the Indefatigable. It is a sort of Refuge-ship.'

'Like this?' we interposed.

'No,' she replied, 'it is not a Reformatory for bad lads. It is intended for destitute *good* boys; those who have never been convicted of crime.'

'What a very good Institution!' we exclaimed. 'Just the kind that is so much needed.' And forthwith we desired to know all about it.

The shortest way of answering all our questions seemed to be to suggest a visit to the ship. So we went, being rowed alongside in the captain's gig, manned by a crew of 'Akbar' boys, in their Sunday 'jumpers.'

We found that the Institution had but recently been started, and that at present there were but thirty-two boys on board; and also that the number must stand at fifty, on account of a deficiency of funds; although the weekly applications for admission are very numerous, and as it becomes better known, will of course be more so. £2500 a year will be necessary to support this training-ship with a full complement of inmates, and it can accommodate some two or three hundred.

We inquired of the captain, who kindly showed us over the spacious, commodiously fitted-out decks, how a boy could be got into the Institution; and learnt that the intention is, as soon as the funds will allow, that *any* destitute lad of good character, between the ages of twelve and fifteen, and not physically unfitted for the duties of a sea-faring life, shall be eligible on payment of £10. Naturally the claims of boys belonging to Liverpool and its neighbourhood will be preferred before others, but any cases may be admitted on the approval of the committee.

All the boys whom we saw looked intensely happy, their faces beaming with cheerfulness; and we thought how we should like to be the means of adding one or more to the little band thus rescued from the trials and temptations of extreme poverty.

At the opening meeting, held at Liverpool, for the purpose of considering the desirability of establishing such a training-ship in the Mersey, the stipendiary magistrate most heartily accorded with the proposition, saying that it frequently happened that parents with good and interesting boys came and said to him that they were totally unable to provide for them. In such cases the first question he asked was, 'Is the boy a good boy?' Because if he were a bad boy, he might under certain circumstances, under the Industrial Schools Act, send him to an Industrial Institution; but if the boy were a *good* boy, he had not the power to do anything whatever for him!

And so we have come round to our opening question, 'Is the boy a good boy?' and we would only add that if any of our readers residing northwards are willing to aid some poor and friendless good boy to earn his own living, and become a steady and industrious, and, as we hope, God-fearing sailor, we shall most gladly become the medium of receiving small sums to be so used when they shall have amounted to £10.

THE FRIDAY FAST.

A DIALOGUE.

It was nearly six o'clock p.m., on Thursday, August 13th, 186–, and the daily Evensong was just over in the village Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Shale. When the latest lingering worshipper had departed, the two curates, emerging from the sacristy, locked the churchyard-gate for the night, and proceeded to walk together along as much of their homeward road as lay in the same direction. Their moods were different. One, a very slight fair young man, with the length of wind and limb of a good greyhound, strode on, his head erect, his eyes looking abstracted and far-seeing. His small companion trotted breathless beside him, chafing at his protracted silence; and after the failure of more than one stratagem to gain his attention, exclaimed desperately, 'Crichton!'

Anthony Crichton started violently: 'O Wilcox, I beg your pardon! Did you speak to me? I'm afraid I didn't hear.'

The Rev. Irwin Wilcox growled and laughed. 'In training for La Trappe, I suppose. I wish I were there—or anywhere, but in this desert. Don't look scandalized, good S. Antonio; I really hope I do my duty; but it *is* flat after Brighton. *Tenez*. I mean to walk over to Whitston this evening, and get Gubbins and Hawkshaw to dine with me to-morrow. You'll come too, won't you?'

'To Whitston?'

'To dinner to-morrow, I mean—sharp seven.'

'Crichton looked somewhat chagrined. 'Ah, I *should* like to have met Gubbins; but I can't come to-morrow, thank you.'

'You've another engagement?'

'None; it is Friday,' answered Anthony, feeling deeply ashamed of even the slight effort it cost him to speak the words.

'Do—you—mean—to—say—you—think—it—*wrong* to dine out on *Friday?*' asked Wilcox, confounded.

'*Wrong* for myself, YES.'

'Then it must be the same for other people.—No, I don't want to go in, Crichton. Come on to the heath for a draught of fresh air, and explain yourself if you can.'

A brief interval of silence, filled on Crichton's part by a most earnest prayer: 'Domine, dirige me,' he concluded, inly: and then spoke aloud.

'Why did you read Lamentations iii. and St. James iii. to-night?'

'In church? Why, they were the Lessons for the day.'

'Where did you find that?' continued Crichton.

'I looked them out in the Kalendar. I'm sure they were right,' Wilcox added, suddenly looking up into Anthony's quiet dispassionate face.

'So they were, quite right,' he agreed. 'The Kalendar is in the Prayer Book, Wilcox.'

Wilcox winced—these side thrusts told home. 'Not in all Prayer Books. It is in mine though.'

'A quibble,' said Anthony, somewhat sternly. 'Monday week is St. Bartholomew's Day; do you mean to observe that?'

'I suppose so.'

'If you do, it will be on the authority of the Prayer Book, *the Church*. The observance of such festivals was not an express positive Divine command.'

'Nor was fasting,' objected Wilcox.

'I don't know. There is a great deal about fasting in both the Old and New Testaments. Remember the Epistle for Ash Wednesday, the second chapter of Joel; and those passages in St. Matthew vi. and St. Mark ii. But to take other grounds—'

'*Can* you prove that there is anything about fasting in the Prayer Book, *except* in the Epistle for Ash Wednesday? I grant you, the word 'fasting' occurs there. It was commanded, I believe; but to the Jews for national sins.'

'And by placing that Lesson where it stands in the Service for the First day of Lent, the Church enjoins the same duty upon her children. Have *we* no national sins, Wilcox? But there is ocular demonstration for you. Look here;' and before Wilcox's eyes was displayed a Prayer Book, open at the 'Table of Vigils, Fasts, and Days of Abstinence, to be observed in the Year.'

Wilcox looked where Anthony's finger pointed.

'"All the Fridays in the year, except Christmas Day." The Fast is to be set aside therefore for no other Festival,' said Crichton.

'Well,' said Wilcox, 'I suppose you think that unanswerable.'

'*You* do,' said Anthony, with no tone of triumph.

'"A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still,"'

quoted Wilcox. 'But looking at the question æsthetically, Crichton, I believe in the "Mens sana in corpore sano;" and certainly not one man in twenty has both the strength, nerves, and temper, to stand a thirty-six hours fast—perhaps eating nothing from six p. m. on Thursday, to eight a. m. on Saturday. I was at Baynham last Ash Wednesday; and Huxtable and I tried to subsist on dry bread; but by six o'clock in the evening we were so desperately weak and irritable, that we fled to cold mutton, in fear for life or reason.'

'You forgot *Vigil* and *Abstinence* in Fasting,' answered Anthony. 'We ought not to put asunder what our Lord by example, and His Church by precept, has joined together.

'*Fasting* might easily become a mere "show of wisdom" in the neglecting of the body, but for the check of *Abstinence*, which teaches us to be "temperate in all things," and shows the *end* of Fasting. And

through the subjection of our bodies, we shall only be the more accessible to temptation; as you remember our Master's most dire conflict with the Evil One was when He was "an hungred," after His long long fast. So we must keep strict *Vigil* at like seasons. We must both be sober, and watch unto prayer. Forgive my sermonizing you, my fellow priest; I was reminding myself of all this as much, and more, than you.'

Wilcox thrust his arm impetuously through his companion's, saying in a tone as vehement as the gesture, but earnest and remorseful withal, 'Crichton, I know I'm a wretched coward. I *hate* myself. There was I, not half an hour ago, ready to thank Heaven that I was not like you—subject to ordinances, forsooth. I'm slave enough to my own self-indulgence. I *know* now—I can't follow in my Master's steps, and share in His discipline. And *I* have nothing to say against it on the score of health, have I, Crichton? I can't forget what the training was when I was captain of our boat at Cambridge. *There* was abstinence enough. I would have lived on a straw a-day, if it had been necessary, to bring the Trinity Hall boat to the head of the river, and make myself famous.'

He stopped for want of breath; and heard Crichton say, half to himself, 'Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.'

There was a long silence, during which the two friends had turned homewards. When they had reached the edge of the lonely heath, Wilcox halted suddenly, and spoke in a low wistful tone: 'Crichton, will you say the Collect for the First Sunday in Lent? I can't altogether remember it; and I should like to think of it in connection with to-day.'

And while the young priest stood with bared head, and eastward aspect, Crichton repeated: '"O Lord, who for our sake didst fast forty days and forty nights; give us grace to use such abstinence, that our flesh being subdued to the spirit, we may ever obey Thy godly motions in righteousness and true holiness; to Thy honour and glory, Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen."'

OUR SHIP.

BY THE REV. J. C. ATKINSON.

WHO has not heard of the fairy craft, manned (or moused, should we say?) with a crew of twelve white mice, and a lily-white duck for captain? Who has not read of the magic ship, which sailed as well on dry land as deep water, that would carry a thousand, with all stores well found, as easily as one, or one as easily as a thousand, and when laid up in ordinary might be safely and commodiously docked in its owner's waistcoat pocket—always supposing, that is, that he wore waistcoats, which I don't believe he did. But strange as were these ships, and parlous their voyages, surely Our Ship must have been of the same pedigree, and gifted with somewhat like capacities. One day not a ship

at all, and the next full-rigged, and with her snowy canvas unfurled; with a lading that cumbered the deck, was hung all high and thick amid the rigging, clewed up to the spars, rich and rare and tempting to the bright eager eyes of the consignees; reposing placidly on the blue wavelets, and yet with miles betwixt her and the sea, and miles of mountain-hills moreover, with only a broken pass, through which the mountain stream struggled and flashed and foamed and rattled on its downward course along its rock-bestrewn channel, to give access to or from the great deep.

But Our Ship was guiltless of the sea, as well as called into sudden being and freighted with a sudden cargo. A veritable hull, timbered and planked and decked and painted, with veritable mast and bowsprit, boom, and gaff—for she was yacht-rigged, Our Ship was; with veritable cordage—shrouds, back-stays and fore-stay, and running rigging complete; and veritable snowy sails, symmetrical and flat as a board; she had flitted up silently and unseen on the last work-a-day of the old year to her haven on a seeming blue sea (of calico) on a platform at the end of our lofty school-room, and long before the night, was ready, full-rigged, and full-freighted, for the breaking of the New Year's Day, and the assembling of the fresh, hearty, healthy, handsome, intelligent Dales children to their school festival.

For Our Ship was a 'Christmas Ship,' no mere miniature model, let me warn you, that a chick of a midshipman could have tucked under his arm and walked no worse with than if it had been a telescope; but a stout vessel, nearly ten feet long, and with a tapering mast reaching high up into the open roof, and with a goodly Union-Jack floating fair (the help of a cunningly-devised wire support) from the peak.

Our Ship, to tell the truth, *was* somewhat cumbered with her lading; for there were 127 children in attendance at the day-school, and 57 at the Sunday-school, for each of whom there would be a present, and for most of the latter a reward as well. Besides, there were other children—eight in one house alone—who looked anxiously to see what Our Ship had brought for them from the mysterious port she had sailed from; and others yet, in one way or other connected with the school, who were not forgotten in getting the cargo together. So that there were more than 230 'bales' on board, each with its own destination fairly inscribed by the supercargo. Unlading such a ship as this was not to be lightly taken in hand, and so a tea-party was arranged to come off first. Do our readers know what a Yorkshire tea-party is?

'What a peculiarly Yorkshire institution a tea-party is!' was, a few weeks since, the remark of a Yorkshire incumbent, who, though like myself, long a worker in the county in question, was a native of a southern county. Truly it is.

Three hundred and fifty sat down to tea at our school festival on New Year's Day, and there was yet abundance and to spare of eatables, whose destination it was to be divided among the old and infirm, who were unable to be personally present. And of all this mighty mass of food, comprising all kinds of cake, cheese-cakes, cream-cakes, preserve-tarts, and the like, (no mere bread so much as admitted,) and the tea and cream and sugar to moisten it withal, scarcely one twentieth part but was contributed in kind, or, when cooking conveniences were not adequate, sums of money given instead, by the different parishioners, the small holders and yeomen and tradesmen, and even working-people in some cases, of the district.

But that is one of the peculiar features of the tea-party proper. However many the guests or partakers, the viands are contributed by more or fewer individuals. Such and such ladies, or farmer's wives, or tradesmen's wives, undertake to 'take a tray,' and provide not only the 'tea-graithing'—cups, saucers, spoons, plates, &c.—but also the eatables and drinkables; and they preside at their trays themselves, however often the tables may be furnished with guests. Sometimes, perhaps generally, the tea-party is held in connection with some object or institution which it is desired to support; and then a small charge is made for the tea:—'Tickets, one shilling each, admitting to the meeting after tea is over, may be had of So-and-so:'—and the proceeds, after paying incidental expenses, are handed over to the receiver for the special 'cause' in question. Once, in this parish, on a conical flat-topped hill not a quarter of a mile from this house, such a party was held in a mighty marquee fitted up for the purpose, and more than nine hundred tea-drinkers assembled on the occasion. And by it was realized a very handsome sum towards buying books for a new Mutual Improvement Society in the parish.

But whatever the object of the tea-party, there is always a meeting after it, with addresses by various speakers, but all having one common direction. The addresses may be varied with singing, or resolutions, or any other of the divers forms which large public meetings adopt for the expression of their sentiments; and after Our Ship had discharged her freight, retaining only her many many coloured lamps, and flags, and other mere additions for ornament sake, songs and rounds and Christmas carols by the children—a tuneful lot enough—relieved and diversified the soberer statements touching school progress and prospects, school work, teachers and taught, given by the incumbent and the master, and speeches on other topics germane to the matter in hand and to the occasion.

One speech from 'Our Ship' may bear a brief notice, for it told of the probable origin of the 'peculiar Yorkshire Institution,' especially applicable, it would seem, in thoroughly Danish Cleveland:—for it traced it up through the still-existing Swedish and Danish *gille*—or *guild*, combination or contribution feast—to the old sacrificial festivals of the days of Odin, Thor, and Balder. These *gilles*, time out of mind, and descending evidently from eld-hoary usage, depend upon the contributions of eatables and drinkables by the inhabitants of the district concerned, which are all received by the gille-master, who may be either the master of the house where the feast is to be held, or another; and the whole arrangements of the festivity, down to the decoration and equipment of the room or rooms set apart, the reception of the guests, the common participation, the toasts or healths, and accompanying speeches, with occasional singing, are such, that any reader familiar with the Yorkshire tea-party cannot fail to be reminded of this North English corresponding celebration.

One difference, however, the speaker referred to—that, whereas in old times, and down to such not very remote times, there was an official whose duty it was to receive all the offensive weapons of all the male guests at the door, and safely put them under lock and key, that so there might be a lessened danger of brawl and bloodshed when the ale and *brændevin* had done their usual work; the harmless tea-party of now-a-days seemed to be attended by no worse result than a good squeeze and some personal discomfort to those who in such a crowd could only find standing-places instead of room to sit comfortably; while the change

from a cup to *Allfader Odin*—now replaced in South Sweden by a cup to God Almighty, (*ett skaal til Gud Allmagtig,*) and a succeeding one to The Lord and his Twelve Apostles—to the report upon the schools, and other school-talk, was surely a slight improvement, and a step of progress in a right direction.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ENGLISH.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I read with some sympathy the lament of Mrs. Higginbottom. It is a hard case never to be allowed to forget being called by so un-euphonious a name. But I was even more interested in the remarks which you, Mr. Editor, made on the lady's letter.

There is no doubt that the real transgression against good manners lies, as you say it does, in the unnecessarily personal mode of the address. I could mention a case in point. In the Eastern Counties there exists among the poorer classes a habit of calling you by your name, but as if the said name in no way belonged to you.

For instance, I lived in Essex many years ago. One day I was told a woman wished to see me. I went to her. She addressed me thus—'I wish to speak to Mrs. M——, if you please, Ma'am.'—'Certainly; I am Mrs. M——'

'Yes, Ma'am, just so. But if you please, I want to ask Mrs. M—— if she'd be good enough to spare me an out-patient's ticket for the Hospital, if she have one to spare. It's for my old gen'leman, (her husband,) he has a "misery" in his leg, an' it don't get no better, only worse. And if Mrs. M—— have a ticket, I should take it kind of her to give it me. And if the good lady could spare me a bit or two of old linen to dress him with meanwhile, I'd take it very kind of her, that I would; for Mrs. M—— knows cotton stuff be a very "ungain" thing to dress a wound with.'

It certainly gave me a very odd feeling to be spoken of to my face. I felt like the old woman in the Nursery Rhyme, when her personal identity was questioned—'If I be I, as I do think I be'—but there was nothing annoying in the address; no feeling of *intrusion*, so to speak.

It is different in the cases Mrs. Higginbottom mentions.

She is right in saying that 'School-mistress' is the proper designation of the certificated lady at the head of the National School, and it is probably for that very reason that the name sounds harsh in the ears of the dispenser of useful knowledge, and that she prefers being addressed as 'Governess.'

Mrs. Higginbottom is afraid that when she or her daughters take a class in the Sunday-school, their pupils will say 'Yes, Miss,' or 'No, Teacher,' as the case may be; and no one can think it unlikely. It is the personality, again, here, which is objectionable. The person who teaches is, for the time, a 'teacher.'

By the way, why should the calling of a 'teacher' be unnecessarily obtruded more than any other? Who says 'Yes, Butcher,' or 'No, Baker,' to these very useful members of society? If neither

'Tinkers, Tailors,'
'Soldiers,' nor 'Sailors,'

are addressed as such, why should school-mistresses or their voluntary assistants be?

The reason why calling a young lady 'Miss' in addressing her is offensive, is because that too is, in a measure, personal. 'Madam,' or its usual contraction 'Ma'am,' is used to married and unmarried indiscriminately.

As the subject of modern colloquialisms has been started, will you permit me, Mr. Editor, to complain of a few which strike me unpleasantly. Perhaps some of your correspondents may be able to enlighten me as to their origin. Some I believe to be of American growth. Certainly one is. I allude to the misuse of the word *expect*. To expect, surely means to look forward. Yet I heard the following question and answer this morning, and anyone may hear the like any day.

'Where is Mary?'—'I expect she is in the garden.'

'*I expect she is.*' There are, according to my notions, two faults of grammar in these few words. The first I have already alluded to, using the verb in a wrong sense, and the second is using it in a wrong way.

If the word expect is followed by another verb, that other verb should be in the infinitive mood. Thus, it is not correct to say, 'I expect I shall see her;' and yet I have heard gentlewomen by birth, and who have received the ordinary education, so express themselves.

And now for another complaint.

What have little words, such as prepositions and personal pronouns, done to deserve the neglect they meet with?

If I heard a girl say, 'I have been helping mother make the beds,' I should suppose her to be a cottager's daughter and not a squire's, because bed-making is not one of a young lady's duties. But if the words were, 'I have been helping mother pick cow-slips,' I am sorry to say I should be quite uncertain as to the speaker's rank in life. 'I have been helping mother.' Whose mother? Eve, to be sure, was the mother of all living. Has she returned to earth? I must say, it grates on my ear to hear young people say, 'Father gave me that book.' 'I saw it in mother's room.' Why not say 'my father,' and 'my mother,' as you would say, 'my sister,' or 'my brother,' 'my husband,' or 'my wife?' It is true that in the days when 'papa' and 'mamma' were universal household words, they were used without any prefix—'Papa told me,' &c.; but 'papa' and 'mamma' were more like proper names than terms of relationship.*

You will say I am an inveterate grumbler; but as I have begun, I must state another of my grievances. I constantly hear people say, '*I laid* down on my bed.' What did they lay? Themselves, I suppose. But then they should say so. To lay is a verb active, and requires an accusative as well as a nominative. The only biped who can say 'I've been laying' with any degree of propriety is a hen; and even she, if she were a very precise hen—a sort of feathered female Lindley Murray, would add 'an egg.'

I have called these blunders colloquialisms; I wish they were only such. But I have met with all these, and many others, in the writings of popular authors. In that very amusing book, Cobbett's English Grammar, there are examples given of errors committed by great writers. It would be an invidious task to do as Cobbett does, so I will not try. But there are books by persons of high reputation which I never open without feeling sure I shall meet with such phrases as the ones I have already mentioned, and some others not a whit better. 'I was awoke,' instead of 'I awoke,' or 'I was awakened;' 'Like he did,' for 'As he did;' 'He drunk it off,' instead of 'He drank,' &c. &c.

I once heard a lady say, 'I am thankful to my teachers for never having made me learn a rule of grammar.' I was in no way surprised at anything in the declaration, except the gratitude. I felt inclined to answer her as Mrs. Howden did Miss Grizel Damahoy, in The Heart of Midlothian—

'Ye are thankfu' for sma' mercies, lassie.'

I fear, Mr. Editor, you cannot count it a 'sma'' mercy that I now bring this long letter to an end, by subscribing myself,

Yours most respectfully, MONA.

A RIDDLE.

A gentle breeze across my first has swept—
  Gentle as when my second low is breathed:
It waked my third, which then in silence slept;
  And sounds melodious in the air are wreathed,
As when, with skilful fingers on my whole,
Pours forth its harmonies some gifted soul.

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* Father and mother are, we believe, used out of dislike to the vulgar 'pa' and 'ma.' But the pronoun can only correctly be dropped in the vocative. 'Aunt' is a worse case still. Aunt Lucy or Aunt Mary becomes a sort of proper name, but aunt alone should never be used except in the vocative.—EDITOR.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss A. Dundas begs that E. *may be most warmly thanked for a cheque for £5 for the rebuilding of the church at Westminster, British Columbia.*

Accepted with thanks.—The Soul's Magnet.

Declined with thanks.—A. W. M.; A Soldier's Daughter.

O. P. Q.—*N. or M. are probably used as the prominent letters in* Nomen, *or Name. Another suggestion is, that in old service books the blank for the name was supplied by Ill, for* ille *or* illa, *he or she—this* ill *was in MS. read as M., and from some other book N, for nomen, was joined with it. Others suppose the letters to stand for Nicholas and Mary.*

Darlington *begs to inform* Esher *that the quotation—*

'Flame in the forehead of the morning sky.'

is from Milton's Lycidas:—

'So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled arc,
Flame in the forehead of the morning sky.'

Enterpe *will be much obliged to the Editor of the Monthly Packet if he will inform her whether 'Hanover,' usually sung to the 104th Psalm, O. V., and the 149th, N. V., was composed by Handel or Dr. Croft? 'Hursley' was not composed by the Rev. J. Keble.*

Snowdrop.—*I am not aware of any passage of the Psalms to which the lines quoted refer, but there is a great similarity to a sentence in St. Augustine's third sermon, 'On the Ascension.' The original words are, 'Devitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus si vitiaipsa calcamus.' Longfellow has a very beautiful poem on the passage; and it is not improbable that the same idea may have inspired Tennyson with the lines mentioned by* Snowdrop.—ANASTASIA.

Can you or any of your Correspondents kindly inform me if the hymns of Lope de Vega, in the original language, are to be procured in England? and if so, where? Could you at the same time mention the names of some unexceptionable Spanish books?—A. S. M.

May I so far encroach upon your valuable time as to ask for a definition of 'unreality,'—that High Church technicality which occurs so frequently in all the Church magazines of the present day.—IGNORAMUS.

S. R. *would be glad to know where to find—*

'Galahad was in the night, when man's hope is dumb,
Galahad was in the night, when God's wonders come.'

'She looks, and her heart is in Heav'n; but they fade—
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.'

Also the line, more than once quoted by Mrs. Gaskell—

'Peculiar people, whom death has made dear.'

Monica *asks in what collection of hymns she shall find* The Shepherd True.

Emily *wishes to be told where to find the line—*

'GOD *gives* us love; something to love
He *lends* us.'

H. C.—*Perhaps* A Few Devotional Helps for Each Day in Lent *(Masters) might best answer your purpose.*

I would recommend the following books to Subscriber, *as I am sure they would be found most useful:*—Hints for the Floral Decoration of Churches, *by a Lady, price* 3*s.* 6*d.* The Decoration of Village Churches, *Parts I. and II.,* 6*d. each Part; also* The Christmas Decoration of our Churches, *by the Rev. E. Cutts, price* 5*s. This latter contains an Appendix, with Decorations for Easter-tide and other Holy Seasons; also for Harvest and School Festivals, for a Confirmation, Marriage, and Baptism. It is a very useful book, and the designs very good. For the symbolism of colour in Illumination, I would refer* M. D. *to* Emblematic Illumination, *by F. M. R., price* 5*s.* 6*d., published by Day.*—M. C. W.

Blumenthal *asks for a receipt for making skeleton leaves—I know of a very good one. A table-spoonful of chloride of lime, in a liquid state, mixed with a quart of pure spring water. Leaves ought to be soaked in the mixture for about four hours; then take them out, and wash them well in a large bason filled with cold water; after which they should be left to dry, with free exposure to light and air.*—DAISY.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

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EASTER AT CORFÙ.

BY A NAVAL CHAPLAIN.

AMONG the crowds of deputies that were gathered at the first General Council of the Christian Church, Bishops from the East, Bishops from the West, the Orthodox of many countries, the Heretics from one, under the presidency of the magnificent Emperor Constantine, stood an old man of rustic and uncouth appearance, the shepherd-Bishop Spiridion of Cyprus. 'Of all the Nicene Fathers,' says Dean Stanley, 'it may be said that in a certain curious sense he is the only one who has survived the decay of time. After resting for many years in his native Cyprus, his body was transferred to Constantinople, where it remained till the capture by the Turks. It was thence conveyed to Corfù, where it is still preserved,'—'in the cathedral of the island,' continues the learned ecclesiastical historian. But the Cathedral of Corfù is in another part of that picturesque city; and the body of the saint, with its 'dead hands, now black and withered, that subscribed the Creed of Nicæa,' is preserved in a large church dedicated in his honour and name. At certain seasons of the year he is taken out of the large embossed chest of silver gilt in which he rests, which is devoutly kissed by the faithful who worship in the church, and carried in solemn procession through the streets of Corfù. I was fortunate enough to witness one of these ceremonials. It was Easter Eve in the Greek Church: with us, the Saturday in Easter Week.

The evening before had seen another procession, by torch-light, of the coffin, or bier, of our Blessed Lord. Starting from a certain church, it traversed the town, and ended in a solemn service in the Church of St. Spiridion. A misty rain was falling in the soft warm quiet evening; and the large candles, which everyone in the procession carried, gleamed with a faint sweet light among the trees on the Esplanade, where I stood to see. The procession consisted of numbers of priests, who chanted monotonously, and a brass band, which played at intervals, and a great body of the inhabitants of the town, wearing plain evening dress. In

the midst was carried the bier, on which, under a canopy, was an incised brass in the place of a coffin. Flowers were laid there by pious hands. But to me the chief interest of the procession centred in the old and venerable Archbishop. Wearing white robes and a richly-jeweled mitre, and carrying his pastoral staff of silver, he looked, with his long white beard and moustache, the picture of an Eastern prelate, almost the incarnation of that venerable Church, whose liturgies have never changed since the days of St. Basil and St. Gregory. His mitre was of the same shape as the papal tiara, but without the triple crown, of course; and the head of his crosier was not unlike the caduceus of Mercury, in the heathen mythology.

I do not know whether there was any connection between this procession, and the procession of the patron saint the next morning. The first ended in a great crowd, which I could not penetrate, in the same church where the second began. I was too late to see the starting of that, but went into the church to wait for its return, and so got a better place. Many others did the same. Greek churches are quite open, having stalls all round the walls, except at the east end. In one of these, on the north side, I found a place, nearly opposite to the throne of the Archbishop. Presently the procession entered the church by the south door. The priests of various parishes came first, chanting, with the banners of their respective churches, and wearing embroidered capes, whose different colours seemed to be a matter of private choice. The saint, in a sort of gilt sedan-chair, through a window in front of which his head and shoulders were seen, was set upright in his place on the Epistle side of the altar-screen. The Archbishop sat on his throne. For a while the service proceeded, chanted by a semi-circle of priests standing before the saint. At last a brass band, stationed in a temporary gallery, clashed out noisily the national anthem. Many of the priests took off their vestments where they stood, and folded them up, chatting to each other the while. Many of the faithful drew near and kissed the hand of the Archbishop. Mothers brought their little children to kiss the feet of the dead saint. Many more left the church, but there was still a great crowd; and a neighbour whispered to me that now the procession would go to the cathedral.

When we arrived at the cathedral, the largest church in the town, there was another and greater crowd waiting for the final ceremony. We had left the patron saint behind. The service was Celebration of the Holy Eucharist. The principal men of the city sat on a row of chairs fronting the altar. The modern pronunciation of the Greek language, and especially in the peculiar chants of the Greek Offices, makes it difficult for an unpractised ear to follow the service throughout. But at one point the mild voice of the old Archbishop sounded clearly through the great crowded church, saying words which I failed to catch. They concluded with Χριστος ανεστη,—Christ is risen! Immediately a pistol was fired within the church, near the great door. The long and rigorous

Lent was over. It was like the breaking up of ice, the bursting away of a pent-up torrent. A murmur and a movement went through the crowd, like the stir of the wind among reeds on a river's bank, like waves of shadow over a field of wheat. The firing of the pistol in the church was taken up by others outside, and spread the news all over the town, as the thunder of the Roman cannon declares when the Pope has blessed the world. For a few moments it was hardly safe to walk in the narrow streets. From open windows in every house plates and dishes and broken crockery were thrown out *to kill Judas*, who was supposed to be passing by. Then followed a curious custom, strangely mingled of Jewish and Christian observance. At many doors a lamb was killed, for the Christian Fast was over, and the great Christian Feast of Easter begun. One man with a knife went from house to house, and cut the throats that were held waiting for him. The blood was taken up, and not sprinkled, but marked in the sign of the cross, on the lintel and two side-posts of the doors. The Passover has found its true meaning; and in this memory of Passover blood is marked the sign of the Son of Man. The true faith of a Jew expresses here its real significance in the sign of the true faith of a Christian.

So, in the Celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the Greek Church at Corfù began Easter and ended Lent; ended its rigorously kept fast, and began the most blessed festival of all the Christian year. Whenever the present stirrings and tendencies towards the union of the great Eastern Branch of the Holy Catholic Church with the English Communion be realized, there will come to us from them a great flood of that earnest devotion which so marks the members of the Greek Church; and perhaps it may be ours to repay them somewhat by the infusion here and there of a clearer atmosphere, or the wider spread of an intelligent understanding of the Faith, than the masses of the Greek Church now enjoy. That this desired union will come to pass some day, we do not doubt, who remember the mystery of our Blessed Lord's own Prayer for His people, while He prepared finally to accomplish our redemption. That it may come in our time, let us daily pray.

J. C. H.

PRACTICAL READINGS ON THE APOSTLES' CREED.

ARTICLE VI.

'HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN, AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.'

HERE is first to be considered the ascension of our Lord. And in confessing his belief in it, each one must be understood to express this:—I am fully persuaded that the only begotten and eternal Son of God, after

He rose from the dead, did, with the same soul and body with which He rose, by a real translation convey Himself from the earth on which He lived, through all the regions of the air, until He came unto the heaven of heavens, the most glorious presence of the Majesty of God. And thus I believe in Jesus Christ, Who *ascended into heaven*.

By a belief in Christ's ascension our faith is exalted and increased, as being 'the evidence of things not seen.' The further the object of it is removed from us, the more of faith has that act that embraces it. Christ said unto Thomas, 'Because thou hast seen Me thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed;' and that blessedness, by His Ascension, He has left to the whole Church. Thus, Christ ascended, is the ground and glory of our faith; and by His being in Heaven, our belief is both encouraged and commended; for His ascent is the cause, and His absence the crown, of our faith. Because He ascended, we the more believe; and because we believe in Him Who has ascended, our faith is the more accepted.

Secondly, it is necessary to believe the ascension of Christ, for the confirmation of our hope. We could never expect our dust and ashes should ascend the heavens; but seeing our human nature has gone before in Him, we can now hope to follow after Him. He is our Head, and where that is, the members may expect admission; for in so great and intimate a union there is no fear of separation or exclusion: there 'are many mansions in His Father's house.' And when He spake of ascending thither, He said expressly to His disciples, 'I go to prepare a place for you; and will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.' The first-fruits of our nature are ascended, and the rest is sanctified. Hence we 'have our hope as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast, which entereth into that within the veil, whither the Forerunner is for us entered.' For, if Christ in His ascension be the Forerunner, then are there some to follow after; and if this Forerunner be entered for us, then we are they who are to follow and overtake Him there, as being of the same nature, members of the same body, branches of the same vine; He, as our First-fruits, going before us into the heavenly mansions.

As, therefore, 'God hath quickened us together with Christ,' and hath raised us up together 'by virtue of His resurrection;' so has He also 'made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus,' by virtue of His ascension. We are already seated there *in* Him, and hereafter shall be seated *by* Him: in Him already, as in our Head, which is the ground of our hope; by Him hereafter, as by the efficient cause of our heavenly session, when hope shall be swallowed up in fruition.

The profession of faith in Christ ascended, is further necessary for the exaltation of our affections; 'for where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also.' 'If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto Me,' says our Saviour; and if those words were true of His crucifixion, how powerful ought they to be in reference to His ascension!

'When the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven, Elisha said unto him, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.' When Christ is ascended up on high, we must follow Him with the wings of our meditations, and with the chariots of our affections. 'If we be risen with Christ,' we must 'seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.' If we be dead, and our 'life hid with Christ in God,' we must 'set our affections on things above, not on things on the earth.' Christ is ascended into Heaven, to teach us that we are strangers and pilgrims here, as all our fathers were, and that another country belongs to us. Hence we, as strangers and pilgrims, should learn to 'abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul;' and not mind earthly things, as knowing that we are citizens of Heaven, 'from whence we look for our Saviour, the Lord Jesus;' yea, as knowing that we are 'fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.'

Lastly, let it be noted that the blessed Apostles had never preached the Gospel, had they not been endued with power from above; but none of that power had they received, if the Holy Ghost had not descended; and He had not descended, except our Saviour had first ascended. For so our Lord said expressly:—'It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.'

'Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led;
Dragged to the portals of the sky:
There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

'Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene
He claims these mansions as His right
Receive the King of Glory in.
Who is the King of Glory?—Who!
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthr
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name

'Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
Who is the King of Glory?—Who!
The Lord, of glorious power posses
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!'

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISHMAN IN INDIA.

BY CHARLES RAIKES,

SOMETIME COMMISSIONER OF LAHORE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HAVELOCK AT MOODKEE AND FEROZ-SHUHR.

It was on the 11th of December, 1845, that the Sikh troops crossed the Sutlej river, and flung themselves on the British territory. Grave historians tell us how the Khalsa,* or Sikh Government, had been driven to this move by the appointment of George Broadfoot to the political charge of the provinces on their frontier, by his hostility to their nation, by the speeches of Sir Charles Napier, and by the upward movements of the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief. But we need not go so far to seek a reason for the Sikh invasion. The army of the old Lion of the Punjab, so carefully drilled, and so powerfully equipped, had taken affairs into its own keeping. These rough bold soldiers, revelling in the blood and treasure of one chief after another, and mistaking, naturally enough, the forbearance and mild demeanour of the English for fear, raised the cry of a British foray, and a march on Delhi. If they chose to cross the river to crush the small advanced post at Feroz-poor, and to rush down to plunder and occupy the rich provinces of Hindostan, who, they asked, was to stop them? Treaties and agreements had expired with old Runjeet. The day had come for the Khalsa to enjoy its own, to ravage the protected states, and to drive the Feringis out of the country. The Afghans had beaten the English, and the Khalsa had beaten the Afghans. So *Wah goorooji ka Futteh!* Hurrah for the Gooroo! (Sikh teacher;) victory and Delhi! was the cry.

And now, at last, the English chiefs accepted the Sikh challenge, and came boldly forward to drive back the invaders. From the pleasant hill cantonment of Subathoo, from the shady mountain tops of Kussowlie, from the forests of cedars and rhododendron around Simlah, down came the sturdy English soldiers and the hardy little Goorkas,† to join their

* Khalsa is of Arabic derivation, and has such original or secondary meanings as pure, special, free, &c. It is commonly used in India to denote the immediate territories of any chief or state, as distinguished from the lands of tributaries and feudal followers. It may mean either the saved or liberated, or the chosen people.—*See Cunningham's 'Sikhs.'*

† The Goorka belongs to the ruling and military tribe in Nepaul. Short of stature, with high cheek-bones and merry twinkling little eyes, the Goorka soldier is invaluable. Hardy, active, brave, fond of shooting and fishing, he is a sort of miniature edition of the best style of Scotch Highlander. And in one respect he is superior, inasmuch as he is not so fond of strong drink.

comrades in the plains, horse, foot, and artillery, who, through clouds of dust, were hastening to the battle-field. From the cantonment of Umballa to the frontier station of Feroz-poor is a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. The army had marched one hundred and fifty of these in six days, through sand, across rivers and jungles; and the advanced force had, on the 18th of December, reached Moodkee, about twenty miles from Feroz-poor. The soldiers, foot-sore, thirsty, and fasting, had marked out their camp, and were preparing their food, when in galloped a horseman with a hasty note from Broadfoot. The enemy was at hand, and the Sikh horsemen were moving on towards the English camp.

'The news,' said Havelock, 'produced the electric effect which it is apt to cause even in the breast of old soldiers at the opening of a campaign. How thrilling then the sensation in the hearts of novices! The ideas are wonderfully concentrated, and visions of glory and of slaughter, of distant home and its endearments, of duty sternly performed and nobly rewarded, of wounds, death, and—of judgment, pass rapidly through the brain.'

The moment had come when all these grave considerations must merge in the one simple idea of duty. The soldiers spring to their arms. The brave old chief, and Havelock, leaving their late breakfast, mount their chargers and ride to the front. And then came the first conflict between the English and the Sikhs. The cavalry and horse-artillery, advancing on either flank, began the engagement. The enemy's horse were driven back, but the well-trained artillery of Runjeet stood, and replied steadily to the British fire. The Sikh infantry, disciplined under such men as Allard, Court, and Ventura, proved, in one instance at least, superior to the English-trained Sepoy, and Havelock was sent by the Commander-in-Chief to bring back a native regiment which had turned to the rear. He succeeded in his attempt, after plying the Sepoys with the grim joke that the Sikhs were in their front, and not behind them. Havelock had two horses shot under him, and his friend Major Broadfoot, on giving him a second remount, observed, 'It is not much use to give you horses, for you are sure to lose them.'

As the shades of evening drew on, the Sikh infantry battalions sullenly withdrew. Their cavalry had already been driven into the jungle in disorder. The English had gained the field of Moodkee,* had driven back the enemy, and captured several pieces of artillery.

But the eyes of Hardinge and Gough were already opened to the fact,

* The English took about 11,000 men into the field, and lost 215 killed, and 657 wounded. Among the slain was Sir Robert Sale, familiarly known as Fighting Bob, and in these pages as the hero of Jellalabad. The guns taken from the enemy were at least seventeen in number. The enemy numbered, according to the writer in the Calcutta Review, (the late Sir Henry Lawrence, I believe,) above 30,000 men. Amongst the regiments in action were the 3rd dragoons, and the 31st and 50th foot. On the day after the fight, the 29th foot and Company's 1st European light infantry came up.

that for the first time in their Indian career the English had to contend with a foe equal to themselves in courage, and superior to most of their native soldiers in stability. Some sixty thousand of these stout Sikhs had crossed the river, and it was plain enough that it would require a heavy blow to drive them back. Sir Henry Hardinge was equal to the occasion. Waiving his rank as Governor-General, he gallantly placed himself under the military command of Sir Hugh Gough, and the two veterans took counsel how best to drive back the invader.

I have no taste for the mere description of battles. But the struggle between the English and Sikh army at this hour was remarkable, because it was mortal. If the Khalsa could overpower the small English army, if they could even cut through that thin red line, Hindostan was at their feet, and there was nothing to stop them from Delhi to Calcutta. On the events of the next few days hung the fate of India. On one side was ranged order, civilization, I may almost say, Christianity itself. On the other, anarchy and rapine. To the God of battles was the appeal, and unless He stretched out His hand to save and to defend, the days of the English in India were numbered.

The situation of the rival forces was thus. The English, with their backs turned on Hindostan, were halting on the field of Moodkee for a day, to allow regiments one march in the rear time to join the main force. Before them, ten miles towards the right, was the camp, enclosing the village of Feroz-shuhr, in which the Sikhs, under Lall Singh, had strongly entrenched themselves. Towards the left, at a distance of some ten miles from the Sikh entrenchment, was the English post of Feroz-poor, with 5,000 men under Sir John Littler. It was determined that the English forces should march out from their respective positions on the 21st of December, and make a combined attack on the Sikh entrenchment.

The junction of the two armies was happily accomplished. Time was precious. The English forces moved forward to the attack, Sir Hugh Gough commanding the right wing, Sir Henry Hardinge the left. It soon became evident that the light field-guns of the English were as playthings when compared with the heavy siege-cannon, which poured a storm of fire from the Sikh entrenchment. To silence, or even to check, the enemy's fire was hopeless. It remained for the devoted brigades under Gough and Hardinge to carry the batteries at the bayonet's point. The 62nd regiment, after losing seven officers and seventy-six men within fifty paces of the entrenchment, was beaten back—'beaten, but not in the eye of candour disgraced.' On every side of the Sikh position the storm raged until night set in. At some points the English had made good their entrance, at others they still wrestled with their foe. Even amidst the darkness the Sikh artillerymen watched for a gleam which might serve to discover their hated enemy. Explosions and partial cannonades went on all night. Sir Henry Hardinge passed from group to group with a cheery word for each. But he saw the gravity

of the situation. 'Another such action,' said he to Havelock, 'will shake the empire!' *

In a private letter to Sir Robert Peel, the Governor-General called this night 'the most extraordinary of his life.' During the long hours of darkness, no man could say with whom the victory lay. One bruised, battered, and exhausted division of the army rallied round Gough and Hardinge as the morning dawned. Well might the Governor-General call that night extraordinary; but still more extraordinary was the day which followed it.

The Sikhs, in their entrenched camp, had inflicted immense loss on the English. But they had suffered heavily themselves. The position, which they supposed to be impregnable, had been in part stormed; the river was not far in their rear; and worse than all, they had in Lall Singh a leader whom they despised. Insubordination was their usual state, and insubordination during the long hours of that night grew into mutiny, plunder, and desertion. So it required but a small effort for the English, on the morning of the 22nd, to sweep the Sikh camp, whilst the enemy were in full run before them.† The line then halted as if on a day of manœuvre, receiving its two leaders as they rode along its front with a gratifying cheer, and displaying the captured standards of the Khalsa army.‡

So far all seemed well with the English. But the day was not yet won. They had gone through perils almost too great for human endurance, they had hurled flesh and blood against fire and steel, but a still more severe trial was imminent.

When Sir John Littler marched out of Feroz-poor to join the Governor-General in the attack upon Feroz-shuhr, he had left behind him Sirdar Tej Singh, the generalissimo of the Sikh forces, with a powerful army encamped opposite to the British cantonments. The Sikhs, as we have already seen, would fight like tigers to defend a fortified place. They would act brilliantly as irregulars in the open plain. But to march as Gough and Hardinge had done, against walls bristling with cannon, was not their custom. Therefore Tej Singh, leaving Feroz-poor unmolested, moved on the morning of the 22nd towards Feroz-shuhr, to share, as he supposed, in the glories of a victory over the *Furingis*. No sooner had the English scattered divisions united on the morning of the 22nd of December, no sooner had they

* The loss of the English army in this tremendous struggle was as follows:—

Killed . . . 694
Wounded . . 1721

Amongst the slain were fifty-four officers. George Broadfoot, after being severely wounded, and entreated by the Governor-General to retire, was shot down at Hardinge's side, who sorrowfully recorded, 'He was second to none in this accomplished service..... I never can replace him.' Havelock thought him, both as a soldier and statesman, the ablest man in India; and in his death deplored also the loss of his dearest friend.

† Calcutta Review. ‡ See Official Dispatches.

swept the enemy from the entrenched post of Feroz-shuhr, than a cloud of dust from the direction of Feroz-poor announced the approach of another army. It was soon known that Sirdar Tej Singh, with a fresh and powerful force, outnumbering the English as three to one, was moving down to begin a fresh encounter. Our countrymen could have forgotten the toil of the preceding day, the bivouac on the cold sand, the two days fast, the havoc of the late battle. They could have struggled on through all this with the spirit of their nation. But when seventy or eighty well-served cannon were brought to bear upon their ranks, whilst their own artillery was *silent*, their position was desperate indeed. Yet such was their situation. One single round out of three hundred rounds for each gun taken into action at Moodkee—one single round of ammunition was not on the tumbrils. All had been expended in the deadly struggles of the last few days; and the guns were, for all warlike purposes, as useless as so many hackney-coaches. Tej Singh began a heavy fire on the left flank of the British; but wrote Sir Hugh Gough in his official dispatch, 'our artillery ammunition being completely expended in these protracted combats, we were unable to answer him with a single shot.' Such then was the crisis.

The Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, the army of England, stood in that field, if not like lambs to be slaughtered, like corn to be cut down at the pleasure of the reaper. The word was passed to prepare for the worst; they would sell their lives dearly, but no intelligent man could doubt that their last hour was come. Here, almost visibly, the God of battles intervened. All at once, nobody knows why, the Sikh host turned their backs on the English, and marched slowly off the field.

Thirty thousand fresh troops, with from seventy to eighty cannons and fifty camel-guns, retreat before thirteen thousand hungry weary soldiers without one serviceable cannon! To those who know the power of old Runjeet's guns, and the importance which Asiatic soldiers justly attach to artillery, the whole affair is only to be resolved by adopting Havelock's words, 'India has been again saved by a miracle.'

(To be continued.)

EARLY SCANDINAVIAN HISTORY.

(BY THE AUTHORS OF 'EARLY EGYPTIAN HISTORY.')

LETTER XI.

OLAF TRYGGVESSON.

My dear Boys,

After Hakon's death, Olaf went round to all the Things in the country, and was elected king with as much enthusiasm and unanimity as Hakon the Good had been. The districts that had been annexed to Sweden

threw off their dependence, and placed themselves under Olaf's protection; and the whole country was once more united under one head. But it was not only his kingly inheritance that Olaf regained by coming to Norway: in the course of his travels through the country, he found something else of which he had been deprived since his childhood, better worth having than a kingdom even—his mother. That good mother Astrid, who had carried him in her arms all through the terrible winter journey, when Gunhild's spies had been pursuing him to take his life, and from whom he had been torn when he was sold into slavery by the Esthonian pirates.

The queen-mother and son-king must have had a great deal to say to each other when they met after their long separation; for her history, since they parted, had had as many vicissitudes though not so much active adventure as his.

The pirate to whose share she fell sold her as a slave, and she had to do menial work in her purchaser's house like any other servant, till it fell to her lot to be sent a second time to market, to be sold with other thrales and farm-servants. A rich bonder named Lodir, from the district in which her husband Tryggvé had reigned as sub-king, chanced to come to the town, and enter the market, that very day; and there, among the slave-women standing in a row to be looked at, he recognized the face of one whom he had been accustomed to reverence as the highest and loveliest lady in his land. She was very much changed; Fair Astrid no longer, but a pale, meagre, ill-clad, woman; and the loyal heart of Lodir was deeply moved with pity as he looked at her.

'How have matters come to so sorrowful a pass as this with you?' he asked.

'It is heavy to be told,' Astrid answered; 'for I have been sold as a slave, and now again I am brought here for sale.' And as she spoke Astrid recognized Lodir, and entreated him to purchase her and take her back to her own friends.

'On one condition,' he said; 'that you will marry me when we arrive in Norway.'

And Astrid, knowing he was an honourable and worthy man, consented; and went back to Viken, where her husband had reigned, and married the Bonder Lodir, and lived in his house with many fair sons and daughters that were born to her, and was found there by her eldest son Olaf, when he had come into his kingdom, and made a royal progress to the Viken district to receive the homage of its people. I wish the saga told us exactly how he first saw her, and what they said to each other, and if the elderly lady, and the middle-aged man, who had been parted for so many years, knew each other again. We can only gather from the narrative that Olaf must have been fond of his mother; for he was very kind to all his half-brothers and sisters, and always treated his step-father, Lodir, with the greatest respect. The first thing he did for them all was to persuade them to become Christians. Olaf took a very

different course with respect to the introduction of Christianity into Norway, from that pursued by Hakon the Good.

He was altogether a very different character from Hakon—less wise and patient, but far more thorough and courageous. He had not had the advantages Hakon had enjoyed, he had only received the truth into his mind in a dim imperfect sort of way; but, as far as he knew, his faith was sincere and fervent, and he valued it, as poor Hakon had not done, before everything else in the world—before his kingdom and his life. There was one point at least on which he was convinced; he saw clearly that Christianity was the best thing for his country—the only cure for its savageness and divisions, its cruel wars, and the dark superstitions and horrible witchcraft rites, which sowed fear and hatred in the minds of the people and made their lives a burden to them. Believing this from his soul, he set himself, with all the fierceness and energy with which he had formerly conducted Viking cruises, to beat down Heathendom, and plant the standard of the Cross in Norway. We cannot but be sorry for the means he used; we cannot but wonder how anyone who had been imbued even slightly with Christian doctrine, could act so contrary to the spirit of Christianity as Olaf often did. But then, you know, we have to wonder in the same way about all persecutors; and before we judge Olaf we should try a little to understand his circumstances, and see things from his point of view. We are apt to look upon heathen beliefs as foolish pretty stories, which had no foundation whatever in reality, and which hung about people's minds much in the same way that fairy stories hung about our ancestors' minds a hundred years ago, without having very much influence on their actions. Olaf and the Christians of his time saw them in a very different light.

The gods he had renounced were not *nothings* to Olaf. They were great powers—far more real than any earthly kings or princes—who were disputing with Christ the possession of the world. Olaf was Christ's soldier, fighting to regain for Him the kingdoms they had usurped, and which groaned and suffered under their tyranny. To Olaf, misbelief was not, as it is perhaps too much to us, mere mistake; it was rebellion against the King of light and love and truth and order; allegiance to the dark cruel false tyrants who were oppressing and destroying mankind. When we realize this, we shall be less surprised to find that Olaf thought it his duty to punish with fire and sword those districts that refused to be instructed in Christianity, or declined to give up their heathen rites after they had been instructed. The struggle lasted through Olaf's reign; and he did, I am sorry to say, a great many cruel deeds, putting numbers of chiefs and people to death, and laying waste whole villages in the contumacious districts.

Better a desert, Olaf thought, than a population of obstinate devil worshippers, who will not be taught a better way. The great struggle was in the Drontheim district; which was, as we saw, in Hakon's time the stronghold of Odin worship.

Olaf had to face a spring Thing at Froste, exactly as Hakon had done; and like Hakon, he received from the armed bonders a flat refusal when he invited them to be baptized. They on their side began to urge him to offer sacrifices; and as he perceived he could do nothing with them at that time, he broke up the Thing abruptly, and adjourned the discussion till the midsummer sacrificial feast, which he ordered should be held at a place called Mœre. When Midsummer drew near, Olaf took care to bring together as many as thirty of his long-ships, a large band of his old Viking followers, and such of the Norwegian chiefs as were devoted to him and to Christianity; and then a few days before the meeting he gave a grand entertainment at his own house at Lade, and invited to it bonders and chiefs from all parts of Drontheim. The entertainment went off very well; there was much feasting and drinking, and Olaf and the bonders parted at night on the most friendly terms.

But the next morning Olaf caused trumpets to be sounded, and summoned all his late guests to a Thing held in his own house; and when they were all assembled, he stood among them and made the following speech.

'We held a Thing at Froste, and I invited the bonders to be baptized; but they on the other hand desired me to offer sacrifices to their gods; and it was agreed between us that we should meet at Mœre and make a great sacrifice. Now, if I turn again to sacrifice, I will make the greatest sacrifices that ever were made. I will sacrifice men; and not slaves or malefactors merely, I will offer our greatest men to the gods; and for this purpose I choose'—and then with flashing eyes Olaf pointed to one and another—'you, Orm of Medalhorse, and you, Styrkar of Ginsar, and you, Asbiorn of Varness!' till he had designated all the principal men of the district. 'You will I sacrifice to the gods of peace and plenty,' he said; and then turning to the men-at-arms, who stood round the room, he desired them to seize and bind the bonders he had pointed out. The bonders were all, as you may imagine, a little taken by surprise; and as they perceived that they were entirely in the king's power, they begged for mercy, promised to renounce Odin, and agreed to send their sons or younger brothers as hostages of their good behaviour at the midsummer meeting.

But even this strong measure did not utterly break the power of the heathen confederacy. A strong band of bonders, headed by a man named Skiægge, went armed to Mœre, and they received Olaf's recommendation of Christianity with as much opposition as their forefathers had received Hakon's. Instead of consenting to be baptized, they insisted that Olaf should sacrifice. 'Well,' said Olaf at last, rising from his high-seat. 'I will go unto your temple with you, and see what sort of rites you practice there.' The bonders thought well of the proposition, and both parties adjourned to the temple, which stood close to the Thing-stead. Olaf entered first, followed by a strong party of his followers, and marched up to the centre of the wide low building, where on stone seats images of the

gods sat in a solemn circle. Towering above all the rest rose the gigantic figure of Winged Thor the Thunderer, all glittering with the silver and gold ornaments his votaries had offered to him. Olaf raised his battle-axe and struck a stout blow on Thor's head, which sent him rolling down to the floor of the temple. The amazed people, both within and without the temple, heard the crash of his fall, and stood still a moment, expecting, perhaps, an answering thunder-crash from above to follow. The blue mid-summer heaven remained silent and clear, and the people woke up from their surprise to wildest clamour and excitement. One party of Olaf's friends, inspirited by his example, rushed at the gods and dethroned them one by one; and meanwhile, another seized Skiægge, and put him to death outside the temple. When the work of destruction was over, Olaf left the temple, and put an end to the tumult going on without, by offering the people two conditions—either to yield obedience to him and accept Christianity, or to fight it out with him on the spot. The refractory bonders, having now lost their leader, chose peace; passed the decree establishing Christianity in Drontheim, which Olaf required, and gave hostages for their future submission.

There was no further open hostility shown to the new religion by the Drontheim people; and though Olaf had many subsequent struggles in other parts of the country, there was never afterwards any doubt of his ultimate success.

Next to making his people Christians, Olaf's great object, all through his reign, was to build the handsomest and swiftest sailing long-ships that had ever been seen in the north. Of all men he most favoured clever shipwrights; and he had one in his service named Thorberg, who was the most skilful in the world, and who, under Olaf's eye, built a vessel called the Long Serpent, which was the wonder and envy of all neighbouring kings and sea rovers. Olaf had two other wonderful ships, the Short Serpent and the Crane; but the Long Serpent surpassed all that men had ever imagined of a ship before; it might have been mistaken for Odin's dwarf-built ship Skidbladnir, if only, like that, it could have been taken out of the water when it was not wanted, folded up like a piece of cloth and put in Olaf's pocket. Five busy years, of sailing from Thingstead to Thingstead, preaching Christianity, punishing obstinate heathens, and building long-ships, passed over Olaf's head, and then a great danger came upon him.

In the course of these active successful years he had made himself many enemies; and the bitterest among these was a Swedish princess called Sigrid the Haughty, between whom and Olaf there had once been a marriage negociation. They had met once to settle the terms of their union: Olaf insisted as a preliminary that Sigrid should become a Christian; and she persistently refused. Olaf, growing angry at last, called her a heathen jade, and struck her haughty face with his glove. 'This shall one day be thy death, Olaf!' she shouted after him, as he turned to leave her presence after offering this indignity. She was as

good as her word; soon after the rupture of her negociation with Olaf she married Svend Fork-beard, (our Sweyn,) King of Denmark; and she never let her husband have any peace till he had entered into a confederacy with Earl Eric Hakon the Bad's son, the King of Sweden, and the Jomsburg Vikings, to dethrone Olaf. Eric had his father's death to avenge; and the Swedish King and the Jomsburgers, though they had no quarrel with Olaf on their own account, joined the expedition gladly, in the hope of capturing one of Olaf's beautiful long-ships, perhaps the Serpent itself.

In the fifth summer of Olaf's reign, he set off with his fleet to sail to Vendland; and the news of his intention reaching the Danish King, he sent messages to his confederates, and speedily collected together a large fleet, with which he resolved to intercept Olaf in his way. Knowing Olaf's prowess, however, the confederates thought it well to bring cunning to the aid of their valour. Svend sent one of the Jomsburg Vikings, Sigvald, (you remember him—he ran away in the great fight between Hakon the Bad and the Jomsburgers,) to act as spy upon Olaf, and to entice him into some position where he would have to fight Svend at a disadvantage. Sigvald managed very cleverly to ingratiate himself into Olaf's favour, and gain a place in his counsels. He persuaded him to delay his departure from Norway, till the confederate forces had had time to assemble; and then, under pretence of guiding and aiding Olaf's expedition, he caused the Norwegian fleet to sail past the island of Svald, behind which the ships of the confederates were waiting, ready to sail out and bar Olaf's passage through the strait between the island and the mainland. Sigvald managed to convey tidings to his friends of Olaf's approach; and Eric, Svend, and the Swedish King, stood together on a high part of the island, looking out seawards, to catch the first glimpse of the famed Norwegian ships.

'That's the Long Serpent herself!' cried Svend, as a large and glancing ship hove in sight.

'It's indeed a beautiful ship, but not the Long Serpent yet!' said Eric; who being himself a Norwegian, knew better what Norwegian craftsmen could turn out when they were put to their mettle.

Three long-ships, one of them very large, now appeared.

'There's the Long Serpent, at all events!' said Svend; 'let's hasten on board.'

'Other great and stately ships have the Norwegians besides the Long Serpent,' said Eric. 'Let's wait awhile.'

'Is Eric's heart failing him? does he hesitate to avenge his father?' the chiefs asked, whispering together; but as they talked, a cry of wonder and admiration burst from them all, for now a far larger ship than any they had yet seen appeared.

'The Long Serpent is indeed beautiful, and it shows a great mind to have built such a ship,' said Svend.

'If Olaf had no other ship than that, your Danish forces would never

take it from him, King Svend,' said Eric, forgetting his enmity to Olaf in his pride in Old Norway.

Meanwhile, three more fine ships had sailed into the strait; and last, with richly gilt serpent-head, and high sides flashing with shields, the real Long Serpent closed the procession. The other great ships were the Short Serpent and the Crane. When the eyes of the chiefs fell on this last ship, they said no word to each other, but rushed to their ships; for they saw plainly enough, that in spite of all their stratagems, a hard and doubtful encounter lay before them. Treacherous Sigvald, as soon as he saw his comrades sail out from the island, drew his Jomsburg ships together, and prepared to attack the Norwegians from behind, so that Olaf found himself surrounded by unexpected foes. As soon as he perceived what had befallen him, he stood upon the quarter-deck, and called aloud to his men. 'Strike sail,' he said; 'never shall men of mine think of flight! Let God dispose of our lives; flight will we never take.' Then the war-trumpets sounded, and the Norwegian ships closed up as well as they could in battle array.

'Who is the chief of the force right opposite us?' asked Olaf. He was answered that it was King Svend, with his Danish force. 'We are not afraid of those soft Danes,' said Olaf; 'but what is that force to the right?' He was answered that it was the Swedish force, under their king. 'Better it were,' said King Olaf, 'for those Swedes to be at home killing their heathen sacrifices, than to be under the weapons of the Long Serpent; but who owns the large ships to the left?' 'Eric Hakonson,' was the reply. 'He, indeed, has good reason to come against us,' said Olaf; 'and we may expect a sharp conflict with him and his men—Northmen like ourselves.

The battle that followed was, the saga says, the severest ever told of; and the tug of war was when Eric's ship Iron-beard was brought side by side with the Long Serpent; by that time all the other Norwegian ships had been cleared of men, and such as could still fight were crowding the deck of the Long Serpent. Olaf stood all day on the gangway, and shot with his bow; and at a little distance from him stood Einar, the sharpest bow-shooter in all the Norwegian army. Every now and then Olaf pointed out some prominent figure amongst the enemy, at whom he desired Einar to aim; at last his eye discerned Eric Hakonson, and Einar sent two arrows at him, one of which flew between his hand and his side. Eric looked round and saw whence the arrow came.

'Shoot that tall man for me,' he said; pointing out Einar to a cunning Laplander near him. The Laplander shot, and his arrow struck the middle of Einar's bow, just as it was despatching a missile at Eric, and broke it in two parts.

'What was that,' cried King Olaf, 'that broke with such a loud snap?'

'Norway, King, from thy hands,' cried Einar.

'Nay, nay, not so bad as that,' said Olaf; 'take my bow and shoot.'

Einar took Olaf's bow and tried it.

'Too weak, too weak,' he said, 'for the bow of a great king.'

Then throwing it away, he took sword in hand; for now Eric's men were boarding the Long Serpent, and the last struggle was hand to hand. The end of it was, that all the men on board the Serpent were killed except Olaf and one or two more, who when they saw they were in danger of being taken prisoners, sprang over the ship's sides into the sea. Olaf was swimming stoutly the last time he was seen by anyone; and since he was too great a hero for people to believe easily in his final defeat and death, a rumour spread through Norway that he had been picked up by a friendly vessel, and that he was still alive.

For many a year afterwards, when the people who had loved him and flourished under him were disgusted with their subsequent rulers, they looked seaward and hoped to descry Olaf Tryggveson with a new fleet of Long Serpents and Cranes come sailing to the shore.'

(To be continued.)

THE SIX CUSHIONS.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.')

CHAPTER VI.

THE DAUGHTERS OF GLENTARN.

'FEN! Oh, there you are at last! I say, do come and pour out our tea: here's Effie got a book, and no more good than a potato bogle.'

'Is Bride come in?' asked Fenella, pausing before entering among five young persons, whom the open door displayed.

'Yes; but Nurse caught her to hold the baby.—Come, Fen—just look at Effie.'

Fenella put in her head rather unwillingly, for she much wanted to speak to Bride; and the school-room tea had no just claims upon her time or her sister's; but Angus and Nial, day-school boys of eleven and nine, dragged her in, and pointed to Effie, a very lank young lady of fourteen, who sat curled up in an impossible attitude, completely lost to the terrestrial world in a heap of newly-borrowed magazines. The big metal tea-pot, the tall jug of milk, and the five cups with names on them, and the broad pile of slices of bread and butter, were all ready; and nothing had yet been extracted from the lawful president, but, 'Presently—let me alone—I'll just finish this.'

Assault and battery were being meditated by the two boys, and their boylike companions, Eva and Annie; and Fenella at once perceived that she must be the victim to peace.

'One moment,' she said; 'let me just run up and take off my hat, and speak to Bride; and I'll come and pour out tea in a few seconds.'

Mr. Maclaine of Glentarn was a Highland laird—a great man at home; but since his health had failed, so that his native air for eight months in the year would have been death to him, nobody but his wife, and of late his two elder daughters, knew how hard it was to make both ends meet, even when Glentarn was let for the shooting-season—the only time he could have spent there.

Few women of any degree led a more toilsome careful life than did Lady Euphemia Maclaine; and none had striven to bring up her daughters more sensibly; and she was reaping the benefit. Bride was her right-hand, and Fenella was Bride's; and the weight of the younger children on her hands was so far lessened to her by their exertions, that she had been known to say that fourteen children were much less trouble than seven.

Three of the sons were now out in the world, and there remained at home 'only nine children,' besides the two boys who were to return from school in a week's time.

Fenella was not at all surprised not to find her elder sister in their own room; but hastily laying down bag, hat, and cloak, she crossed the passage, and found Bride presiding over the three babies.

'I can't stop,' said Fenella hastily, 'or there will be a hubbub in the school-room; but you will find it all in the bag in our room.'

And no one would have guessed—by the spirit with which Bride sang nursery-rhymes to her charge, or the merriment that passed between Fenella and the party round the tea-table—how much both wished to be elsewhere.

After a time they met again in their own room. When Fenella arrived there, Bride was already in her white evening dress, and hard at work.

'How nicely you have taken it off, Fen,' she said; 'we shall not need to trouble anyone about the pattern.'

'And is it not beautiful? Oh, I am so glad we have it to do! Yet it is larger than I expected. I am half afraid—'

'I have been calculating,' said Bride. 'See, there are exactly forty week-days between to-morrow and the 4th of September, when the work is to be given in. Let us leave ten days to spare in case of impossibilities. Then, see, I have drawn white threads across my piece of canvas, so as to mark thirty divisions. If we can each finish one of those every day we shall be safe.'

'It is a great piece!' said Fenella, rather dismayed. 'I think it would be easier to take a good spell when there chances to be time.'

'So we may, and that would be doing the work for the next day beforehand. Don't you see?'

'Yes; and I suppose it is safest.'

'And we must reckon our day's work from breakfast time to breakfast time,' added Bride. All the work done the day before will be so much beforehand; but my portion must be finished off while Eva is practising, before we go down to breakfast.'

'But that is your only time for illuminating!'

'I must give that up.'

'And return that lovely book of Hours without having copied all the patterns, when you have been getting up so early for them all this time!'

'I can't help it. I can't do both.'

'But can't we work at this in lesson-time?'

'While Effie or Eva is reading, perhaps; but the others always grow inattentive if one works, or one does oneself, which is worse.'

'Yes,' said Fenella thoughtfully; 'and we must be very careful not to let the work be in anyone's way, or mamma will not like it.'

'She scarcely likes it as it is,' said Bride; 'only she is always kind. But you know Glentarn was not the place to learn to like ornamental churches.'

'Dear Glentarn! And yet, Bride, I believe we shall be glad all our lives—at least, it will be our own fault if we are not—that we were obliged to come here in time for our confirmation. Dr. Henderson has made us enter into things as nothing ever would have done at home.'

'Yes; and therefore I should be very sorry if we could not accomplish this work, at any sacrifice.'

'You mean not only out of gratitude to Dr. Henderson, but—'

Bride bent her head to show that the thought was understood without going further.

'Indeed,' added Fenella, 'I quite think we can manage it without fashing anybody with it at improper times, if I leave off reading any idle books to myself till it is done.'

Fenella had been making her toilette all the time they were talking; and she had afterwards crossed nearly all her morning's stitches before the bell rang; and the two sisters ran down to the late dinner.

It was almost of course that there should be someone there besides the father, mother, and two girls. 'Glentarn' could not fall so far from his Highland hospitality as not to ask anyone to dinner who fell in his way: a custom which did not diminish Lady Euphemia's housekeeping difficulties, when out of the reach of her own moor, loch, garden, and poultry-yard.

This time the guest was Walter Bellenden, the second son of that sister of Captain Harding, who has been already mentioned as having taken Sans Souci, the largest house in the place, except perhaps Falconberg, and with a beautiful level lawn. He had been sent down unexpectedly that afternoon by his mother, to look at the house, and had been captured and borne off by Mr. Maclaine from the Hardings, in right of a long visit that Lady Bellenden and her two elder sons had once, some

years ago, paid at Glentarn, when they had become very intimate with the whole household, and especially the brothers, now absent.

Walter Bellenden had in those days been a big school-boy, anxious to establish his manhood, by noticing nothing younger than himself; Bride and Fenella, raw Scotch school-room girls, with manners by no means proportioned to the length of their limbs, and much resenting the English finery and airs, that despised them, and deprived them of the companionship of their brothers. There was a certain surprise in the present meeting: the one had become a polished, easy-mannered gentleman, with the agreeableness and vivacity of a young law student; and the others had gained all that was wanting to make them civilized young ladies, without losing a certain racy Highland individuality, that became them very well, and stood them quite in the stead of beauty.

Mr. Bellenden liked the prospect of Sans Souci a great deal better than he had done when he first came down, and applied himself to telling Bride of his mother's grand designs of diversion. 'You must have a whole menagerie of lions,' he said; 'small and great, land and water.'

'Every species and variety,' answered Bride. 'There are those bonnie Greytorr rocks, and two or three castles; and the Culmbeach sands—the most delicious place for botanizing.'

'And,' added Fenella, 'the Pirate's Cave; and St. Aldhelm's Abbey, which is so delightful to sketch.'

'Pic-nic traps without end,' said Mr. Bellenden; 'just what we looked out for. And, moreover, I have the pleasure to inform you that Sans Souci is reported to possess the only available croquet ground in the place.'

'It is like a piece of water kept open for a decoy,' laughed Bride.

'Well, exactly so my excellent cousin Joan seemed to view it. A pretty little thing Joan is growing up—not that she will ever come up to her mother.'

'Yes, Joan is very pretty; but Mrs. Harding has the very loveliest countenance I ever did see!' exclaimed Fenella enthusiastically.

'By-the-by, what is come to Joan?' continued Walter Bellenden. 'Is she coming out in the high strong-minded line? She professes not to have time for anything—and purses up her lips like a lady abbess, when one does but mention croquet or pic-nic; and in fact, appears superior to everything.'

To this Fenella and Bride made little answer but a laugh; and he added, 'The little ones tell me there is some church work going, that everybody is bent upon—and that Joan's heart is to be sewn up in a cushion. I hope you are not under the same spell.'

'You will see,' returned Bride.

'But are you two vowed Sisters of the Cushion?' tragically demanded Walter: 'if so—adieu to pic-nics, adieu to lions—a long farewell to Sans Souçi. The landlords may bring an action against the clerics for

depreciating the value of the houses, by diminishing the attractions of the place!'

'I think there are quite people enough without the cushion workers,' said Fenella.

'And are you one?' He put his hand on his heart with tokens of dismay at the affirmative sign, and looked at the other sister.—'And you—?'

He fell back in his chair with a gesture of despair; and the sisters were glad that the announcement of dinner put an end to the inquiry into their avocations, before father or mother had noticed it; for much that might quietly be tolerated at first, and gradually liked in growing-up girls, would be assuredly blighted at once if obtruded.

After dinner, Effie was found in the drawing-room, still immersed in the magazine story she had just finished, and crazy to find someone to sympathize in her passion for the hero.

Angus and Nial were no readers; Eva was not allowed to meddle with the magazine; and Effie fastened at once upon Fenella; while mamma and Bride went off to see about the little ones going to bed, and to hear their evening prayers.

'Fen, it is the most delicious story in the world! Shall I fetch you the first number? I dare say you would have time before the gentlemen come in.'

'I had rather you told me the story, thank you, Effie my dear. I think we ought not to keep the books any longer. Mamma does not much like their being about in the way of Eva and Annie.'

'Oh, you could read it very quickly up in your own room,' said Effie, who having borrowed the magazines, had not found them greatly welcomed, and had been left alone in her engrossing excitement in the story.

'Yes; but that is just what I can't do. I have not time—'

'What, that work?'

'Yes, Effie; I promised myself that I would not let my head get into a story till it was done.'

'Just this one,' pleaded Effie; 'it is so grand and noble—and quite historical too.'

'No, no, Effie. "Just this one" is the fatal saying. Besides, you really do tell stories so well, that it will be a great enlivenment to me to hear you.'

How much did Fenella wish to read the book? She could have wished it considerably—indeed, she had felt half defrauded when someone else had seized the first numbers the day before. Now she was glad that she had not even begun; for it was the less difficult to keep her resolution.

(To be continued.)

A TWELFTH-DAY KING;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF FRENCH LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER IV.

'Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown.'

George Herbert.

You can fancy that the little scholar did not set off with such alacrity for his first day at school, as he had shown when starting for the Hotel Bourbon; truth to say, he loitered sadly, and stopped to throw stones and make faces at the street 'gamins,' just like any little idle school-boy of modern days.

His mother had placed him under the care of a son of Simon the armourer—a lad of fourteen, commonly known as 'Long Simon,' from his height and slenderness, who had been early sent by his parents to the Latin school of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, as the best means of developing his natural taste for learning;—but it was like giving a very sprightly and discursive eel into the charge of a sober-minded tortoise. Jean frolicked, danced, and strayed about from side to side, all the while that Long Simon slowly but steadily pursued his way, his eyes for the most part bent upon his book, the 'Book of Sentences' of Peter Lombard, then in use throughout all the monastic schools, as well as in the Universities.

As they neared the school they fell in with other day-scholars, the 'étudians du dehors,' as they were called, in contradistinction to those who lived under cloistral discipline. Most of them were older than Jean, but some were not one whit less merry and mischievous than he.

'Oh! so Long Simon has a brat under his care!' cried one of these mockingly; 'that is what makes him so late to-day. Do you know, most wise theologian and learned rhetorician, that the great clock has all but struck the hour?'

'Then do not let us stop to prate,' replied the wise Simon gravely; 'give me your hand, Jean, and let us hurry on.'

'No, wait a bit,' said the other boy; 'and tell me, youngster, did you see the pope of fools t'other day? If so, I will wager Brother Martin's copy of Aristotle, which being not my own I may safely offer to hazard, that you will recognize his first cousin in church this morning.'

'I did not see him,' said Jean; 'I was at a mystery-play with the Duke of Bourbon.'

'You at a mystery-play with the Duke of Bourbon! Tell that to the

Flemings! Here, you boys, help me to give a good drubbing to this most mendacious of infants.'

Jean's defiant attitude seemed rather to invite the onslaught, but Simon caught hold of his hand and dragged him away.

'Come, come, if it had not been for your tricks and your dawdling we should have been in school now, and have avoided this pack of loiterers,' said he. 'Why do you look back? Do you wish to stay to be drubbed by the scholars in order that you may get scolded by the masters for being behind time?'

No, Jean certainly did not wish that; he shrugged his shoulders at such a prospect, and tried to keep pace with Simon's long strides. In a few minutes they reached the Hotel, in a large room of which the good monks of St. Germain l'Auxerrois kept school. It was a sort of Gothic hall, partially detached from the mansion; and the owner, who was a patron of learning, voluntarily granted the monks the use of it for this philanthropic purpose.

The greater part of the scholars were already assembled, and were taking their places on low benches ranged around the desks of the masters, for the considerate Brothers of St. Germain had not thought it necessary to follow the stern decree imposed on the University of Paris at the close of the fourteenth century, which enjoined that the students should seat themselves 'on the *ground*, as formerly, not on benches or other seats,' and added, as a reason for its rigour, 'in order to take away from the youths all occasion for vanity!' Perhaps they did not quite believe that taking away the benches *would* remove all cause for vanity; or perhaps they thought that, as young people could not be kept for ever sitting on the floor, it might be well to accustom them in time to the dangerous distinction of a seat; at any rate, there were the forms, and Jean was soon bidden to seat himself on one, placed close under the eye of a grave young monk, whom Simon, when introducing him, had addressed as 'Father Antoine.' It was the alphabet class, and one or two of the boys in it were about Jean's own age, though several of them were older. The other classes were pursuing more advanced studies, and in these were a good many poor scholars, who had come from different parts of France, begging their way to Paris, and subsisting, now that they were there, on the charity of the rich; sleeping sometimes on the hearth in the school, sometimes receiving shelter from good-natured citizens who were wont to place a spare room provided with beds of straw at the disposal of as many homeless student-lads as could crowd together in it.

Many of these were intent learners; and so diligently did they con their lessons, that Jean looked at them with mingled respect for their learning, and wonder at their tatters; but he was more interested in watching the masters, especially one named Father Martin, who seemed to be the head, and whose commanding figure, austere ascetic face, and stern voice, bespoke him a man whose authority would be rigidly exercised, and might not be lightly resisted. He spoke briefly to Jean, saying he

had had a message from the Duke respecting him, entered his name on a parchment roll containing the list of scholars in attendance, and bade him be docile and obedient towards Brother Antoine.

The business of the day began, and for some time Jean was busied in learning to recognize the shapes of the letters which his instructor drew on the floor with a piece of charcoal; but presently the chime of a bell was heard, and the scholars were summoned to attend the service of Tierce in the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Jean rose with the rest, hardly feeling the interruption welcome, for he had begun to wish to understand what Brother Antoine was teaching him, and thought that lessons being a novelty, were at any rate more interesting than the service which he had heard so often; but as he turned towards the door, he saw a face which attracted him and made him long for a nearer view of it. Standing there, marshalling in order a certain number of the boys, was a young monk, with a fair bright face, ruddy in the cheeks, with a fresh healthful ruddiness which would have seemed more natural in a peasant than in the inhabitant of a city cloister; and with such innocent candid blue eyes, as were alone sufficient to inspire trust. One of the boys whispered his name to Jean—'Father Colombe'—a name which harmonized well with his appearance, and added that it was his care to instruct the school in singing, and that he was now going to lead their chanting in the church. It was but a short walk thither; they had but to traverse the length of one street, and to turn the corner by the For l'Eveque, with its beautiful chapel, and there they were, close to the monastery and its new church, which stood then, as now, hard by the Louvre, (the old Louvre of Philip Augustus, replaced in Francis the First's days by the present building,) and which though then consisting of but a nave and one aisle, and not adorned as now by the noble frescoed porches, nor crowned by the belfry from which, in after days, the fatal tocsin of St. Bartholomew's Day was to sound, was still a grand impressive building, rich in Gothic tracery, and radiant with 'beams from every window shed' through the glowing garments of pictured saints.

Jean, however, took small heed of this, and did nothing at first but gaze by turns at Brother Colombe, whose voice was as fresh and beautiful as his face; and at a very grotesque old monk, who had a countenance like a withered apple, full of droll puckers, and a quaintly humourous expression which accorded ill with his conventual garb. He it was that the disrespectful student, whom Jean had met on his way to school, had likened to the 'pope of fools' of the preceding week, and Jean nearly smiled as he watched him, but was recalled to graver thoughts by the stern hand of Brother Martin being laid on his shoulder, admonishing him to fold his hands and bend his head like the more reverent worshippers around him. He felt that the strict Father was displeased with him already, and bethought himself that he had promised his mother he would be good. 'But oh!' sighed he, 'what a great deal of trouble it takes to behave well!' and I dare say many little boys can sympathize

with him, although their patience may never have been tried as his was by a Latin service, the general intention of which could alone be intelligible to him.

After service, the boys received a lesson in singing from Brother Colombe; and thanks to his gentle way of teaching, Jean found this very pleasant, though fain would he have tuned his voice to something blither than the ecclesiastical chants in which the good young monk instructed them.

When this was over, an hour was given for recreation; and those boys who were happy enough to have had some food to bring with them, now produced it and munched away with hearty appetite, sometimes good-naturedly sharing their provisions with their less fortunate companions. There was a large wood-fire burning on an open hearth at each end of the school, and round these the scholars gathered, the elder lads pushing the younger aside and seeking to monopolize the warmth for themselves. Jean was trying to poke himself in among them to warm his cold hands, when one of the masters, who was sitting at the centre desk to keep order, observed him, and coming closer said, rather severely, 'Shame on you big lads to keep the little ones from the fire! Here, let this child in among you, and give him a good place.'

'That I will,' said a youth of almost giant stature, rising as he spoke, and pushing Jean gently in front of him; 'and do you also come near the fire, Father, for it must be very cold at your desk.'

'Ah! it is good Father Colombe, to-day,' said another of the lads, looking up and speaking in a tone of satisfaction. 'Here, take my place, Father, and prythee tell us some anecdotes. You know'—in a coaxing voice—'such was always the custom of those saintly fathers Haimon and Loup, who in the hours of recreation used to fill the minds of the young monk Henry, and others, with a fine store of pleasant learning.'

'Ah, you are quoting my words of a week ago,' said Brother Colombe, with a smile, sitting down as he spoke, though at the corner of the hearth so as not to shield the others from the blaze, and taking Jean on his knee. 'You have a good memory, my son, and I hope that my poor teachings may bear fruit in you, as did the wiser instructions of those holy men in the good monk Henry; who, when he became a man, was able to take the direction of the school in which as a boy he had been instructed, and wrote, moreover, a life of our blessed founder, St. Germain, in six books of goodly verse.'

'There was a fine scholar!' exclaimed Charles, the pupil addressed; and some of the other lads repeated admiringly, 'Six books of verse!' but little Jean babbled forth, 'I do not like verses much; I like my father's stories of the wars, and the tales my mother sometimes tells me of the fairy Melusina. Can you tell me a tale like that, good Father?'

'Nay, I do not know any idle stories of that sort,' answered the monk, with gentle reproach; 'but since this is your first day at school, and you

are but little, I will think of some pleasant tale to tell you. You must learn to love your school, and grow up a wise and scholarly man.'

'I do not want to learn, much,' said Jean, with a slight protruding of his lower lip; 'though, indeed, I should like to please my good mother, who wishes to see me a learned man. If I ever am one, I think she will buy a new kirtle for very gladness.'

The boys laughed, but Brother Colombe said mildly, 'You do well to regard your mother's wishes, and I trust you will cherish her always, be you never so learned and great, nor despise her even should she keep to the old kirtle. I can tell you a story to that point; but first let me gather some more little ones about me, they need the warmth, and my story to-day is more for them than for their elders.'

The good-natured giant who had first brought Jean near the fire, gathered in a host of little ones with his great arms, and pushed the bigger lads away; then himself went to the outer ranks, though not beyond ear-shot, for he too loved the kind master's tales.

'There was once,' began the monk, his sweet eyes resting on the eager faces upturned to him; 'there was once a little boy called Maurice, and he lived at Sulli with his parents, who were quite poor *poor* people. He had a good mother, whom he loved—tiens! you all love your mothers, I hope?'—looking round for a responsive smile, which came; 'and he was well content to toil for her and be her little servitor; but St. Catherine, the great patron of learning, put into his heart a huge desire for knowledge, and at Sulli there was no way to get this, so his mother sent him forth with her blessing, and he came very young to Paris, begging his bread. He had no friends in all the city; but the good saints watched over him and raised up teachers for him; so he studied and studied, till at length he became very learned, and was made Doctor of Philosophy, and afterwards of Theology. One day when he had become quite celebrated, so that his fame reached far and wide, his poor old mother at Sulli heard of his good fortune, and thought to herself, 'Now I will go and see my good son.' So she took her stick, and put on her thick jacket of drugget, and set off to Paris. When she arrived there she met some ladies, and inquired of them about her son; so they told her of him, and thinking it would shame him to see his mother in such a mean garb, they took her to their own house and dressed her in fine clothes, and then conducted her to Maurice, to whom she said, 'I am your mother.' The master replied, 'I cannot believe it, for my good mother is poor, and wears nothing but drugget.' Thus he refused to recognize her; and the ladies, finding this, took her home again, and gave her back her stick and her coarse dress. She came once more to her son, who was in grand company among great nobles and learned doctors; and when he saw her come in, he took off his hood and ran and embraced her with all his heart, and said to her, 'I see now that you are really my mother.' Then this was told in the city, and everyone honoured the great master who was not ashamed of his mother's poverty and her dress of drugget. And

afterwards he became a bishop, the bishop of this very city of Paris; and built our beautiful Cathedral of Notre Dame; and here he died in the year of grace eleven hundred and ninety-six.'

'Did his mother stay with him, do you think?' asked little Jean earnestly.

'I do not know, but belike she did. Does the tale please you, my son?'

'Very much, my Father; only I wish Maurice had gone to the wars, and been made a noble knight of by our Lord the King.'

'Alas for your chronology, little one!' said the giant, laughing. 'How could that be? seeing that Father Colombe has just told us Maurice de Sulli died in 1196, whereas our gracious King did not come to the throne until 1380.'

'Do not put little folks to the blush with your superior sense, Gilles,' said Father Colombe, with a smile; 'this child here thinks all that happened before his birth a long while ago, and makes no account of centuries. Still, my son, Jean, I have a word to say in your ear, which is that you must learn not to reckon the holy office of a bishop below that of a knight; nor talk as if to fight a good fight for Christ's Church were less honourable than to take part in the wars of erring men.'

'But the bishops do not wear beautiful armour like the knights,' replied the child. 'I know they do not, for my mother took me last May to see the great cardinals and bishops and princes come to Notre Dame. I looked hard at them, and a man standing by pointed out to us in particular the Lord Cardinal of Poictiers, and the Bishop of—oh, I cannot remember the name, but I mean the one who preached the sermon about his Holiness the Pope—they were both grandly dressed, but not like knights.'

'They have no need of armour, silly child,' said the monk, 'seeing they are men of peace and not of war.'

—'Archbishop Turpin did fight like any hero in noble Charlemagne's time,' put in Gilles, sotto voce.—

'By that bishop whose name you forget, you mean, I suppose, Monseigneur Pierre d'Ailly, Bishop of Cambrai,' continued Brother Colombe; 'he preached that day in Notre Dame by order of the King, to set forth the blessings which would follow from the restitution of obedience to his Holiness Pope Benedict.'

'Yes, that was it,' said Jean; 'and I remember my mother bade me thank God, for that peace was come back to the Church. Does peace always come that way, with a grand host of dukes and bishops in brave attire?'

'Nay, like Christ's Kingdom, it oftentimes cometh not with observation, answered the monk dreamily; 'or comes like the simple dove to Noah with one tender olive-spray. But this is beyond your understanding, my son; and it is enough for you to lift your little hands in prayer for the peace of the Church when your mother bids you, and to give God thanks

when she tells you that He has sent the peace prayed for. Not till you are older can you comprehend the meaning of your petitions; but what says the holy Psalmist? "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise," and so be sure God hears and marks the prayers of His christened babes, though they be stammered with feeble tongue.'

Although the first part of this speech was almost unintelligible to Jean, he did not fidget under it as he usually did under anything serious, but leaned his little head down on his young master's breast, and peeped up softly and lovingly beneath the lashes of the meekly-drooped eyes.

'I love you, my Father,' he said at its close, with a warm clasp of his sturdy little arms; 'you are good and kind, like my mother. And oh! dear Father,' he added naively, 'how blue your eyes are!'

A startled blush rose to the monk's cheek; at the age of nine he had entered the cloister, and probably from that time to this no remark on his personal appearance had ever been addressed to him. His long eyelashes drooped even lower than before, and he put the child from off his knee, very gently, but rather as if he wished to discourage anything like familiarity.

'I trust you will love all your masters, and your fellow-scholars too,' said he.

'No, that I shall not!' replied our little king boldly. 'I am sure I shall never love Father Martin for one!'

A smile, astonished, yet not unsympathizing, went round the circle of boys; but Brother Colombe laid his hand on the child's lips, and said, reprovingly—

'Hush, hush, my son, I cannot let you speak naughty words, though you are so little. You are too free both of thought and tongue, and must learn to check yourself, and be more humble and silent.'

The boys half expected that Jean would endeavour to justify himself, but he did not; the little heart swelled, the little lips quivered, and without saying a word he stole away to his own place in Brother Antoine's class, and stayed there till lessons began again, staring hard at the alphabet on the floor in a pre-occupied way, and wondering what it was that had given him such a lump in his throat, and whether Brother Colombe, whom he liked so very *very* much, would learn to like him a little if he were to become good. He had no opportunity, however, of trying to regain his favour that day, for there was no singing-lesson in the afternoon, and the school dispersed before vespers.

(To be continued.)

LILLA'S RELATIONS.

CHAPTER XII.

GRACE VIVIAN was sitting in her bed-room one morning, a few days after the occurrences just described, when a gentle tap was heard at the door. Her face clouded as she heard the sound, and the 'Come in' which followed had an impatient irritated tone.

Mrs. Vivian followed upon her knock, and entered the room, glancing round it before she looked at her daughter, and when she did suffer her eyes to rest on her, withdrawing them hastily with a half amused smile.

Grace gave no welcome either by word or look, but Mrs. Vivian seated herself, nevertheless.

'Well, Grace, my child,' she said at last, 'have you no news to give me, nothing to say?'

'Nothing which would interest you, I think, Mamma,' was the grave answer; certainly not encouraging conversation.

'Then I was mistaken,' said Mrs. Vivian; 'and yet I quite thought I knew the hand and the post-mark. Forgive me, dearest; I was quite in hopes it was so.'

'You are talking enigmas, Mamma. Would you be kind enough to say what you mean?'

'Dear me, Grace, there is no need for all this dignity; you need not pretend innocence in that way.'

'No, indeed,' and Grace laughed in a hard low tone; 'it would be pretence indeed for me to do that. Still, without laying claim to innocence, I must say I should understand you better if you would kindly say who you are talking of.'

'Why, I supposed, of course, from seeing his hand, that George Alderson had been writing to you.'

'Yes?'

'You are in an extraordinary humour to-day, Grace,' said her mother impatiently. 'Why do you not speak out?'

'I have told you, Mamma. I have nothing to speak out about.'

'But you do not deny having heard from him.'

'I have heard from him.'

'What, a proposal! Grace, you tantalizing child, why did you keep me in suspense when I was longing to know if I had to wish you joy?'

'Dear Mamma,' and Grace dropped her defiant tone, 'there is nothing to wish me joy about.'

'Grace, I beseech you, do speak out; pray do not puzzle one so dreadfully. What do you mean?'

'Well, Mamma, I wish to tell you, only somehow it is so difficult. George Alderson has proposed to me—and—and—' here Grace turned

scarlet, 'and I have answered him. Here is the letter,' and she pointed to one which lay sealed before her on the table. 'I have—I have refused him.'

'Grace—it is impossible—it is madness—you must be insane! What has induced you?'

'Mamma, do not ask me; I do not know.'

'But have you forgotten all our conversations, all the difficulties there were at Netherton, and our doubts as to his views? I cannot understand or believe you.'

'It is exactly as I have said, however.'

'But you directly encouraged him at Netherton. Do you deny that?'

'No, Mamma.'

'More than that, you tried to attract him.'

Grace made no answer; and her mother went on, 'I have a right to ask you, Grace, your reasons for this extraordinary conduct. Is it possible that you never intended to encourage him, and that all this time you were deceiving me, and playing with such a man as George Alderson, the owner of Netherton, and the heir to a peerage? Did you never mean to have him?'

'Yes, Mamma; but I have changed my mind.'

'Charles is at the bottom of this; he always disliked Mr. Alderson.'

'I have never spoken to Charles about it.'

'You have not now told your reasons. Do you love someone else?'

'Really, dear Mamma, I have none to tell. I do not wish to marry him, therefore I refused him. As for the other thing, I never had much of that for Mr. Alderson.'

'But you liked him, and you liked his position enough to encourage him. You remember all our conversations.'

'Ah!' cried Grace, with a sound as if of bodily pain, 'I do; don't recall them again. I abhor myself.'

'But, my dearest Gracie, why should you blame yourself for confiding all to your mother? I am sure no one else can have your good so at heart,' and here Mrs. Vivian melted into tears.

Grace was looking out at window, and she turned now suddenly round.

'Mother,' she said, 'I would rather be that woman sweeping the dust off the streets, than George Alderson's wife.'

'And you do not consider me in the business at all; you do not consider how I shall share the blame which will be heaped on you as a flirt—I who certainly gave him no discouragement.'

'It is not a time for such considerations. I cannot marry him for you, Mamma.'

'Is it possible you have a more desirable connection in view?'

Grace laughed. 'Desirable young heirs to a peerage with seven thousand a year do not flourish at Fontainebleau. No. I refuse George Alderson simply because I cannot accept him. I have no other attach-

ment, no other; in point of fact, I would marry him if I could, and I cannot tell even myself why I do not do so.'

'I advise you to go to bed, dear Grace. You complained of a headache this morning, and you are as flushed and feverish as possible. Shall I take your letter down-stairs for you?'

Again Grace laughed that hard miserable laugh which she had given before.

'I am not at all delirious, if you mean that, Mamma; and as I am going down-stairs myself, I will not trouble you with my letter.'

'O Grace, let me entreat you, pause; wait only till to-morrow, or at least till the afternoon, to send it.'

'Mamma, I cannot.'

Mrs. Vivian stood before her daughter, and fixed her eyes upon her.

'Grace, it is not often in my life that I have commanded anything to you. I do so now. That letter shall not go by this morning's post.'

Even Grace, unaccustomed to yield her will, was overawed now.

'If I am still of the same mind this afternoon, will you make no more fuss then?'

'If it must be, it must, then.'

'Very well, till the afternoon I agree to wait.'

Mrs. Vivian went to her own room. Grace quietly went her way to the drawing-room, where sat Lilla, writing to her father.

'Ah, Grace, don't speak to me, please, I am in such a hurry to get my letter finished; Mr. Hingston is to take it to the post on his way to the station.'

'Station!' re-echoed Grace, disregarding Lilla's request for peace and quiet. 'Where is he going, then?'

'Oh, did you not hear he is going to Paris to meet a friend?'

'I did not understand his stay was to be so short; I fancied he was permanently to remain on guard over you.'

Mr. Hingston came forward from the window, where a curtain had concealed him.

'You see,' and he joined the conversation as if he had been known to be present all along, 'I was only on guard till I had seen whether my charge was to be trusted alone. She gets on so well without me, that I fancy I am no longer needed now.'

There was a pause. However well it may be carried off, an unlooked-for appearance always throws an awkwardness over an unwary speaker, and Grace's usual tact appeared utterly at fault.

She said hastily, colouring, 'Oh, I did not mean—' and Lilla came to the rescue, as she thought.

'Mr. Hingston is not afraid of what you may say behind his back, Grace. Sharp as are the edges of your wit, you do not often turn them on him; I believe you are afraid of him.'

'Really,' and Mr. Hingston bowed, 'I am highly flattered. I did not think anyone was afraid of me, least of all Miss Vivian. It is rather

pleasant to find oneself important enough to be an object of fear to anyone;' and then perceiving that his haste had led him into an awkward speech, he too stopped short.

The two stood face to face for a moment, and then mutually in silence turned away, one to his seat, the other to the piano.

In the midst of a loud bravura, Grace was still conscious that Lilla was closing her writing-case, and an impulse which she could not explain to herself made her hurriedly bring her piece to a conclusion and depart. Somehow, slight as the little awkwardness was, it had made her feel as if she would rather not be alone in the room with him.

The cousins met at luncheon—a *tête-à-tête*. Mrs. Vivian sent down that she had a bad head-ache, and would take nothing. Charles was out, and Mr. Hingston gone.

'I like a *tête-à-tête*,' said Lilla, 'sometimes; not that I am at all glad really to lose Mr. Hingston's company. He has been so particularly gentle and pleasant, specially these latter days, and he has quite left off scolding me. Do you not think he is nicer than you used—? I know you do, though.'

'You are very clever,' said Grace. 'What do you argue from?'

'You used to call him ugly before, and now you never do; and you often walk with him.'

'Lilla, I am certain your godfather would scold you, as you express it, for exaggerating. I have perhaps *twice* walked with him—at least, he has waited for me when I was tired.'

'And all that hour last evening in the garden, in the moonlight. I heard your voices going on in one uninterrupted flow, when Aunt Vivian was asleep.'

Grace made no reply directly in words; but in a few minutes she said, 'I wonder why, in all your multifarious studies, you never took up astronomy. It would be pleasant amusement, I should think, when you go back to your moors again.'

'Do you know anything of it?' inquired Lilla, rather amazed, it must be allowed, at her cousin Grace pretending to any uncommon accomplishment whatever.

'I learnt some at school; enough to detain me more than an hour, if need be, out of doors on any star-light evening.'

'Dear me,' said Lilla, 'were you only talking about *that* all the time, after all?' and her voice had a most evident tone of vexation in it, which drew from Grace the sharp inquiry,

'Why, what did you suppose?' and she looked so angry, that Lilla stammered, confused in her answer,

'Oh, nothing—I beg your pardon—I did not mean—'

'What did you mean?'

'Well, dearest Grace, forgive me; I am very stupid, and always let out things I ought to keep to myself. Only my godfather is so good, and talks so nicely, and always is glad to help people. I thought perhaps—'

'You thought quite wrong, then,' was the answer. 'May not two people stand outside a door on a summer's night without being thought to be talking "good," even supposing one of them to be a model clergyman? I declare, you well brought up young ladies put me quite out of patience, or at least they would if it were not too ridiculous. By the way, I have mislaid a letter,' she said, suddenly putting her hand in her pocket; 'one I particularly wanted to go to-day. Where can it be?'

'There is a letter of yours gone,' said Lilla. 'I hope it is all right? I thought you meant it to go. You laid it down on the drawing-room table, I suppose, and it fell down; for just as Mr. Hingston was going, I picked it up, and seeing it was all ready to go, gave it him with mine.'

'So it is gone!' and a strange medley of doubt and relief was in Grace's voice as she spoke; then changing, she said, 'Ah, thank you, that is all right—if you are sure it went.'

'Quite sure. I recognized your writing, though I did not notice the address. Here comes Charles, just in time for luncheon, which he always pretends he never eats.'

Charles came in, and, as Lilla expected, began a protest against luncheon, which was stopped by a plate of cold beef; and when the young ladies rose, to leave him to eat it alone, he said, 'Oh, by the way, Grace, here a minute.'

Lilla went on, and the brother and sister were alone.

There was not much in common between them, and neither had been on terms of confidence.

For this reason, perhaps, there was an air of unusual self-consciousness about Charles as he began, half shy of his elder sister by five years, half dignified as head of the family of Vivian, 'Grace, I don't know—I am afraid you will be angry; but, you see, I am your brother, and all that, and I thought it better, indeed my duty, to ask you—you see it's an awkward thing—for me—but I *am* your brother, and Hingston and I know more of the fellow than you can do.'

'You, Charles!' she exclaimed; then, anger taking the place of astonishment, 'I wish Mamma would not interfere with me, telling you of my private concerns. Still more am I at a loss to know what possible concern Mr. Hingston can have with any letter he may carry to the post for me.'

'Grace, I assure you my mother has told me nothing; I have not seen her to-day since breakfast.'

'Then Mr. Hingston—'

'Hear me out,' interrupted Charles. 'I met Hingston in the street, groping about with his short-sighted eyes for a letter of yours, which he had dropped; and picking it up for him, my eye lighted on the address to young Alderson. Perhaps you think I had no right; but, Gracie, you are my only sister, and you know we have no father; and as for Mamma, why, she is a woman, and is dazzled by his money and the title to come; and I know what a fellow he is. Well, the long and short of it is, I asked Hingston to allow me to take back the letter. I felt that it was

committing you for life to send it without one word from me now; though, you know, when I saw how things were last year, I warned you; and though you might be angry, and say one has no right, still I thought I must try—'

'So Mr. Hingston and you confided one in the other. Did you both read my letter?' inquired Grace.

Charles winced under the irony, so as to lose sight of the insult.

'Grace, how ungenerously you are misrepresenting my meaning!'

'I only want to understand what you have decided upon. What is Mr. Hingston's advice?'

'Grace, at least listen to the whole story, and then say what things you like. I picked up the letter for Hingston, as I said, and I asked him to allow me to take it back to you. He was very much astonished, and said he could not do so, the letters had been entrusted to him to put in the post; he could do nothing but that with them—you know Hingston is the soul of honour. I begged him to let me have the letter, if only for an hour, pledging my word to carry it straight to you, and if you wished it in the post, to put it there myself. This he refused; and, I must confess it, Grace, in despair, knowing Alderson to be so utterly bad, and knowing he knew him too, I let out about it. I don't defend it; it was very unjustifiable, but in the heat of the moment it slipped out. I never saw anyone so angry as Hingston must have been with me. He turned a queer kind of yellow green, and then as white as a sheet; and his voice, as he said, "You had no business to tell me this," sounded awfully hollow. It was all of no use; he declared that he was responsible for the letter; and seeing him so obstinate, I would have nothing more to say to him, but turned off home. And now, Grace, although your acceptance is gone, that letter beyond recall—do hear me—I cannot prove that Alderson is all I say, but I do most solemnly assure you he is so; and as for other things, religion for instance, he is what you see—a thorough infidel. Dear Grace, I do not understand these things enough to speak of them, but I am sure that—in short, it is no use disguising or beating about the bush—one can't get on without religion; a fellow like me can't, I know. It is such a help, and there are such temptations in the world. It sounds horrid cant talking about it; but if you will think about it, you will see it. Hingston helped me last year, when I was going all wrong, and now I see it; and I left off the set I was with. I never could have got right while I went with them; and, dear Grace, you never will, if you join yourself for life to Alderson; even if you have accepted him, break it off.'

'Charles,' answered his sister, 'I will *not* have this conversation go on. I won't stand interference and dictation from you. If you were to talk till midnight, I would never answer you, or forgive you for having spoken of my concerns to Mr. Hingston.'

She swept out of the room, leaving poor honest Charlie in a genuine perplexity, and great grief; and finding visitors were in the drawing-

room, and that her cousin and mother were safely occupied with them, she slipped on her hat, and escaped by a side-door into the street unobserved.

She took her way almost unconsciously towards the railway station, selecting the only ugly walk in F——, seeing that it led through cabbage gardens and an allotment.

Her mind was in a tumult; it seemed that everyone was in league to torment and misunderstand her—her mother, Mr. Hingston, Charles—Why were her private feelings and wishes to be canvassed in this way by everyone? why was Charles to lecture—her mother to storm—and Mr. Hingston, why was he— She raised her eyes, and at her thought, uncalled for, the very individual was advancing to meet her!

'Miss Vivian,' and his voice had an unmistakeable accent of pleasure, 'I am most glad to meet you here. I was speculating on my chance of finding you alone on my return.'

'I fancied you far on your road to Paris,' was Grace's reply—the only one which seemed possible as committing her to nothing.

'I do not go by this train; I have put off my departure.' Mr. Hingston paused, and then went on again fluently, and yet as if the words were hard to frame. 'I came back to speak to you. I see Charles has spoken to you, and that you know he has told me accidentally what I should never have been told. I could not give him back, even with a good motive, the letter entrusted by you, though indirectly, to my charge. I thought, however, there could be no breach of trust in my taking it back to you with my own hands and delivering it to you myself, in case by any accident you should wish it not to be posted now. You must forgive me—you do not know how guilty I feel at being so involuntarily in your confidence.'

'There is nobody—' Grace began, and stopped, changing her sentence. 'There is no train for Paris till the evening; you will be very late arriving.'

'That is nothing,' was the reply. 'If I could be of any use—' He paused, and then went on, 'You must forgive me, Miss Vivian, and let me speak to you, though I know it must appear to you an unwarrantable freedom. I happen to be acquainted with the private history of the person to whom your letter is addressed; and, believe me, if I could repeat it to you, you would thank what appears chance for having given you an opportunity of reconsidering all things.'

Grace hesitated; the wish was strong upon her to keep her own counsel, and preserve towards Mr. Hingston a dignified silence on the bearing of her letter, as she had done to Charles; and yet something else urged her to speak out her real mind to the only person to whom she had ever betrayed that she had longings and aspirations after something better than her ordinary life.

'It does appear to me,' she said at last, 'a very extraordinary infringement of all ordinary rules of polite society, this attempt to dictate a course

of conduct to me; 'especially as the knowledge came to you simply and purely accidentally. I cannot see how you justify it to yourself.'

'You are mistaken in your view,' he answered gravely. 'The knowledge came to me by accident, as you say—not by accident came the duty which obliges me to warn you, even against your will, as to the facts I have mentioned. The rules of polite society, if they would forbid my speaking to you, would in this case be disregarded by me. I should find it difficult to justify to myself or my Master neglecting to warn a person, even an indifferent person, whom I saw running directly into danger. If you love this man, Miss Vivian, at least love your own soul better. I will speak,' he continued, silencing by a gesture of authority the interruption Grace tried to make. 'I *will* tell you, that if now you stifle the better thoughts which I know God's mercy is putting into your heart—if you marry this man, who will do all in his power to deaden the good and quicken the bad—you are throwing away such an opportunity as you have no right to expect again. At least, consider,' he went on, changing his voice from one of eager protest to the gentlest pleading—'at least, pray once about it—go home, and ask for light and help—pray for strength to give it up, though it cost your very life. Believe me—oh, believe me, it will be given you. No one who gives up for love of Christ an earthly love, but has it made up richly to them. The peace and the reward will come.'

'Mr. Hingston,' and Grace was strangely moved, 'I must explain to you. You are mistaken, so is Charles; that letter was not—not to accept—it was—I have refused him—only, you know, a lady may be supposed to have some slight sense of honour. It is not thought fair to publish abroad that a gentleman has made you an offer which you have not seen fit to accept.'

'Indeed, I have to ask your forgiveness; I feel, indeed, that I have most unjustifiably intruded, and that you have a right to be deeply offended with me.'

'I do not see that,' answered Grace, a little stiffly; 'you were under an impression, and acted accordingly, as you felt was right. It was not your fault that you were mistaken. I think I must be returning home, and I should advise you not to go out of your way; the station is some distance off, and although the next train does not come up for an hour, you have not time enough to return home and then go back again.'

It was an evident dismissal, and there remained for Mr. Hingston nothing but to take leave, which he did; but as their hands met, he was surprised to see a look of confusion and hesitation come over Grace, till now so calm.

'Before we part, I must say one word. Whatever you do, don't think me good. I did not—that is, I could not have helped it if I had felt *that* towards him, I must have done it—but I do not now. It was not very hard—I was only tempted when I thought that I could get away

from this dreadful old life; but when I thought about it, I could not do it —only it was not very hard.'

'God's ways are not our ways,' was the reply; 'and those who seek Him with an honest heart will always be led onwards. To some He gives grace to conquer earthly love for Him; in others, perhaps those whom He sees not yet strong enough to sacrifice it for Him, He deadens it, and gives His own instead. Some through earthly love are led onwards and upwards to realize the highest and truest as the most absorbing of all love.'

'Are there such?' and Grace looked up, a gleam of unusual brightness upon her face. 'The way good people generally speak, is as if earthly love, even when towards a good object, should be crushed down; and I—I don't feel as if I could do that.'

A look of tenderest pity was on Mr. Hingston's face as he replied, 'Such a happy pure love is sometimes given to mortals here; and as they taste this deep well of happiness, they tremble and give rejoicing thanks to Him who holds the cup to their lips. But there is a love which works good, even when the possession is denied—a step upwards to the Heavenly love, where it leads the soul at last. God bless you.' And they parted.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH FAMILY IN GERMANY AGAIN.

MAX KOCH.

'POTZ TAUSEND!'

Margaret found it most difficult to control her features into a proper demure expression as the above exclamation of surprise issued from the lips of Max Koch, the new music-master, to whom at that moment she was being introduced.

'I have several daughters, but this one will be your principal charge,' said Mrs. Leslie; 'my other daughters will only receive music lessons from you. Margaret, I hope, will make progress in German, in literature generally, and in anything else that you may feel yourself able to teach. I have no fear but that you will find her quick, and at the same time docile.'

'Potz tausend!' was again the only sound which issued from the strange-looking being who stood opposite to Margaret.

Not a muscle of the face, not a limb of the body, moved; Max Koch stood in the doorway, opposite Mrs. Leslie and Margaret, as if glued to the spot. He was a slight-made man, under the middle size; his clothes had been black, now they had a decidedly green tinge about them approaching to threadbare, and all of them seemed to have been made to

fit a larger figure than his. He stood in an attitude which might have been the envy of any undrilled volunteer—everything so smooth and straight about him, his feet close together, his hands and arms hanging straight down close to his body, his light brown hair, rather long, growing straight, tight, and lank to his head; a well-developed forehead; light, rather wild-looking, blue eyes; a Grecian nose, which betokened taste and fastidiousness; thin sensitive lips, and ungainly large hands with closely-bitten nails—completed the description of the new music master, whose reception of his pupil was, to say the least, so unusual.

'You have been highly recommended to me,' re-commenced Mrs. Leslie, hoping to extract some other answer from him; 'I have heard much of your genius. Are you content to accept the situation of daily-tutor in my family?'

'Certainly; I will come to-morrow at nine o'clock. Adieu!' and he extended a horny hand to Margaret, which she accepted with the tips of her fingers.

Three years had passed since the Battle of Hemsbach; the Leslies had left Reisen, and were living now in the country house of another German nobleman close on the banks of the Neckar. Gründenau could not be compared to Reisen for picturesque scenery: it lay in the midst of a flat, but it had its beauties to boast of—a rich and well-cultivated garden, a larger vinery, the long terrace walk, which was only separated from the river by a high wall, and, above all, the views of the Odenwald Hills, to which they were all so attached, had reconciled them to Gründenau, and made them become fonder of it than they had ever intended to be when they first came there. The Leslies were not much changed. Dora was emancipated from Miss Goble's rule, Jane hoping soon to be so. Perhaps Margaret was the most altered of the party; she was no longer the merry tom-boy, but had changed that stage for the regular school-room young lady; there was less of impulse and nature about her, more of thoughts and feelings; she had exchanged her extreme love of out-door pursuits for reading and studying; and Mrs. Leslie found some difficulty in guiding and rightly directing her newly-developed tastes, and finding healthy occupation for the hours which Margaret now delighted in spending on reading. Miss Goble, although she had many valuable properties, was not the right person to steer her newly-roused intelligence through the coming years, and seemed only perplexed and troubled at the many questions, and causes-why of things in general, which Margaret would insist on knowing.

Mrs. Leslie looked beyond the present moment; she was gratified at the bent Margaret's mind had taken, and knew that in a few years' time it would find its right balance; and she no more feared for her that she would be a blue-stocking and a pedant than she feared that she would be wild and unfeminine, which had sometimes formerly been prophesied of her, a 'fast young lady,' an apparition which had scarcely established for itself a decided title at the time when Margaret was still in the school-room.

Mrs. Leslie, however, had been pleased to hear of a young and talented musician, who happened to be spending a summer in the neighbourhood; she had heard of his talents and genius from several quarters, and when he came and offered himself to give lessons to her daughters for a few months, she had gladly embraced the offer, and was not daunted by his peculiar appearance, and still more peculiar address.

A few days before he came, Mrs. Leslie had been calling on the pastor's wife of Gründenau, and she had given her a short sketch of Max Koch's former life—had told her that from his infancy he had shown great signs of talent, especially for music; at a very early age he had been able to play the church organ, and used to be engaged to play the fiddle at the village dances, which are so frequent during the summer months in those parts. Her husband had noticed his talent, and, at the same time, had seen how unfit he was for carpenter's work, the trade to which his father destined him, and had managed to interest some university authorities about him, so that he had received a good education, been at the Heidelberg University, and left it with diplomas, which made him a suitable candidate for any schoolmaster's situation whenever he found it necessary. In the meantime, he was free to devote himself to the study of music in all its branches.

'I once thought he would be a second Mozart, but he will never come to much,' said good Frau Schültz, shaking her head, 'he is so queer; and these brain attacks, which he has from time to time, throw him back sadly.'

'Brain attacks!' exclaimed Mrs. Leslie; 'do you mean that he goes out of his mind?'

'Oh, no!' replied Frau Schültz; 'I merely mean that now and then, after any especial mental excitement, he falls ill, and has great oppression in his head, and then he is obliged to do very little for a few months, and all composing is especially forbidden him: he had one attack just before he went in for his university examination; he was delayed by it for some months; but I have often noticed, that when he is recovering from these attacks he is pleasanter, and his head and brain seem more clear and sensible, than at any other time. I took a great interest in him,' she added, half-mournfully; 'but he will never come to much good, he is too unlike other people.'

'Too unlike other people!' repeated Mrs. Leslie; and she thought to herself that might be his great recommendation; the chief fault one has to find with people is, that there is so little variety amongst them.

Frau Schültz, as if replying to Mrs. Leslie's thoughts, said, 'Yes; I have noticed that people do not really get on in life if they are dreaming, and have many peculiarities about them; and he can dream and talk about the noble, the true, and the good, but it will end in words, no acts of his will further the cause of good in the world. However,' she said, 'I was just speaking my thoughts: my husband would say I was speaking hardly of him; he is well-conducted, and has good principles, and at the university they thought a good deal of his talents.'

After this conversation about him, Mrs. Leslie was thinking of opening some communication with him, when one afternoon she was sent for to speak to a stranger, and entering the dining-hall, Max Koch stood before her. He did not wait to be addressed, but begun,

'Gracious Lady, you have several daughters entering upon the mysteries of the science of music; I understand the secrets of that science, they were born with me; my health compels me to spend an idle summer in this neighbourhood, and forego for the present the object of my existence, which is the composition f a Mass which shall express what a Mass really ought to express, more even than Mozart could convey; if you will permit me to come here some hours each day, and instruct your daughters, direct them rightly, and see which of them have souls, and which of them can really convey the thoughts of their souls through the language of notes, I shall feel that I am serving my generation; but the art, of which I am proud to be the so , is too much debased already by the mercenary love of money; I can receive no payment for my instructions. Freely I give the wisdom I possess, amply repaid if I can find scholars with souls able freely to receive.'

Mrs. Leslie did not much like this form of addressing her, and looked undecided.

'Perhaps,' he continued, 'you wish to see my certificates from the university; there they are;' and he handed some papers to her.

'Will you leave them with me? I should like to consult with Mr. Leslie, and shall be glad if you will call for an answer in the course of a few days.'

Consulting with Mr. Leslie consisted in his saying, 'My dear, please yourself; a very Quixotic proceeding I call it; you can never trust these dreamy German geniuses; you are safe to get into some mess, and come to me to help you out of it.'

Mrs. Leslie, notwithstanding this consolatory advice, read his certificates, saw that they spoke in high terms of him, and therefore decided upon engaging him. The next time he called she fixed the hours with him, and, as Margaret passed through the hall from the garden, she introduced her as his principal pupil, and was received, to her great amusement, with no word except 'Potz tausend!' an exclamation of extreme surprise in the German language.

'The new master, Herr Max Koch, must think I look very odd, he received me in such a manner!' exclaimed Margaret as she entered the school-room; 'I might have had horns growing out of my head, or anything else very unusual about my appearance, to account for my reception just now; however, he comes to-morrow, and I can assure you he is not like the generality of people.'

'What is he like, Margaret?' inquired Clare, looking up from the volume of Racine she held in her hand.

'Unlike every other music-master you have ever seen; but I have made up my mind to like him very much.'

'Margaret! why do you come to disturb us? oblige me by leaving the room,' said Miss Goble.

Margaret took up the book she had come for, made a joking apologetic curtsey to Miss Goble, and disappeared.

At nine o'clock the following morning, Max Koch entered the drawing-room; Margaret was at the piano, prepared to receive the first music lesson. In a very short time he told her, as almost all fresh music-masters do, that the system by which she had been instructed was totally wrong; but if she would strictly follow his directions, he would make her what is more than a first-rate performer, he would make her thoroughly understand the theory and the spirit of music. A plan was soon drawn out for their lessons, and for a time nothing could be more successful. Margaret had said truly, he was unlike all other teachers; but he had the most anxious desire to impart what he knew, and draw other minds to understand the dreams, theories, and flights, into which his over-active brain drew him.

For the first two months, their lessons with him were delightful to them all: in the hours devoted to literature lessons he gave descriptions of the lives and the pervading ideas and thoughts of each of the different great German poets; and if sometimes, in dwelling on the genius, the deep thought, and what he would call the grandeur of such men as Goethe, Lessing, Klopstock, Herder, or Wieland, he himself became mystical, the girls listened and admired, and never imagined that though he might have gone beyond their depth he had also overstepped his own. His musical theories were more perplexing; however, he inspired them all with a great desire to improve, and convinced them of their ignorance; and they were deeply impressed when they saw the large folios which he had composed, all sorts of stepping-stones to his one great Mass, the great aim and dream of his life.

He said he had one love, which seemed to be the one great pleasure of his life, and that was an old shabby-looking violin. 'It is to me father and mother, brother and sisters, friends, money, and clothing,' he would say; 'when I have it I have all, and with it some day I shall astonish the whole world. Paganini will be forgotten, and the name of Max Koch will be in all mouths.'

His violin had been left to him by an old musician living at Frankfort, and was considered a very valuable one. The Leslies could not judge of the merit of his musical compositions, but they were quite able to appreciate the sweet sounds, which under his fingers his violin produced. In the evenings, for after he had given lessons for a few weeks, he seemed to enjoy spending the greater part of his day with them, he would stand on the terrace overlooking the blue waters of the Neckar, and make variations on one sweet air of the German Volkslied after another for hours, sometimes making them bright, inspiriting, and lively, then again dropping into a minor key, and rendering the simple air as if it were some mournful dirge. Every one of these evening performances,

whether they were merry or sad, just according as his own mood might be, commenced and ended with Beethoven's beautiful waltz, 'Le Desir,' or 'Der Sehnsucht,' which is such a much more expressive word than Desir ever can be; according as he played it, he declared it expressed every yearning, longing, feeling, that the human heart could know, either the patient submission to an unalterable destiny, the eager resolve to brave a future, or the wistful desire to penetrate those mysteries of another world, which comes to every mortal, but especially to the true poet—the poet of verse, the poet of prose, the pencil poet, or the poet of sounds—yearnings which we can imagine Beethoven must have had to a great extent, with his solemn religious feelings, especially when the blindness came upon him, which made him unable to enjoy the visible beauties of Creation, and threw him upon the resources of his imagination and his faith for ideals of future beauties to be enjoyed by him.

Whenever Mrs. Leslie spoke to Koch of money, or wished to make him some return for the hours he spent in her family, he expressed so much distress at the insult done to his art that she desisted. One day he came to her with a request that Miss Margaret might be allowed to read English with him; he had studied the language a little, and was most anxious to know more, so that he might set some words of living poets to music.

Mrs. Leslie had been in the room during lesson-time more than was her usual custom, at first; and having satisfied herself that though he was queer he was imbued with no objectionable or dangerous principles, she encouraged his being with her children out of lesson hours, and thought the intercourse with an educated German mind and style of thought would be improving to them, so she gave permission for Margaret to commence her instruction; and Margaret was much too enthusiastic about his wonderful and unappreciated genius, not to be delighted to assist towards its development in any manner she could.

True merit, like true talent, likes to hide its light under a bushel until discovered by an admiring world. Such was not Max Koch's way: his wonderful talents, his perception of character, his future renown, were some of his principal topics of conversation; anyone less bent on admiring than was Margaret, would have found him rather egotistical. As it was, they read English for half an hour, and then, generally, the other remaining hour was spent in conversation; sometimes he would dwell on his own talents, his great work, which was to astound all Europe; at other times, it would be his ideal of what the world might be if sin and suffering were excluded—a world in which music was to be the great soother and charmer of all Creation, mankind, as well as the brute, creation. When he spoke on general topics his conversation was always interesting, even his vagaries about the power of music; but when he turned to the interesting subject, 'I,' his overweening vanity and egotism gave clearly to be seen that the brain attacks Frau Schültz had spoken of were still to be feared.

The early part of the summer at Gründenau was rapidly passing, and a summer at Gründenau was truly enjoyable: the beautiful weather, the large airy house, the garden, with its avenues of orange trees, and its long terrace overlooking the Neckar, where each day hours were spent; sometimes one of the girls would be seated in the arbour, sometimes cosily curled up with a book in some shady corner near the wall; often friends came, and they had little merry dances in which all the children took a part; but the most pleasant of all their evenings were those when the whole family were collected on the terrace, supper was taken in the open air, and they could watch the fishermen go out with their nets in the evening; and whilst they could watch them by the light of a glorious setting sun, the sounds of the village girls and young men singing from the opposite side of the river, as they sat lounging on the wall, was wafted, sweetened and subdued by the distance, to the delighted ears that listened to them. As night came on, and the villagers' voices ceased, the violin would commence its sounds; at first it had been uniformly sweet, but of late it was more rapid and shrill, and betokened that the mind of the performer was less calm than it had been.

Good Frau Schültz called on Mrs. Leslie one day. 'I hope you are quite satisfied with Koch,' she said.

'Thoroughly,' replied Mrs. Leslie; 'he is very attentive, and my children improve very much under his care.'

'I am so glad,' heartily replied Frau Schültz, 'it is an excellent thing for him; but, my dear Lady, excuse my warning you, he is getting an unsettled look upon him, I know it of old, his eyes look wild.'

'That I have always noticed,' said Mrs. Leslie; 'but tell me, Frau Schültz, is anything to be feared?'

'Oh, nothing! he gets odd, walks about alone, is suspicious of his friends, and then the attack comes on; the doctor thinks some day he will have one from which he will never recover his reason.'

Mrs. Leslie watched Koch more closely for a few days, but saw nothing about him to make her uneasy; he was as attentive as ever at the lessons; to Margaret he confided that he had begun to compose again, and it occupied all his spare moments.'

'The Great Mass!' she exclaimed.

'Yes,' he said, 'I have begun the Mass. The Mass which shall convert all who ever hear it. I was absent for a few days a month ago: you thought I was taking a walking tour through the Odenwald, but it was not so; I went to prepare myself for my Great Work.'

'How could you prepare yourself?' inquired Margaret.

'Do you not know how the old painters, before they commenced any new picture, especially if it were to be on a religious subject, fasted, prayed, and partook of the Holy Eucharist, the very day before they commenced their work? and I did the same. I must begin it with a pure heart, for am I not composing music for angels' songs? The words of my music, are they not equally the words of the Church Militant and

the Church Triumphant? And think,' he exclaimed, subduing his voice, 'of what the Church Triumphant is composed! Oh! if I may but express the solemn glorious tones, the angels' music that runs perpetually in my head!'

Margaret stood silent for a moment, endeavouring to realize what the Church Triumphant really was—the angels, the prophets of old, the confessed Martyrs of the Church, the martyrs who had lived unknown and unacknowledged, and above all, the innumerable spirits of the just men made perfect.

'A person must be very good, must have beautiful holy thoughts, to compose the music for a Mass,' she said thoughtfully; 'and then,' she added, 'when it is brought out, and performed for the first time—'

'In Freiburg Cathedral; Freiburg shall be its mother, for I was at school at Freiburg and love it before all other places,' he interposed.

'How people will inquire for the unknown author! and your name will be celebrated over all Europe, how changed your lot will be! I shall be proud then to say, I knew Max Koch before the world had discovered his genius!'

He smiled upon her a proud pleased smile, and left the room to busy himself in his darling composition. Mrs. Leslie had given up to his use a small room opening into the school-room, and there he used to spend the greater part of his day, and remain there until far into the night. Mrs. Leslie became quite fond of him; there was a simplicity, a faith, and a sort of dreamy gentleness about him, which was very attractive; he seemed to consist of two entirely different people—an elevated, cultivated, naturally-refined mind, and mode of thinking of and viewing intellectual subjects, was cased in a common vulgar plebeian mould; he was coarser in all the common acts of daily life, and showed in them his peasant training. His large ungainly hands were the expression of the material part in him; his expressive eyes, forehead, and well-formed head, were the indication of his mind; and the wild visionary look in his eyes only expressed the strain of oddness which always pervaded his mind. The long conversation he had just held with Margaret, during which he had also told her, that though he had formerly intended delaying his great work for some years, a series of dreams which he had lately had, had induced him to lose no time in commencing it.

'An angel appears to me,' he said; 'I think it is an angel; she is dressed in flowing robes of white, her face is just like yours, only so much sadder, and she always holds my violin in her hand; she has told me I shall not live long. I believe her, and I somehow feel as if my powers were now at their height.'

Margaret was dwelling on these words, and looking grave and pre-occupied, whilst she swung a Noel and Chapsal slowly about in her hand, when Mrs. Leslie entered, and struck by her look, said,

'Margaret! why are you not in the garden with the others? This is not the hour for you to be in the school-room, you will get quite pale if you don't go out more.'

'I have been with Max Koch until this moment,' she answered. 'Oh, Mamma! he has been talking to me so beautifully about his great work; how I hope the world will appreciate it—but indeed they must do so;' and then she repeated how he thought he should die soon, and about the angel visitor, who so resembled her in appearance. 'I do so like to have him talk to me, and tell me all his wonderful thoughts; it seems to me like living in another world.'

Mrs. Leslie smiled, and then she thought this was an excellent opportunity for making a little speech to Margaret which she had been some time concocting. Mr. Leslie had remarked to her, that he thought there might be too much of a good thing; and really Margaret was quite absorbed in 'your cracky music-master,' as he used to term Herr Koch; 'if she is not with him, she is found pacing the terrace with some odd-looking book, and the only answer I can ever get is, "Oh, Papa, I am reading some unpronounceable German name that Koch has lent me, and it is so beautiful, I wish you could understand it."'

So Mrs. Leslie cleared her voice and began, 'My dear Margaret, you are now nearly sixteen; when you used to be so much with our old friend, Wilhelm Roggenbach, you were much younger, and I did not mind; indeed, I like your being with Max Koch in moderation, but I think you are too much with him, you quite appropriate him.'

Margaret opened her eyes with surprise, and then said, 'Oh, Mamma! do you mean it is selfish? I prevent the others having the pleasure of talking with him. Our reading lessons make me be with him most.'

'I don't quite mean that; indeed, I think the others are not so alive to the charms of his conversation as you are,' said Mrs. Leslie; 'all I wished to say, Margaret, is that you must not be quite so warm and confidential in your manner to him; your sympathy leads you too far, and you would not like to have remarks made about yourself and Herr Koch.'

'Oh, Mamma! how can anyone think of such things with Max Koch! Is not his mind too full of higher and nobler things? When he talks of his music, and of the unity of all art, and its being God's greatest gift to man, he makes me forget all about the present, and quite carries me away with him!'

'Exactly so, my dear,' said Mrs. Leslie quietly; 'but that is what it must not do; you may never think of the remarks your own manner may excite, but others may judge differently, and even Koch himself.'

In a moment it struck Margaret that Mrs. Leslie meant that she was too forward, and Koch might misunderstand her sympathy; she coloured crimson, looked very much distressed, and turned away as she said, 'I understand, Mamma, now; I did not before.'

'Don't understand too much, my dear,' said Mrs. Leslie, 'and don't take what I say too seriously;' as she left the room, leaving Margaret to some rather unpleasant reflections.

Margaret still stood leaning against the school-room table, still rocking backwards and forwards the unfortunate Noel and Chapsal; pondering

over *her* interpretation of Mrs. Leslie's words, she attached too much importance to them; Mrs. Leslie merely wished to put her a little on her guard; Margaret believed she had been accused of flirting, and it seemed to her the greatest reproach which could be made to a girl; she had been brought up so quietly and carefully, and had had so little intercourse with companions of her own age; from being abroad she had also been out of the way of all the sentiment of magazines and periodicals, which can never be quite kept out of girls' hands, even if novels are forbidden; so that her mind had not been accustomed to such subjects; and flirting was, in her eyes, a sin which only the most unladylike and unprincipled girls could be guilty of; and love! she could not put into words what love was—a high and exalted feeling, to be felt only to one human being in a lifetime, and with that human being it must necessarily end in his being her husband. She wished to herself she knew exactly what flirting was, and then decided she could not have done that to Max Koch; for she was sure her only feeling towards him was one of profound admiration and veneration for his great genius, and pleasure that so uncommon a man should single her out for his attentions. She resolved she would try and be less open in her expressions; and it ended in her perpetually blushing, and feeling a consciousness for the next few days, which can never be felt to perfection after seventeen.

The Mass progressed, and the lessons continued steadily; now and then Koch would play sweet airs, passages of sacred music, which he said were parts from the Mass. Their English lessons continued, but Margaret had a conscious feeling that she might be doing something 'Mamma would not quite like,' which took away from the ease of her manner. Koch soon felt the difference, he shirked his lessons, and was inattentive when at them. One morning, when she came into the schoolroom at the usual time, he said,

'I am tired of learning English, I will learn no more!'

'Oh, Herr Koch, you will never be able to understand Longfellow's beautiful Coplas de Manrique, if you give up your English; and you promised to set the words to music for me,' exclaimed Margaret.

'I don't care to learn any more,' he answered. Margaret was accustomed to his changeable abrupt way, so she said no more.

A week after that, whilst he was giving her a music lesson, he said, 'Men of genius, like myself, cannot learn well from young girls, like you; I wish Mrs. Leslie would let me read English to her.'

Margaret coloured with anger as she replied, 'I was the steady one, it was you who wanted to change.'

'Ah! but there are so many reasons,' he said; 'I must read with Mrs. Leslie, if she will let me; except for one reason I would rather it were you.'

Margaret did not ask what the one reason was; she thought him very rude, and was indignant at him.

Mrs. Leslie, however, had too many occupations, and declined hearing him read every day.

'I think I must go away for a few days,' he said next morning.

'Why will you go before the Mass is completed?' inquired Mrs. Leslie.

'I have business,' he replied. 'I shall be back in a week.'

The week was soon past; and he entered the drawing-room in his odd stiff way one afternoon, and found the girls reading aloud from a German book to Mrs. Leslie.

He stood straight and stiff before Mrs. Leslie, as he always did when he had any communication to make. They welcomed him warmly, for they all liked him.

'I have done a great deal,' he said; 'I am betrothed!'

'Betrothed!' they all exclaimed; 'why, Herr Koch, you never told us one word about the young lady—and that was the business you could not postpone?'

'You should have waited till after your great work was completed; your betrothal will occupy your mind, you will not be in a right frame to compose,' said Margaret reproachfully.

'It does not occupy my mind, it does not distract me. I will tell you all about it,' he said, addressing Mrs. Leslie. 'I have a rich uncle; he has many vineyards and one only daughter—my Clara, she is fifteen.'

'Only fifteen!' exclaimed three voices at once.

He looked annoyed at being interrupted, and continued, 'She is fifteen, she is *en pension*; her father meant her to be my wife, he wrote to me last week to come; I did not know why, so I went. Clara returned from her *pension* the same day.'

'Is she pretty?' inquired Dora.

'She is nice, she is good,' he continued; 'in the evening, my uncle, Clara, and I, were walking in the vineyard; my uncle stopped, he took our hands, he said, "Clara, Max is to be your husband;—Max, I will give you Clara; and when I die you shall have my house and my vineyards;" I said, "Thank you!"'

His audience tried to suppress their inclination to laugh, for he seemed quite in earnest.

'What did Clara say?' again inquired Dora.

'"Oh, Papa, I am so young!" My uncle said, "Clara, my dear, it is all settled; he is a good young man, you will be happy, your husband will be a genius; girls are born, first, to obey their fathers, then to obey their husbands;" Clara began to cry a little, so my uncle said, "Clara, I have had a beautiful new white dress laid in your room for you; to-morrow all our relations come, and the Priest, and you will be betrothed; you must thank me, and be pleased." Clara kissed her father, and said, "Thank you; must I be married soon?" "No," my uncle said, "you shall go back to school for one year, and then shall come the wedding-day." Clara looked much pleased, and went in; and I said, "Thank you," to my uncle too. Next day was Sunday, and we had a grand affair; there were thirty people to witness our signing the betrothal papers, and the Priest read prayers over us.'

'Then you are married!' inquired Mrs. Leslie.

'Oh, no! that ceremony is being betrothed; we belong to each other; Clara is mine, and I am Clara's; we might still be parted if we wished it; when we are married we go to the church;'—he resumed the thread of his story—'Next day Clara went back to her *pension*, and here I am.'

'Did Clara seem to like it afterwards?' asked Dora.

'I don't know what girls like,' he answered; 'I think she did not mind; she gave me her hand when she got into the carriage, and said, "Adieu, Max!"'

'And you care very much for her?' again inquired Dora.

'She is a good girl,' he answered; 'but I *love* my violin,' and he pressed the instrument closer to his heart. He looked at Mrs. Leslie, and said, 'I am an engaged man! I think I will go to my Mass now—Adieu!' And he closed the door, leaving the Leslies at a loss to know, whether it was a real story or a freak of imagination on his part. His uncle at Amersheim and Clara were real people, they knew. He spoke of Clara from time to time, and of himself as her future husband; so they were obliged to suppose his curious story was a true one.

After this little episode in the events of their daily life, Koch seemed more settled; he even came and again begged Margaret to re-commence their reading lessons, as he found he could not improve without her assistance; she referred him to Mrs. Leslie, who gave her consent, so they began to read again for an hour each day.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS ON GEOLOGY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'IVON,' 'MINNIE'S DOLL'S HOUSE,' ETC.

LETTER IV.

PALÆOZOIC AGE.—LAURENTIAN, CAMBRIAN, AND SILURIAN SYSTEMS.

We divide the world's history, as told us by the rocks, into three great Ages or Periods: the Primary, or Palæozoic, (παλαιος, (palæos,) ancient; ζωη, (zoe,) life,) *i. e.* ancient-life period; the Secondary, or Mesozoic (μεσος, (mesos,) middle,) *i. e.* middle-life period; the Tertiary, or Cainozoic, (καινος, (cainos,) recent,) *i. e.* recent-life period.

Each of these great periods is divided into many lesser ones; as we divide political history into Ancient, Middle, and Modern, and then into the reigns of various kings and queens. Our first 'reigns' will be rather short, as the traces of life in them are very obscure.

The earliest stratified rocks, forming the system called the Laurentian, or Pre-Cambrian, have not yet been satisfactorily proved to exist in England, though it is thought they may be discovered in the Malvern

Hills. They exist in the north-west of Scotland, the Hebrides, and the mountain of Connemara. In Canada they are represented by limestone and gneiss, the latter of which, as you may remember, is a metamorphic rock, so that the first series of stratified rocks was formed from the ruins of some still older. The Laurentian rocks are found in most of the principal mountain-chains of Europe, Asia, North and South America, and are much broken, twisted, and upheaved, by the masses of granite which have forced their way through them. Till lately these rocks were thought to be quite without traces of life; but a small zöophyte, the Eozoon Canadense, has been recently found in the gneiss of Canada, and also, it is said, of Connemara; however, the limestones, which are found with the gneiss both in America and Scotland, seem to show that animal life of some kind or other was present.

The lowest rocks visible in North Wales are the Cambrian, so called from Cambria, the ancient name for Wales. They consist of green and purple slates, sandstones, and conglomerate or pudding-stone, and in the upper part of the series are Penrhyn and Llanberis slate quarries.

In Canada and in Shropshire ripple-marks are found upon the rocks of this system, showing that the beach must have been a sandy one, and the waters, at least in this part, not deep. The wave-lines, too, show us where the waves broke upon the coast. So much significance has every little mark for the geologist; marks which perhaps would be passed over by anyone else as unimportant, meaning for him a great deal, and suggesting many thoughts and surmises.

No fossils have been found in these rocks in Wales; but at Longmynd, in Shropshire, there are traces of what are supposed to be the burrowings of a small sea-worm; and in Ireland has been found a sea-weed called Oldhamia, after Professor Oldham, who was the first to discover it. It was first supposed to be a zöophyte. Zoophytes, (ζῶον, (zöon,) an animal; φυτον, (phyton,) a plant,) or animal-plants, are creatures living in the water, some of which so resemble plants that it is difficult to tell at once whether they belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom. Sponge is one of these. When growing in the sea, each fibre of the sponge is covered with a thin clear jelly; and when put under a microscope, little jets of water are seen to be thrown up incessantly from the holes in its surface; but it gives no sign of feeling when it is torn from the rock on which it grows, when it is cut, burnt, or put into strong acids. It seems to have no more feeling than the rock itself; but still it is animal, not vegetable, and this is proved by the smell of ammonia, peculiar to animal matter, which is perceptible when it is burnt.*

The Starry Oldhamia, found by Professor Oldham near Dublin, is a small sea-weed with a zigzag stalk, from each angle of which comes a tiny fan of branching rays.

The next, or Silurian System, has taken its name from the Silures, ancient inhabitants of South Wales.

* 'Zoology for Schools.'—Gosse.

The Lower Silurian lie above the Cambrian rocks, and the lowest formation of the series is that of the Lingula flags. Here we come to more abundant signs of life. Coral lived in the Silurian seas; crustacea, too, animals covered with jointed armour, such as crabs, shrimps, &c., (crusta, a crust,) and mollusks. Mollusks (mollis, soft) are animals with soft bodies and no internal skeleton, but generally protected by a shell. Their bodies are covered by a thick skin, commonly called the mantle, from which the shell is secreted. Most of these mollusks live in the ocean, but some are found in fresh water, and some, as the common slug, on land. They are divided into various classes; but the first with which we meet in the lower Silurian rocks is that of the Brachiopoda, or arm-footed, (*βραχιων*, (brachion,) an arm; *πους, ποδος*, (pous, podos,) a foot,) of which few living species are known. The Brachiopoda are bi-valves, with one valve larger than the other, and usually pierced with a hole near the hinge. They are generally attached by a fleshy stalk to the rocks; but one, the Orbicula, has its lower valve quite fastened down to the rock on which it lives. Since, then, they cannot go in search of food, it is necessary they should have some means of bringing it to them. Accordingly, we find that on each side of the mouth there is a long fleshy arm, fringed with hairs, or cilia, (cilium, hair of the eyelid,) which can be thrown out at pleasure to make eddies in the water and bring any small animal within reach; or, when not wanted, can be drawn into the shell and folded up like corkscrews. One of these Brachiopoda, called from its shape Lingula, (lingula, a spoon,) gives its name to the lowest rock of the Silurian system.

The Llandeilo flags show confused traces of plants, probably sea-weeds. Graptolites, (*γραπτος*, (graptos,) written; *λιθος*, (lithos,) a stone,) a kind of zöophyte, (so called from their resemblance to the modern sea-pen, found in our own seas,) are to be met with only in Silurian rocks, where they are very numerous. One of them is shaped just like a very tapering feather, studded down each outer edge with minute cells, from each of which a flower-like polype waved its arms, the whole zöophyte being frequently scarcely an inch long.

But the most perfect form of animal life hitherto discovered in the lower Silurian rocks, is undoubtedly the Trilobite, and, as such, it deserves some notice. The Trilobite was a sort of crab, with a strong shield of plated armour, marked with cords and little bead-like excrescences. It is divided into three longitudinal lobes or ridges, gradually diminishing to the tail, (*τρεις*, (treis,) three; *λοβος*, (lobos,) a lobe,) and it floated back downwards. It is one of the crustacea, its relations of the present day being the crabs, lobsters, prawns, wood-lice, &c.; indeed, this latter much resembles the trilobite in its habit of rolling up in a ball when frightened. A Chinese chemist would give you for a pill a tiny fossil trilobite curled up just as it curled itself for the last time when death came upon it. There are many varieties of trilobite; all, however, having the three lobes more or less marked. They vary in length from $\frac{1}{8}$ inch to two feet, but

the greater number are three or four inches long. One great feature in them, which characterizes also our bees, dragon-flies, butterflies, and most recent crustaceans, we must not forget. They were possessed of very wonderful eyes, with which they could see in various directions. You know what a multiplying-glass is, and you may have noticed how precious stones are cut with a great many sides, or facets as they are called, to catch the light. Well, the eyes of a trilobite had many sides, and, under a microscope, would have looked very much like a multiplying-glass. If we look through the multiplying-glass, we see each object as many times over as there are facets on the glass; but I do not suppose this was the case with the trilobite, or is the case with bees and butterflies. It would be very far from convenient to them to see one insect or flower multiplied into thousands, as we do when looking through the glass; it would be confusing, to say the least of it. Probably sight comes to them through but one facet at a time. What did the trilobite, with its many eyes, see as it floated about back downwards, or burrowed in the mud of those Silurian seas? If one of these queer looking creatures could but speak, what wonders might it not tell us of? One thing they still may tell us, dumb and turned to stone as they are—that the Great Father of all cared for the comfort and happiness of His creatures, long before man was created. 'Fearfully and wonderfully made' were the creatures of ancient times, though there was no human eye to behold them.

With the close of the lower Silurian period probably came the elevation of the Westmoreland Hills and the mountains of North Wales, serving as a barrier against the waves of the Atlantic.

Coming now to the Upper Silurian rocks, we find the Graptolites dying out; and this is the last we shall see of them. Trilobites are fewer; but there are many new corals, for the Wenlock group of rocks is the richest of all Siluria in zoophytes. Here we find Crinoidea, (κρινον, (crinon,) a lily; εἰδος, (eidos,) form,) or sea-lilies, with stony jointed stems, formed of the lime which they drew from the water. These stems were deposited in the flesh, as is the case with coral, and were, in fact, the creatures' skeletons, and contained their internal organs, while from a cup at the top of this flexible stem they waved their arms in search of food. These Crinoidea are nearly related to star-fish; indeed, near Belfast, a living crinoid has been discovered, which afterwards proved to be a comatula, or feather-star, in early life. In time it floated away from its stalk, and became in all respects a perfect star-fish. Joints of the stems of these ancient stone lilies are frequently to be found, looking like five-sided stars, with a hole in the centre, popularly known as St. Cuthbert's beads.

'On a rock, by Lindisfarn,
St. Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name.'
Marmion.

In North Europe and America, vast strata of marble, extending over large

tracts of land, are almost entirely composed of the skeletons of stone-lilies.

Towards the end of the Silurian period, in the Ludlow rocks, first appear vertebrates, that is, animals with jointed back-bones. These were fish called Ganoids, (γανaω, (ganao,) to glitter,) covered with enamelled bony scales, and having their tails divided unequally, from whence they are called Heterocercal, (ἑτερος, (heteros,) different; κερκος, (cercos,) tail.) All recent fish, except the shark, sturgeon, and long pike, are Homocercal, (ὁμος, (homos,) same.) In the Silurian seas lived also a creature called the Pterygotus, (πτερυγωτος, (pterygotos,) winged,) from the peculiar shape of its jaw-feet, which were called by the quarrymen of Forfar 'seraphim,' from a fancied resemblance to the wings of sculptured seraphim.* It was a crustacean of a lobster-like form, but often of enormous size, sometimes attaining the length of six or seven feet.

The Ludlow seas were shallow, and at length some great catastrophe seems to have overtaken their inhabitants, for hundreds of square miles are occupied with remains of fish, &c. That the inhabitants of the sea are sometimes suddenly destroyed, even in our own time, we have full evidence, since we hear of ships in the North Sea sailing for days through 'masses of dead fish.'

The upper Silurian, to its close, was characterized in Europe by small areas of dry land; the continent being for the most part under water, though probably not to any great depth. The waters were warm even to the poles, as is shown by the remains of coral, which cannot exist at a temperature below 60°. Marine life, including mollusks, corals, trilobites, and sea-weeds, was very abundant; and, towards the end of the age, fish make their first appearance.

Some Silurian shells are found still retaining the colours which adorned them so long ago. They did not belong to deep seas; for, as Professor Forbes tells us, colours are not found arranged in figures upon shells at a greater depth than fifty fathoms.

All the rocks of the Silurian system are marine, and consist of various sorts of limestone, sandstone, and shale, which is a hardened slaty clay.

The limestones were formed probably by coral polypes and crinoidea, and from the shells of mollusks; while the sandstones and shales were derived from older rocks. Silurian rocks occur in Wales, Cumberland, Westmoreland, south and west of Scotland, south-east of Ireland; also in Scandinavia, Russia, Silesia, Bohemia, south of France, in Spain, Asia Minor, Himalayas, China, Africa, Australia, America. †

The finding of a graptolite would at once assure us that we had found a true Silurian stratum, in whatever part of the world we might be, and although the rock might differ very much from our English Silurians.

(To be continued.)

* Page. 'Advanced Text-book.'

† Page. 'Advanced Text-book.

BOULTON AND WATT.*

MR. SMILES is the biographer of industry. No man has excelled him in describing the honour, glory, and profit, of hard work. And though his vocation is to chronicle material interests, almost to the exclusion of other considerations, yet he seldom fails at the least to sketch in the moral characteristics of his heroes with a firm and faithful touch.

In his lives of Boulton and Watt, which are now before us, it is refreshing to read of two men both remarkable for energy, both benefactors of the human race in their way, and yet both honestly described with their faults and failures, as well as their undoubted excellencies of character.

It is a curious fact, that the lives of Boulton and Watt are in a biographical sense inseparably blended, just as their names in the steam-factories are invariably linked together. Watt could hardly have accomplished his grand career of invention without the help of Boulton. Boulton would never have secured the first place as an engine-maker without Watt. Watt supplied genius; Boulton supplied common sense. The one had rare inventive skill; the other unequalled practical ability.

And so, to read their lives aright, we must read, as our author has written them, together.

James Watt was born at Greenock, on the Clyde, in 1730. He came of decent people, with sturdy Covenanting antecedents. Amongst his immediate ancestors was a 'professor of mathematics.' His father was a carpenter and shipwright, of industrious habits and of local importance, as baillie or chief magistrate of the small but increasing town of Greenock. Young James spent his happiest hours in his shirt sleeves at work in the shop. He soon learned how to handle his father's tools; and was supremely happy when some old quadrant, ship's compass, or other nautical instrument, came into the shop for repairs.

It was in the carpenter's shop, then, that James Watt really laid the foundation of his future great career. At school, like many other sickly home-sick boys, he had been miserable—constantly ailing with sick-head-aches, and tormented not only by the boys, but even by the girls, for his quiet reserved habits. But even then his inventive faculties were at work. He had been sent on a visit to a female relation at Glasgow, who wrote to the elder Watt, begging him to come for James at once. 'I cannot stand the excitement he keeps me in: I am worn out for want of sleep.' The young carpenter, it appears, used to assemble the family around him, and keep them up nearly all night, with the stories which his ready imagination supplied.

Under all these circumstances, it was natural that young Watt should take to some employment which might give scope at once to his inventive

* 'Lives of Boulton and Watt,' by Samuel Smiles.

faculties and his mechanical skill. The wheels, teeth, slides, and scales, of the old ship instruments had excited his curiosity; and when it became necessary for him to earn his own bread, he determined to work as a mathematical instrument maker. This was the highest sort of work he had seen, and the most difficult.

But neither at Greenock nor even at Glasgow was a master to be found who could teach young Watt the handicraft of his choice. At Glasgow, indeed, there was a handy fellow who called himself 'optician,' who took Watt into his shop, and made use of him to tie salmon-flies, mend spinets, and repair fiddles. But for a regular professional instrument maker it was necessary to go far away; and young Watt, in June 1755, set out with a relation to ride on horseback to London. In about a fortnight the journey was safely completed. After some difficulty, Watt obtained work as a journeyman within the liberties of the city of London, and took his seat (close to the door) in the shop of a mathematical instrument maker in Cornhill. Here he worked for some months, and gained, no doubt, valuable hints as to the making of theodolites and other such instruments. But society was so constituted in London in the middle of the eighteenth century, that a man situated as was this quiet, earnest, painstaking Scotchman, led the life of a runaway convict, or a negro tracked by blood-hounds.

The press-gang was in continual full-cry after every wretched mechanic who, like Watt, was unable to prove before the Lord Mayor his 'prentice-ship, and dared not to avow that he wrought in the city—'it being against their laws (*i. e.* in the city) for any unfreeman to work even as a journeyman within the liberties.' Kidnappers also were abroad, who, failing to sell their victims as soldiers to the East India Company, or as sailors to the press-gang, scrupled not to ship them as slaves for the planters in the North American colonies.

Watt, unable to walk the streets openly by day, and creeping night after night with stealthy pace to his miserable lodgings, with all the terrors of the press-gang for ever before him, soon lost flesh. As he sat perched up on his bench in Cornhill, with cold gusts of wind all round him, his limbs ached, his body was racked with coughs, and he had a hard struggle with difficulties of every kind.

Young Watt, having spent nearly twelve months amidst these miseries, turned his back upon London, and reached his father's house at Greenock in the autumn of 1756. Almost as a matter of course, his thoughts reverted to Glasgow; and now, in his twentieth year, he once again turned his steps towards that town, determined to 'set up for himself' as a maker of mathematical instruments. But in Glasgow, as in London, the 'regular' mechanics would not admit an outsider to practise his craft within the borough. James Watt was neither the son of a burgess nor an apprentice; and so the hammer-men of the place drove off from their precincts the working man who, above all others, in later years helped to turn their muddy borough into a magnificent emporium.

The Glasgow burghers had thus almost driven Watt away, when the only local authority which could protect him interfered. The high road of trade was closed against the young mechanic; but the cloisters, dedicated to religion and to learning, took him in. In the heart of the old city stood the university, which, under the authority of a Papal bull, had been founded some three hundred years back. Whilst the old burghers were earning a scanty pittance by the sale of salmon, 'smiddy coals,' and plaiding, the '*colleginors*' had been gradually heaping up those stores of books, fossils, minerals, coins, and other kindred treasures, which have so long enriched their university.

At the time of Watt's first visit to Glasgow, it was Dr. Dick, Professor of Natural Philosophy in this ancient foundation, who encouraged his early ambition, and advised him to give up mending fiddles and spinets, and to go to London. Now again, when the city of Glasgow rejected the struggling artizan, it was the University of Glasgow which protected him, and cherished his native ingenuity. But for the collegians of Glasgow, we might still be as far from our present discoveries of the economy of steam power as our forefathers. These men, learned and religious, took Watt by the hand when about to leave their city in despair, gave him a work-room, a shop, and above all, cheered him with their sympathy, and enlightened him with their conversation. Here he became acquainted with the great chemist, Dr. Joseph Black, and with Professor Simson, the restorer of the science of geometry. Here, as he worked at his bench making quadrants and models for his own amusement, and flutes or guitars to keep the porridge-pot boiling, the famous Dr. Adam Smith would lounge in from his lecture-room. After the day's work was over, Professor Anderson ('the first man to open classes for the instruction of working men—anti-toga classes, as he called them—in the principles of natural philosophy') would call young Watt into his room, feast him, and then turn him into his well-stored library.

We have already shown that James Watt loved to conquer practical mechanical difficulties. Here, under the cloisters of the University of Glasgow, his mind was stimulated by the society of great thinkers to ponder more deeply than ever over the principles as well as the practice of mechanics. From an observer he grew into a philosopher—from a scholar he became a student. And when we view with wonder the later triumphs of his skill, we must not forget how much is due to the university which took him in and kindly entreated him, when the work-rooms and shops of Glasgow were shut in his face!

Amongst the most valued of the many friends made by James Watt at the University of Glasgow was Professor Robison. In the year 1759, he, then a young student, directed the attention of Watt to the steam-engine. It happened that some experiments by Dr. Black about the same time, which indirectly pointed the same way, were brought to the knowledge of the young mechanic. Here was just the sort of mental food which Watt liked. Steam-engines had been made, such as they

were, by the Marquis of Worcester, nearly a hundred years before. These machines had been improved by Savery, by Newcomen, and more recently by Smeaton, Brindley, and other engineers. But the expenditure of fuel required to work the existing apparatus, and the consequent waste of steam, was so great, that little use could be made of the engines, except to pump water out of coal-mines. This they accomplished, though in a very clumsy and imperfect manner. A model of the Newcomen engine, belonging to the Glasgow University, was placed in the hands of James Watt. From that hour, the dream of his life was to bring this imperfect and practically almost useless machine into good working order.

Mr. Smiles has traced with an able pen each step in the long and painful career of inquiry and experiment now opening to Watt. He has shown how, in spite of poverty, bad health, and worse spirits, the ardent young Scotchman grappled with the obstacles which seemed to grow under his feet—and at last wrested, almost by violence, the secret forces of nature, to serve the purposes of his own busy genius.

We shall not here attempt to follow closely the mechanical, or indeed the material, details. It is enough for us to point once again to the moral lesson of patient labour, perseverance, and consequent success, which the career of James Watt teaches us.

In 1764 James married a cheerful, lively, affectionate girl; and for some time carried on business in Glasgow.

One Sunday afternoon, in the year following his marriage, unable to get the steam-engine out of his head, he was walking in a quiet meadow near the town, when in a moment the idea flashed across his mind how to combine efficiency of force and economy of steam. Early next morning he set to work to carry out his project.

Without pretending to describe a mental and mechanical process, which can only be fully illustrated by diagrams and drawings, we quote one passage from the work before us, which will explain the nature, though not the scope, of Watt's inventions:—

'Robison, after the college vacation, in 1765, went to talk to Watt on their favourite subject. He went straight into the parlour without ceremony, and found Watt sitting before the fire, looking at a little tin cistern which he had on his knee. Robison immediately started the conversation about steam—his mind, like Watt's, being occupied with the means of avoiding the excessive waste of heat in the Newcomen engine. Watt, all the while, kept looking into the fire; and after a time laid down the cistern at the foot of his chair, saying nothing. It seems that Watt felt rather nettled at Robison having communicated to a mechanic of the town a contrivance which he had hit upon for turning the cocks of his engine. When Robison therefore pressed his inquiry, Watt at length looked at him, and said briskly, "You need not fash yourself any more about that, man: I have now made an engine that shall not waste a particle of steam. It shall all be boiling hot—ay, and

hot water injected, if I please!" He then pushed the little tin cistern with his foot under the table.'

'Robison could learn no more of the new contrivance from Watt at that time; but on the same evening he accidentally met a mutual acquaintance, who, supposing he knew as usual the progress of Watt's experiments, observed to him, "Well, have you seen Jamie Watt?" "Yes." "He'll be in fine spirits now with his engine." "Yes," said Robison, "very fine spirits." "Ah," said the other, "the separate condenser's the thing: keep it but cold enough, and you may have a perfect vacuum, whatever be the heat of the cylinder." This was Watt's secret; and the nature of the contrivance was clear to Robison at once.' [p. 131.] *

The new discovery seemed simple enough; but it took years of anxious labour to complete the invention. Watt had neither the money nor the command of skilful workmen sufficient for his purpose. His own hands sufficed for the most delicate work on a small scale; but he was unable to construct the great cylinders, pistons, and boilers, required for his new engine. He had indeed to invent the very tools by which his greater inventions were to be made. No sooner did he teach a smith to use these tools, than death or liquor or jealousy carried him away. The ordinary span of human life would never, it seemed, suffice for so great an undertaking. His father was no longer a rich man; his own business, as an instrument maker, languished; and it became plain both to Watt and to his friends that, unless some rich and powerful speculator could be induced to take a share in his inventions, it would be impossible to realize their value. As for the men of Glasgow, they had the money, but not the spirit to help. In the meantime debts pressed heavily; and the man, whose genius and energy were to double the wealth of his native country, was almost driven to despair for the want of a few hundred pounds!

At this critical moment, it occurred to Dr. Black, who was the staunch friend of Watt, that Dr. Roebuck, the founder of the Carron Iron Works, might be induced to give a trial to the new project. After some hesitation, Roebuck agreed to pay the debts, amounting to one thousand pounds, which Watt had incurred in his experiments. He went on to defray the expenses of securing the invention by patent, and agreed in return to take two-thirds of the property in the invention.

In 1768, Watt wrote in a doleful strain to his young wife from London. He had travelled thither on the patent business, and was disgusted at the apathy of the officials in the Patent Office, and at the heavy expenses which he must incur to protect his invention.

'I beg that you will not make yourself uneasy,' she replied, 'though things should not succeed to your wish. If it (the condensing-engine) will not do, something else will. *Never despair!*'

* For an admirable summary of Watt's invention, by the professional hand of the Author, see pp. 133-134. The passage is too long to insert here, but should be studied by all who wish to understand the progress of steam inventions.

This was the advice of a loving and true-hearted wife; but it was the last advice that Watt was inclined to listen to. The nearer his designs were to their accomplishment, the lower were his hopes of success. Long mental effort had broken his spirits without destroying his energy; and at each step in his progress his groans and lamentations were louder. Yet so great was his industry, that he learned French, Italian, and at last German, in order to read what foreigners had written about mines and machinery. In an agony of despair, he wrote to his friend Small, 'Of all things in life, there is nothing more foolish than inventing.' The next hour he was as hard at inventions as ever. In short, to live and to invent were with Watt synonymous terms. Roebuck in the meantime fell a victim to his numerous speculations, and became a bankrupt. This was a heavy blow to Watt; but far more grievous was the death of his much-loved wife. The tender hand which had hitherto supported him was cold—the gentle voice which had cheered his spirits was dumb. Watt could with difficulty enter his widowed home; and his career, never too bright, seemed more dark and sad than ever.

We turn now to the name which has wisely been associated with that of Watt in the history before us, as well as in the history of British skill and enterprise.

Matthew Boulton, about the time of the partnership between Watt and Roebuck, was the most busy, the most enlightened, and the most successful, manufacturer in Birmingham. This town, situated near to the ancient forest of Arden, and to the coal and iron mines of Staffordshire, had long been famous for workers in iron. Here were forged the swords of the Ancient Britons. Here arms were made to be used against the King in the days of the Great Rebellion. Here, after the restoration of the kingly power, were made toys and trinkets for the courtiers of Charles II. These lighter fabrics were imitated from the French. The native taste of Birmingham was not equal to the industry of the place; and by degrees the productions became more tawdry, more ugly, and more cheap, until Brummagem became another term for any flimsy worthless imitation in hard-ware.

It was the worthy ambition of Boulton to roll away this reproach from the city of his birth, and to combine, if possible, good work and good taste. To enable him to carry on his business in a style equal to his ambition, he built a manufactory, since renowned as the Soho Works, within the border of Staffordshire, about two miles from Birmingham. The journey thence to London was in those days a tedious affair; but Boulton thought little of it—and was frequently to be found hard at work in the British Museum copying rare designs, or at the royal palaces or noble houses—wherever he could see and copy works of art. Not only did the King and Queen, and other distinguished patrons of art in the south of England, throw open their treasures to Boulton; but as the fame of the Soho Works increased, crowds of illustrious visitors, from

all parts of Europe, found their way to his factory, and partook of his hospitality. With an inventive genius second only to that of Watt, Matthew Boulton had just the qualities which Watt wanted. He was as hearty, sanguine, and liberal, as Watt was reserved, desponding, and over-cautious. It was then a happy day for Watt when Boulton stretched out his hand to extricate the struggling anxious Scotchman from his difficulties, and to place him at his side in the factories of Soho. Nor was Boulton obeying a merely generous impulse when he made Watt his partner. True, he had command of money, friends, and establishments, out of all proportion to the modest pretensions of Watt. But Boulton, however liberal, was a keen business man; and he saw that the inventive genius of Watt might open out a mine of wealth, and might extend his own commercial power, already so great, over the markets of the world. And so, after many conferences and much anxious deliberation, Boulton and Watt became partners; and all the resources of Birmingham were brought to bear on the great work of improving and economizing steam power.

Had we not traced at length the earlier struggles of the inventor, it might be profitable to follow closely his new career. So great were the obstacles which seemed for ever growing up along the path of discovery—so constant the trials which awaited the new firm—that the earlier difficulties of Watt seem insignificant when compared with his present impediments. But there was this difference. So far as the actual labours of the work-shop were concerned, Watt had formerly suffered and agonized alone. Now he had a friend who could understand and carry out the inventions of his brain. And Boulton was ever most full of hope and spirit at the critical moment, when the vital energy of Watt seemed about to give way. For years the inventor declared he could do no more—that his head was aching, his heart sick, and his whole system broken by fatigue and anxiety. Still the cheerful manly voice of Boulton was ever ready to recall the triumphs of the past, and to hail the faintest glimmer of future success.

It was in the remote county of Cornwall that the demand for Boulton and Watt's improved engines first grew up. To transport these massive and complicated machines from the Soho Works to the wildest moors of Cornwall, was in itself a hard task. Harder still to fit and work the new power amongst a set of half-jealous, half-cunning savages, who were only waiting for the chance of ruining, or if possible copying, the improved machinery. Workmen had to be imported—stout fellows from the north, who hated everything in Cornwall except the beer, and paid closer attention to the taverns than the work-shop. To cope with these difficulties—with the fear of piracy, the dread of insolvency, and other trials—Watt had little temper or patience left. His head-aches were worse than ever. The weather would scarcely allow him to go out of doors. 'It rains here,' said he, 'prodigiously. When you come, bring with you a waxed linen cloak for yourself, and another for me, as there

is no going out now for a few miles without getting wet to the skin. When it rains in Cornwall—and it rains often—it rains solid.'

But no sooner had Watt worked himself into an agony of apprehension, and brought the administration of the firm into a knot seemingly hopeless—no sooner had he declared that all was lost, and that he must retire from the world in despair—than the merry voice of Boulton, who had himself left a thousand cares and anxieties behind him at Soho, seemed to charm away every cloud, and to disperse every obstacle.

And so, through evil report and good—through sunshine and storm—the firm of Boulton and Watt worked on, if not as smoothly, yet as pertinaciously, as one of their own engines, until they were draining, pumping, and working wonders from one end of Cornwall to the other. Watt, with Boulton to support him, could do wonders; but alone, with all his power over matter, he had no control over man. He dreaded all those business matters, which to Boulton were as the breath of his life. Of the skill with which Boulton chose his instruments, we may take a sample in the person of one sturdy William Murdock.

'When Murdock called at Soho, in the year 1777, to ask for a job, Watt was from home; but he saw Boulton, who was usually accessible to callers of every rank. In answer to Murdock's inquiry whether he could have a job, Boulton replied that work was rather slack with them then, and that every place was filled up. During the brief conversation that ensued, the blate young Scotchman, like most country lads in the presence of strangers, had some difficulty in knowing what to do with his hands, and unconsciously kept twirling his hat with them. Boulton's attention was directed to the twirling hat, which seemed to be of a peculiar make. It was not a felt hat, nor a cloth hat, nor a glazed hat; but it seemed to be painted, and composed of some unusual material. "That seems to be a curious sort of hat," said Boulton, looking at it more closely. "Why, what is it made of?" "Timmer, Sir," said Murdock modestly. "Timmer! Do you mean to say that it is made of wood?" "Yes, Sir." "Pray how was it made?" "I turned it mysel', Sir, in a bit lathey of my own making." Boulton looked at the young man again. He had risen a hundred degrees in his estimation. He was tall, good-looking, and of open and ingenuous countenance; and that he had been able to turn a wooden hat for himself, in a lathe of his own making, was proof enough that he was a mechanic of no mean skill. "You may call again, my man," said Boulton. "Thank you, Sir," said Murdock, giving his hat a final twirl.' [pp. 255, 256.]

This same Murdock was eventually sent into Cornwall to superintend the engine work. His zeal, energy, and courage, joined to a clear head, made him invaluable to Watt. Here is another trait in his character:—

'He was so filled with his work, that when he had an important job in hand, he could scarcely sleep at nights for thinking of it. When the engine at Wheal Union was ready for starting, the people of the house at Redruth, in which Murdock lodged, were greatly disturbed one night

by a strange noise in his room. Several heavy blows on the floor made them start from their beds, thinking the house was coming down. They rushed to Murdock's room; and there was he in his shirt, heaving away at the bed-post in his sleep, calling out, "Now she goes, lads!—now she goes!"'

The work thus begun in Cornwall was narrowly watched. When it became known that the engines of Boulton and Watt did twice the work on less than half the fuel of any former machine, the demand for steam power to pump, to turn mills for corn or cotton, to hammer iron, to coin money, and, in short, to supersede animal labour, extended gradually all over the civilized world. Soho became a vast work-shop and repository for this new power, and the fortunes of Boulton and Watt were placed at last on a secure and permanent basis. Unlike many successful men, Watt, as he grew older, became much more cheerful and contented. His second wife—for he had married again after his removal to Birmingham—was a careful manager and intelligent companion. His son and daughter made the months of residence in Cornwall less irksome, by occasional visits. When absent, Watt wrote them long and good letters. For example, after urging his son to cultivate both mind and manners, he added these grand words, 'But remember, I do not wish you to be polite at the expense of honour, truth, sincerity, and honesty; for these are the props of a manly character, and without them politeness is mean and deceitful. Therefore, be always tenacious of your honour. Be honest, just, and benevolent, even when it appears difficult to be so. I say, cherish these principles, and guard them as sacred treasures.' When in a less serious strain, the writings of Watt, as he grew older, were always forcible, and often humourous. A man wished to buy an engine who had once cheated him. His opinion was thus given in writing to Boulton:—'Whatever care we take, he is like a shaved pig with a soaped tail.' Of another, who wanted an engine to combine impossible economies—'He's for having a pocket Bible in large print.' When his customers wanted to get more power for their money, he said, 'If our patent lasted long enough, the power of a horse would grow to that of an elephant. And in his extreme old age, when consulted as to the proposed enlargement of his parish church at Handsworth, 'Why,' said he, 'if these plans be carried out, preaching at Handsworth will be like pitching the Word of God out of a keyhole!'

Boulton, with his natural turn for business, went on improving his engines at Soho, and adapting them to new purposes, specially the making of coin, to the end of his life. He walked about his factories amongst his seven hundred workmen, as a monarch amongst his subjects. When Boswell went over the works, Boulton said, 'I sell here, Sir, what all the world desires to have—power.' 'I contemplated him,' adds Boswell, 'as an iron chieftain, and he seemed to be the father of his tribe.'

The two patriarchs shook their heads when, after their triumphs were complete and their fortunes secured, it was proposed to them to use steam power to propel ships. They had suffered too much anxiety and

spent too much money in protecting their existing patents, to desire to launch out any new speculations. Indeed, it is probable that Watt considered the scheme hopeless, and, great inventor as he was, could not comprehend the greatness of his own inventions, or see the direction in which, when applied to navigation and locomotion, they would most directly influence and affect mankind.

Whilst Boulton continued zealous at his work, Watt was too happy gradually to have done with business, and to keep his leather apron and turning-lathe for the solace of his leisure in his own private garret workshop. His biographer considers his last years the happiest of his life. This may have been the case. It is, however, evident that the man who had taken the sublimest forces of nature into his service, and brought into subjection a power equal to the strength of all the men in the world, stood in awe of one woman. Mrs. Watt, in her old age, became a rigid disciplinarian. Watt dared not to show his oily hands or greasy apron; and even his snuff-box, if left about, was treated as 'dirt.' The very pug-dogs in which the good lady delighted were taught to wipe their feet on the mat when they came in from their daily walk. James Watt took refuge from this tyrannical tidiness in the garret, where he could enjoy his tobacco in peace, fry his sausages, and make as much 'dirt' with his chemicals as he pleased. But when he came down to his lady's drawing-room, he must be on his good behaviour. Even after she had retired for the night, if Watt indulged too long in a sociable chat with a friend, a maid-servant stalked in, by desire of 'Mistress,' and put out the candles, whilst the great inventor meekly whispered to his companion, 'We must go.'

Watt, Boulton, and the admirable Murdock, notwithstanding their heavy and almost incessant work, were all spared to see extreme old age.

James Watt was offered a baronetcy, and was more than once pressed to accept the office of high sheriff, but he declined all such distinctions. He became more gentle and more charitable in his advancing years. It seems that he, though a Presbyterian, attended the worship of the Church of England, with his friend Boulton, at Handsworth. But there are faint indications that the hearts of these great men were barely satisfied with the too formal and lifeless religious services of their day. We find Watt hankering after the excitement of the dissenting preachers in Cornwall, who, if half instructed and enthusiastic, were at least in earnest. Boulton, also, was much affected by the solemn but fervid orations of some of his quaker friends. Both lived to see the fruit of their labours. Both died surrounded by their children and friends, leaving a reputation of which Scotland and England may be equally proud.

James Watt and Matthew Boulton were not merely the great Iron Kings of the eighteenth century. The lesson of their lives bears a moral, as well as a material, interest. Above all, they seem to say, that the man who would penetrate into the mysteries of nature must leave his own feelings, his own ease, his own conceits, at the threshold—that the worker who would subdue all things, must begin by subduing himself.

A VISION.

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY.

L'ENVOI.

'PICTURE it—think of it,' says the poet. 'Picture it—think of it.' That is to say, do not suffer the scene to drift across your mind unattended to. Figure it to yourself with its full measure of circumstances; the actors in it with their full measure of feelings; and when you have thus conjured up your picture, face it—gaze upon it—think of it. So only can we ever receive strong or correct impressions of anything not immediately present to the senses. So only, therefore, rouse ourselves from the deadening influence of life's daily details. These press upon us so closely, and crowd so thickly before our eyes, they blot out the other world beyond—the higher destinies—the nobler hopes.

Yet that deeper interests than these poor earthly trifles lie before us in some dim future, we do not affect to dispute; nay, we acknowledge it readily enough; but with a cold unrealizing belief.

Still we sit smothered by the dust of the 'windy ways of men:' smothered—blinded, and failing to apprehend what we profess to have faith in.

It is an evil which all serious minds acknowledge, and for which many remedies have been proposed. Some troubled spirits rush to mechanical assistances; and as far as they are useful to that end, let them be used; but by the very nature of things they fail us after a time. We hang up material pictures, and by-and-bye cease to see them. We write up texts on our walls, and presently our eyes pass over them unconscious of their very existence.

On mental effort alone can any permanent dependence be placed for realizing the things which lie beyond touch and sight and sound. Let us call imagination to the rescue then. That highest, noblest, almost creative gift of God to man: let her be to us the handmaid of Christian faith. She may have been bestowed on us for that among other purposes. Is it too much to say she *has?* Through her, for good or for evil, for correction or for consolation, men can, when they choose, see many visions, conjure up many spirits, bring past or future before them as if actually present.

It is a great power. May we use it to our souls' everlasting good.

It was a lovely spring morning; lovely beyond the power of description, in one of the undisturbed, countrified, southern counties of England. So beautiful indeed, that the sense of enjoyment it produced, was disturbing from very excess. One wanted to do something—go somewhere—spread out wings, as it were, and get away into the length and breadth

of the land, to take in the wonders of nature to a wider extent, and more fully, than any single horizon-bound spot could admit of.

But it was Sunday, and even a common 'outing' to the nearest lionizing place in the neighbourhood was out of the question. Not for worlds would I have dared to miss the offering of prayer and praise in God's appointed House on such a day as this! I, one of the world's 'High Priests,' (as George Herbert calls mankind,) appointed to send up in intelligent language the adoration which is ever struggling in so many imperfect utterances in the lower creation around us. No! such a dereliction of duty would have turned the blue heaven into brass over my head, and soured my spirit for the day—even on such a day as this. No! I must go to church, if I did nothing else, on that sweet, serene, fragrant spring morning. 'All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father Everlasting.' I would not willingly exclude myself.

But there was a choice. There was the little old white-washed building, of just sufficient size for the few inhabitants of the quiet village in which I was just then resident; and there was, within a walk, though a longish one, the large church in the watering-place on the coast, beautifully restored from its once dilapidated state, by the rich congregation which frequented it.

I was not in the habit of wandering on frivolous pretences—believing, as I did, that God's grace works sometimes by very imperfect means, and that we are not always the best choosers for ourselves; but on this particular Sunday, I could not resist the restlessness which was upon me. Here was something to do which I was justified in doing, even on that day. It was not like deserting my own parish church at home, either. I might go where I pleased in this land where I did but sojourn as a stranger. Moreover, I had driven more than once along the pretty lanes that led from the village to the watering-place, and had observed the little pathway which went to it across the fields. I remembered too, that only a short time before, I had seen budding almond trees in villa gardens outside the town. They were not common in my own country, and they must all be out in flower now, I thought; and this decided me. I would go and see them that very day.

Breakfasting early therefore, I set out, Prayer-book in hand, along the pleasant pathway through the fields; but being beforehand with time, I did but saunter at first; and presently, having ascended from a narrow dell to the top of a grassy hill from which the blue sea-line was visible, I sat down on a stile to enjoy the view before me.

Birds were carolling over my head, the fresh odours of the young morning were brought to me by the breeze, white sails speckled the distant blue, while between me and it rose the tops of churches and houses in the watering-place on the shore. I was soon aware too of the tinkling of church bells in more than one direction.

I got up and gathered a few primroses in the hedge-row, found a violet or two, then sat down on the grass under an eastward-blown oak.

Watched a lark as he rose higher and higher into ether, carrying his song with him up to heaven, till, first, my eye ceased to see him and then my ear to hear. After which, though my sight was half-blinded, I arose and went on.

Down over other pleasant meadows, till a cross pathway diverged into a lane which led to the villa outskirts; and this I followed. I had wanted to see the almond trees in their beauty, and was not disappointed. There they stood—the clear pink of their full-blown flowers looking deeper than it really was, because seen in relief against the white houses near which they grew. They were even lovelier than I had expected; yet it was not till, as I moved, my eye caught them with the cloudless blue sky behind them, that I took in the full measure of their delicate splendour. Few sights are more beautiful; that pink and that blue—the flowers of earth and the depths of heaven, lying so softly against each other, as it seems to those who look up at them; so near and yet so distant: so curiously unblending, yet the contrast so harmonious, that one might dream them created to set off each other's beauty! I stood gazing till I feared to cause remark.

Gazing, and thinking of the exquisite yet calm loveliness of inanimate creation. Thinking of it as the one straight bright pathway, opening up everywhere from earth to the very throne of God Himself. On all sides limitless beauty, through all the beauty limitless power. Limitless on the one hand by a vastness our minds are too contracted to grasp; on the other by a minute perfection our senses are too coarse to follow.

Wonderful, thought I to myself, that there should be anyone living who can look on these things and not admire; or admiring, rest in admiration, and not go on to adore! 'All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy Saints give thanks unto Thee.'

But by this time the bells were ringing loudly in my ears, and I hurried on. Yet with a desperate sigh; for I had not ceased to think. And now, as I walked forward, I went on thinking still. Thinking with pain of the contrast between that inanimate creation and the animate life of which I was conscious in myself.

Perfection there—such imperfection here! Peace in the one—discord in the other; and this not in my individual case only, but in that of all the animate nature of the world: the discord greater and more difficult of solution (in the musical sense of restoration to harmony) the higher the scale of life: in the human race most difficult of all! But for the written word of Revelation, in fact, there would be no relief to the darkness around us; no key to the mystery of such contrasts. The calm of the natural world, so soothing now as confirming the announcement of God's tender mercy, would then but mock us in our deficiency, adding confusion to confusion. Thanks be to God, then, for the anchor by which we hold through the storm. 'The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee.' Redeemer as well as Maker, Comforter as well as Redeemer!

Now, whether I had not thoroughly known, or in my hurry had accidentally missed, the way to the restored church, I cannot say: but I have a recollection of getting confused among the streets, of making several inquiries of people who did not seem to comprehend me, (perhaps because in my fear of being too late I gave them too little time to answer;) and, finally, of coming, by a sharp turn of the street, suddenly and unexpectedly upon the porch.

I stepped hastily in, and had almost entered the building itself under the disagreeable impression that the service must have begun, but at the inner door was met by a verger in a flowing black gown, ornamented with velvet tags: his grey hair arranged in curls like a wig round his head, and a staff of office in his hand.

There are times when the brain can take in strongly but one idea at once, and such was my case now. I was just conscious of a feeling of surprise at sight of the old-fashioned church-servitor; but the sensation was hazy, and I paid no attention to it. The man's keen investigating look, too, as I encountered him, merely caused me to follow him obediently when he marshalled me to the strangers' quarter in the church: which he did, as soon as he had discovered by his scrutiny that I did not belong to the usual congregation.

It was not till I had risen from my knees, after the customary prayer, that I discovered I had made two mistakes. First, this was not the church I had meant to come to. Secondly, so far from being too late, I was evidently much too early; very few people having as yet taken their seats, and the monotonous chiming of the bell still continuing.

Looking round, I found myself behind the reading-desk, and nearly facing a transept; but by a turn of the head I could take in almost the whole length of the church, as it stretched away from the chancel to the western entrance: its long line of pillars and arches apparently descending as they retreated one beyond another, while the wood-work of the pews seemed running upward to meet them, in that far-off visionary point where all perspective lines converge.

But oh that wood-work! those dreadful pew-lines! how they grated on my feelings! how they disturbed my temper! I, fresh from the beautiful harmonies of the outer world! I, as a student of Nature, so keenly alive to such influence! It was a disappointment with aggravation too, for I had intended to worship that day in an æsthetically-restored church: a church where, among other returns to the more refined style and better taste of our forefathers, carved oaken finials headed the divisions of the open sittings, and brought modern wood-work into accordance with the ancient architecture of the building.

But here, where I had so unluckily come by mistake, the arches and pillars, though scarcely less venerable than those others, were disfigured by 'daubings' of 'untempered mortar,' and overlaid with memorial tablets of every shape and size, disturbing the uniformity of the perspective, and leading the mind away to earthly memories; while the hideous

straight lines of conventicle-like pews, with their buttoned-up doors, seemed fixed there as if in mockery of the ecclesiastical character which had so clearly once belonged to the edifice!

I had made a vexatious mistake, and felt fretted; besides dreading still more the character of the services and singing in store; when suddenly it occurred to me that I was a free agent, and need not stay! Who constrained me? Accordingly, I raised myself half up, and laid my hand gently on the outside button that held the pew-door, with a view to slipping quietly out; but just at that moment my friend, the verger, came sweeping by, conducting a family party to some other pew. As he passed he glanced at my arm, then at my face, and our eyes met. This was enough. I withdrew my hand instinctively, and sat down again, irritated by the detection, and flushed by something like shame. And then my mind drifted into a train of self-inquiry and reproach, as so often happens when one is excited and tired. And vexed at being where I was, yet vexed with myself for being vexed, I had a sensation of being doubly in the wrong.

Who and what was I, to take umbrage about trifles in a house hallowed to the service of God; one, too, where generations had worshipped Him in the faith of His dear Son long ages before I was born? The very monuments which had just offended me, now reproached me by their Christian acknowledgements. For were they not records of those who had from time to time departed in peace in the faith? The place had been good enough for them then; and where did I expect to be in the great Hereafter, that it was not good enough for me?

I, too, to be so very particular; to set myself up above my fellows—those congregations already laid to sleep, as well as that now pouring into the building on every side! I, who so lately, under the almond trees, had mourned over the disturbance, disorder, and unsatisfactoriness, not only of human life in general, but of my own inward life in particular, as compared with the absolute perfection—let inquiry be pushed to its uttermost limits—of the inanimate world! I, who had to own to a whole body of sin, warring with, and bringing into confusion, a nature intended for better things: and even when honestly warred against in return, with difficulty and imperfectly overcome. I—this I—to scandalize the congregation—hundreds of them, beyond a doubt, a thousand times better than myself—by leaving the church as if not worthy of my worship.

I bowed my head in repentance for such a thought, then sought to quiet myself by watching the entrance of the congregation, numerous and respectable as—all credit to visitors as well as residents—it generally is in the churches of sea-side watering-places, and was on this occasion.

And now my friend, the verger, was in full employment. Hither and thither went the flying black gown and the white wand, as he corrected the mistakes of visitors, whose first impulse, unluckily, was to stroll up the middle aisle to the best seats. I caught the keen eye, sallow face,

and wig-like hair in all sorts of attitudes, as the man, by gesture and whisper, with a manner half reproving, half patronizing, but always determined, made further progress impossible by the interposition of his own important person; conducting the offenders, with all politeness afterwards, to the strangers' quarter, and ushering them into seats—either near mine or on the opposite side.

Whom or what in the world was the man like, that I felt as if I had seen him before? Certainly very different from the mass of human beings with whom he was busy—whether old or young, rich or poor. Quaint, self-important, with such a cold impertinence about him, what was it he reminded me of? Of something I remembered, I was sure.

At last I caught it! Years ago I had made drawings for an old German ballad of Bürger's; and that verger certainly figured in one of them; but how, it was strange to think; for in fact as Satan himself. The story was of an old woman, for the possession of whose soul on her demise, a squabble arose between the Arch Enemy and a Monkish Priest; both laying claim to it, and the claim being settled at last by a throw of dice. I had drawn Satan, as described by the ballad-writer, in a lawyer's wig, a flowing robe of black, and with a wand in his uplifted hand, expostulating with the Reverend Father. And just so, suddenly, I saw the verger, as he raised his staff of office, to point to another part of the church; and this brought the whole recollection back to me, not without a touch of amusement at the oddity of the connection.

For some time after which I continued dreamily watching the man, the same thought still in my head; when, all at once, a terrible fancy came across me. Suppose this were no mere similarity? Suppose it were possible for Satan to come so—actually so, as I saw that man—visibly, that is, into our churches, and walk up and down, and whisper and wink, and claim acquaintance, and give orders, and put us where he pleased; with that loathsome familiarity, that cold impertinence? Suppose, in fact, yonder man were *he?* O God of mercy! what would become of us?

Well! he had stood twice before the Lord formerly, in the matter of the temptation of Job; and he had come to Eve in the Garden, though in disguise; and he had appeared to the Saviour in the wilderness. And that he was here spiritually I could not doubt—nay, knew for a certainty, from the temptations which abounded: to wandering thoughts on the one hand, as I myself had often experienced: to self-gratulation on the other, as the poet Young has described it:

> 'When ladies once are proud of praying well,
> Satan himself will toll the parish bell.'

But the spiritual presence disturbs us so little, we forget it; scarcely credit it at last perhaps, whereas—let me think this out! were he yonder not a verger, but Satan, once more permitted by God to appear in bodily form; having really in person chimed the bell, being now really in

person among us, fingering and controlling those who, by thought or word or deed, have made themselves subject to him. . . . Oh, my God! what searchings of heart—yea, what remorse—yea, what despair—yea, what overwhelming shame—would rend the breasts of this Thy congregation in Thy holy temple! For as Thou, Omniscient, knowest—no man is free!

But what an anomaly to have suggested! The Enemy of souls in the House of God! The congregation looking at ease too! How could he have come here? Who could have let him in? Surely that keen-eyed verger, who interfered with everybody, would have—ah confusion!—here I recollected myself; the very idea was, that he and that verger—or rather that there was no verger, but only he. As to who admitted him, the answer was easy. Ourselves, our sins. *We* brought him here. *We* let him in—*we*, the congregation of Christ! It is after *us* he comes! So telling myself, I fixed my eyes on the verger, resolved to drink out the imagination to the dregs, were it only in penitence for the fastidious conceit which had nearly driven me from the sanctuary of prayer, for a trumpery matter of earthly taste!

He was coming up the middle aisle now, distributing papers on each side; and moved from one to the other, offering them here, offering them there, at the various pews. I noticed blooming girls, exquisitely dressed, in one; a soldierly young man, with a dignified father beside him, in another; an aristocratic mother and several daughters in the next. A death-smitten invalid, between two sisters much sadder-faced than herself, on the opposite side; a weary spinster governess, and a care-worn parson's wife with a troop of big boys and girls elsewhere; portly men of business, and comfortable men of fortune, with their families, in several places. For all sorts and grades frequented this church in the watering-place by the sea, even down to deaf old hospital inmates, in seats near the reading-desk and pulpit.

And amongst them all, as I have said, moved up and down that verger—the very counterpart of the Satan in my drawing—distributing papers—the announcement of a Wednesday lecture during the week. I stared at him as a possibly-permitted Satan, till the idea took a sort of possession of my mind, and then a cold shudder came over me, as I determined what those papers must really be!

Hand-writings of transgressions;—Satan's private account against each individual: every sin of a life-time set down in pitiless words: every shortcoming registered in letters of fire. And he—hateful—horrible—insulting—presenting these devil's bills on all sides, to disturb and madden the poor wretches who had come hither to pray.

But—*disturb* them? Softly! what was I talking of? What had the people come here for if not to lay bare their sins—unload the heart of its burden—hear the promise of forgiveness, and thank God for His mercy? What else was I—what was anyone here for? Not surely to chafe about points in æsthetics, and waste groans over wood and stone; as I—prac-

tically, alas!—had been doing so lately? Not to sit, a critical spectator, in a house of prayer. Not to take amusement in the scene, as one might do at a theatre through an opera-glass, and deliver weak opinions afterwards upon artistic effects and trifling matters of taste. God forbid! with time so short, and judgment so near, and our hearts only wanting the Accuser's touch to condemn us—we had other work indeed to do!

It takes long to describe—that transit of the verger up the aisle, yet it seemed swift to awfulness at the time. And yet I took in the smallest particulars of it. Saw some receive their papers with downcast eyes and bend over them, while my own cheeks burned with shame for their shame at this public exposure. Saw others accept the record with indifference, placing it unread on their book-ledge, and covering it with a book, as a matter of course. Here and there someone would whisper to the distributor, and he would whisper and nod in return, but not the less leave his paper in their hands at last. One or two shook their heads, motioning him away; but he was not to be beaten from his purpose, and in such cases laid his document on the book-ledge himself, under the very eyes of those who declined it.

Over a few people, indeed, he seemed to have no power. These looked before them, when he came near, as if they were looking into air, and if he left them the paper, seemed unconscious of its existence. Among such were two little girls in the pew with the parson's wife. They were reading from one hymn-book together when he thrust the paper before them, but as soon as the two bright faces glanced from it upwards with a smile, he withdrew his hand, and retreated without a word.

Was there no prevailing hand-writing against these happy few? or was some unseen angel, on their behalf, resisting the Accuser?

I had no time to think this out, nor to reflect on the privilege of those few, for now higher and higher up the aisle came that figure; and soon only the reading-desk and hospital pews lay between me and him. And at last, for the first time fully, my own share in the matter came before me. Hitherto I had watched the scene as a spectacle, and had thought of it as one thinks of things afar off from oneself; of the Judgment Day among others, perhaps. But now my own turn was at hand; it was me he was coming to, next; my paper he must have in his hand. How did my case stand with the Accuser? Where was my angel? Nay, dared I hope I had one?

A few moments of suspended thought succeeded, during which I shivered as if smitten with cold; and, crouching in one corner of the ugly old-fashioned pew, felt thankful that it hid me from sight. And then, as happens occasionally to drowning or otherwise dying persons, my whole life-time passed in review before me, in what seemed to me then its full details, however imperfectly so in reality. At any rate, memory recalled enough to fill me with horror, and that, not a fancied but a real horror, since it grew from real memories, and looked forward to a real judgment and a second death impending. There was little need to bring

me my paper after that! It was already, mentally, before me. The fiery hand-writing of transgression could do no more to myself. But what I dreaded besides was the shame! Jeremy Taylor would have us pray against shame as well as sin, and not without reason. There are cases in which it rots rather than purifies the penitent heart.

And he was coming—that Accuser—the enemy of souls—to shame me;—to claim me as his own in the place of that congregation: me, who had borne the good name, and walked boldly before the world so many years as a Christian!

For a moment or two of excited thought, which, at the time, seemed an age in duration, I suffered, as I suppose those suffer, who, in the first moment of disembodiment, discover they have lost their own souls, whether or no they have gained the whole world.

It was a terrible fancy; and I shrank lower and lower as it pressed on me—when, all at once, a voice broke on my ear, and rang along the length of the church—loud, distinct, intelligible—

'When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.'

In an instant I had sprung to my feet and opened my Prayer-book—and there, in black and white, stood the blessed words before my eyes.

'When the wicked man' (and no limit as to time. It might be earlier or it might be later, so that it *be*) 'turneth away from the wickedness that he hath committed,' (and no reservation as to amount:—O God, have mercy upon me for mine!) 'he shall save his soul alive.' (Amen—O God—dear—merciful—omnipotent!)

There needed no more. The delusion was over. The Vision had passed like a cloud. I drew a long heavy breath of freedom as I stood gazing at the writing. I had been shivering a minute before, but now the warm moisture broke over me like a restoration to life.

Thus this brief trite sentence, so often heard without emotion—had come charged to me now with the salvation of a world. How was this, or how was it I had not so felt it before?

The answer was easy. By a voluntary mental effort I had realized that need of my nature to which this declaration was the answer. The burden of sin had been felt; and what wonder that my soul leapt at the promise of relief, as I listened to the concluding words of the Exhortation! Here was the call—here the explanation of this gathering of ourselves together—the directions how rightly to use the blessing: and for once I was prepared to obey. And when I sank on my knees for confession, and the wholesome rain of tears overflowed my cheeks, still, even amidst the choked utterances of each acknowledgement, my spirit 'rejoiced in God my Saviour.'

Then, in a calm like that succeeding a storm at sea, I heard the merciful words of absolution which followed; and then, with a joy only those can know who have gone through mental agony and mental release,

obeyed the call to 'sing unto the Lord,' and 'heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.'

Yea, I came 'before His presence with thanksgiving' that day if ever in my life, and showed myself 'glad in Him with psalms.'

Nor have the days that have succeeded effaced the impression, and I pray Heaven they never may! I strive that they shall not.

If I went to church that morning with less worthy feelings, God's providence raised up a warning to arouse me, even out of my own reflections. And though the morbid vision can never return, even were the circumstances repeated, nor is it desirable it should, the mental effort is always within the power of will. And often since, in the sanctuary of prayer and praise, have I brought back wandering thoughts, or silenced the impertinence of external excitements, by recalling that verger, my phantasies and my fears. In the heartfelt attention which followed, hearing, as all honest men may do—yea, even through all the imperfections of human utterances—the Voice of God my Saviour, speaking to me from the words of that simple yet majestic Service, to which no one, I believe, ever listened earnestly, intelligently, and humbly, without bringing away a blessing.

FALLING STARS.

To the ordinary observer there is scarcely any astronomical spectacle of greater beauty and interest than the showers of falling stars which are the glory of our autumn nights. A comet, indeed, if only it be such an one as that of the year 1858, concentrates upon its single splendour an amount of observation which for the time exceeds anything which the falling stars can obtain; but then such comets are rare, they come seldom, they depart soon, and there is an end of them from our skies. But every August and November * brings its nightly showers of meteors, of which the larger at least are of singular beauty and of at least appreciable duration; and, while there are many of us who have no recollection of a comet, there will scarcely be one who has not paced silently over lawn or meadow watching these strange visitants of our firmament. Then the very silence and stillness with which they come and go, contrasted with their sudden brightness and almost inconceivable velocity, adds to their mysterious interest. Everything is so still and yet so startling. No noise, and yet all on a sudden out of the deep blue zenith flashes forth the fiery traveller; his bright course lasts a few seconds, and then, as silently as he appeared, so silently he vanishes;—and all this is repeated a hundred times while you watch during a single

* Last November (1865) on the night of the 13th, from 2 a.m. to 6 a.m., the expected display of meteors was wonderfully brilliant.

night. No wonder, then, that there is scarcely a question which is more commonly asked by enquiring young people than, 'What are the falling stars?' We will do our best in this short paper to state something of what astronomical observers have to say about them:—as much, in fact, as can readily be stated in simple English, and without troublesome technicalities.

In the first place then—What *is* a falling star? We have to begin our reply by quarrelling with the very *name*. It is much better to call it a 'shooting star,' for it really 'shoots,' and in appearance it is very like a 'star.' But the idea conveyed by the term 'falling star' is the idea of a heavenly body losing its place, and falling down from it. Nothing of the kind happens when you see a shooting star. A shooting star is really a portion of matter, larger or smaller, heavier or lighter, as it may chance, which is travelling on through space, just as our earth does in its own orbit. There must be countless millions of small fragments of the same kind of thing that planets are made of, thus moving on through space. Star-dust you may call them if you like; but whatever term we use the fact is as we say. Then, as the earth travels on in its orbit it will happen that it crosses the path of such a fragment as we have described. What follows? Of course the fragment runs right into our atmosphere; then it catches fire, it blazes up for a few seconds, it burns out, it vanishes, and all is over. Such is the history of a shooting star.

Now the first question which we suppose will be asked is—Why should the fragment of star-dust catch fire? Think a moment. If you even strike your hand very violently against anything it heats you. If you *rub* your hand against anything rather quickly it almost burns you. A bullet thrown hard against a wall is quite hot when you pick it up. So, then, anything suddenly stopped, or rubbed very hard against anything else, is heated. Savages light sticks by merely rubbing them against each other. Now turn to the case of our fragment crossing the earth's path, and rushing violently across the earth's atmosphere. Think how it is rubbed against by the air as it plunges into it. The violence of the force with which the fragment strikes against the air as it first touches it is more than you can conceive; but we may describe it in this way. The pace at which the earth is sweeping on in its path, and the pace at which the fragment is going, are so tremendous, that the blow is not merely enough to warm it, as a bullet is warmed when thrown against a wall, but to heat it right into flame at once, and make it blaze up as you see. It may seem strange to think of a thing being set light to by merely rushing furiously through air, but it is merely a matter of *pace*. What you have to consider is the prodigious *pace* at which the fragment plunges into our air from the vacant space in which it was travelling before it fell in with our globe. You know that when you suddenly put your head out of window in an express train you feel the sudden rush of air most violently. At first it is like a sudden blow, and then afterwards it is like a constant pressure rubbing against you.

And if the fragment plunged into our air travelling only at the rate of an express train—say at the rate of sixty miles an hour only—then it would only feel just as much of a shock and of a rubbing as you do when you put your head out of window. But the earth and the shooting star are moving at such a fearful pace through the heavens that the rate at which the fragment actually plunges into the air is not less than *one hundred and twenty-five thousand miles** per hour. That is, the blow which the shooting star encounters as it shoots headlong into our air, would be just a trifle over *two thousand times* as great a blow as you feel when you put your head as suddenly as possible out of the fastest express train you ever travelled by, if the atmosphere were of the same density.† And just the same has to be said of the rubbing against it of the air as it travels on through it;—it would be two thousand times as much as the pressure and rushing which you feel as you hold your head out of the window at sixty miles an hour. Such a shock, and such rubbing, would set on fire anything we can conceive of, and burn it out with an inconceivable fury.

This, then, tells us what a shooting star is, and why it flames up for a few moments on a sudden and then goes out. It is a fragment which takes fire as it meets our air, and is rendered visible by its flame. Then it burns fiercely as it travels on through the air, and then when it is all burnt out it disappears. It is curious to notice that the distance from the earth's surface, at which shooting stars are first seen, is *always the same*, that is about seventy-three miles, showing that they first light up just as they touch the outer surface of our air. It does not signify where the observatory is. All observers everywhere find that the shooting star is about seventy miles off at its first lighting up; and it is curious too that they all seem to fall in towards the earth to about the same distance by the time they are burnt out. Their usual distance from us when they 'go out' is about fifty-two miles; so that a shooting star has generally travelled some twenty miles nearer to you during the few seconds that you have been admiring its beauty.

So much, then, for what the shooting star *is*;—when we think of it merely *by itself*;—but what makes these beautiful meteors so especially interesting is that they are so astoundingly numerous, and that in very great measure they travel in company, or, to speak more correctly, in companies, and that our Earth, as she sweeps on in her yearly journey round the Sun, cuts through several such companies of these fragments, or whatever else you please to call them. Of the *size* of each there is nothing can be said; but of their *multitude*—of the thickness, that is, with which this star-dust is powdered over the space through which our

* This is the average velocity, stated by Mr. Herschell as deduced from sixty-six cases.

† Of course we need hardly remind our readers that the atmosphere at its outer surface is in the last degree of attenuation, so that while the general results are as we say, the figures given in the text are for the purpose of illustration only.

Planet makes her annual journey—some idea may be formed from the fact that one astronomer, who has given special attention to the subject of meteors, calculates that about *seven millions*, large enough to make a blaze visible to the naked eye on a clear dark night, are swept through by the earth in the course of twenty-four hours. This is, of course, taking the average of all the year round. But the next point of special interest is that this star-dust lies so unequally in the space over which we travel. Sometimes the earth is passing through quite a cloud of it; sometimes it is comparatively thin. And so far as astronomers have yet gone, it would appear that these fragments are arranged in regular rings round the Sun, and that it is when we cut across one of these rings that the 'shooting stars' are most numerous. Two such rings astronomers are quite agreed about. That is to say, there seems no manner of doubt that there are two very large rings indeed, composed of these fragments, which we always pass through at the same time of the year. One of these we go through in the month of August. The other we go through in the month of November. Each of these must be a very considerable belt of fragments, revolving round the Sun as a whole, just as if you twirled a ring or wheel round its centre. And it is very curious, too, to notice that it is exactly when we are rushing through this crowd of star-dust that our climate is noticeably warmer; —just as if the temperature of the Earth's atmosphere were raised by the jostling. Now this is precisely what happens. Everyone knows how there are always a few days a little before the middle of August when heat suddenly rises, and after which it generally falls again. It is just the same, only perhaps still more noticeably so, about the twelfth of November. Now in both these months the heat at these two periods, throughout the whole globe, is quite impossible to be accounted for by any known reason. It has long been a puzzle to our weather-savans, why the temperature should always jump up, and then down again, year after year, at these times. People are now coming to the conclusion that it is the passage through the shooting-star belts that causes it. Then, besides this, another consideration comes into view. If there is a ring round the Sun which the Earth cuts through at one place of its journey, then there must be another part of her orbit, where the Earth will have this ring between herself and the Sun. Thus, the ring we go through in August will be between us and the Sun in February: and the ring we cut through in November will be between us and the Sun in May. And if these rings be of the thickness they seem to be, then they would naturally obstruct a good deal of the Sun's heat, and throw a sort of cool shadow over the place which the Earth is travelling through in those months. If so, then, the Earth ought to be cooler than usual for a few days in those months, *i. e.*, just while she is passing through the cold shade of the star-dust ring. Now, it is another fact which has long been a great puzzle to the weather-savans, that in February and in May there is always, everywhere, a drop in the temperature; *i. e.*, it becomes suddenly colder for a

few days, than can be accounted for by any known cause.* Of course we cannot be certain that it is these shooting-star rings which screen the Sun's warmth from us, and so make us colder, but it looks very like it. A French astronomer has examined the temperature of every day in the year for nearly sixty years, and he finds that these sudden changes in the heat and cold of these months are always occurring every year, just at these precise times, warming us up as we go through the shower of falling stars; cooling us when they shade off the Sun's rays. It is only fair to say that there are some objections yet to be answered, but it would seem as if they will be answered.

It is an idea which perhaps may be new to some of our readers—this strange existence of whole rings of scraps and fragments—the bits and pieces out of which, if they were all stuck together, perhaps another planet might be made—and that these rings are thus revolving like so many wheels around our Sun. And yet there can be no doubt that this part of what we have been saying is clearly certain. And besides the rings of them, this star-dust is scattered broadcast over space—at least those regions through which our earth travels. Take away our atmosphere, which burns them up before they reach the ground, and our Earth would be constantly pelted through running against such fragments as we speak of. Space is not such an *empty* thing as we imagine. In August and November it would be quite a hail. It is our atmosphere which prevents them ever getting to the actual earth. Directly they touch the atmosphere they catch fire, as we have explained above, and they are consumed in almost every instance before they have passed through the outermost five-and-twenty miles of the atmosphere. And so it is going on always, night and day alike;—this strange stony shower into our air. We do not see these incessant meteors, for by day the sunlight overpowers everything, and by night the light mist is often enough to hide them, even when we think it clear. But if it were not for the distance, and the vaporousness of our lower atmosphere, and for the greater brightness of the *real* stars outshining them, we should see that the outer surface of our atmosphere, when passing through such a ring, is all aglow with a sort of faint flicker, and perhaps even more. Seven millions per twenty-four hours, for the whole globe, is the calculated *average* number of meteors large enough to be seen by the naked eye. That is, seven millions of pieces of something drop into our atmosphere every twenty-four hours, and are burnt up, and are large enough to make a blaze which you can see seventy miles off. Come down to the smaller pieces, to those which only make a blaze large enough to be seen by a telescope at the distance of seventy miles, and then the *average* number of such-sized lesser blazes is *four hundred millions* every twenty-four hours.

* Lowland Scotch Folk Lore calls those in May the 'borrowed days'—March having obtained the loan, in order to show his power of killing three unfortunate lambs in the course of them.—EDITOR.

Perhaps the best way of illustrating the case for our younger readers is to take the case of a lucifer match. You strike it against something. It flashes up for a while and then burns out. Conceive *four hundred millions* of lucifer matches being struck upon the outer surface of the earth's atmosphere, each large enough to make a blaze bright enough to be seen by a telescope seventy miles away. And this is the *average*. The number must be infinitely greater when we are plunging through the August and November rings of them. But each of these things, which only gets burnt up like a lucifer at the safe distance of fifty or seventy miles, would otherwise be poured down like a ceaseless hail upon the globe; giving one some kind of notion how it may be that out of the infinite quantity of such star-dust as spreads through space, new worlds may yet be in process of slow accretion, as the scattered fragments coalesce—the smaller to the larger—and the growing mass attracting still more fragments to itself, until in time another planet grows into a young existence.

And the explanation given above suggests another thought. We have spoken of the whole outer surface of the Earth's atmosphere as being really in a constant state of faint illumination from the falling in and burning of these fragments of wandering matter. Of course, it is easy to understand that if only the earth were to fall in with a belt of star-dust a *good deal thicker*, then the outer surface of the atmosphere would be so much the brighter in proportion, as there would be so much the greater a crowd of falling stars blazing away as they plunged in. And if the crowd were thick *enough*, then the continual burning up of such fragments as they fell in might be so on such a great scale as to make the whole of the outer portion of our atmosphere one blaze of light;—in fact, an envelope of flame surrounding the whole earth. Now this is pretty much what the Sun is at present supposed to be; and we have gone into this explanation the more because it has enabled us to work up to an illustration of the way in which, according to present astronomical opinion, the Sun's light and heat are kept up. The Sun, of course, is immensely greater than the Earth. Therefore, he attracts much more powerfully. And consequently, if he is placed in the neighbourhood of large quantities of such 'materials unattached,' there may be a continual hail of them always pouring down upon him to such an extent as to supply fuel enough even for his tremendous heat and brilliance. One thing is certain. It is only the outer surface of the Sun's atmosphere that is luminous; just as it is only on the outer surface of ours that these shooting stars are burning. And the present opinion of astronomers is that the Sun is really a vast fire, continually fed by the inrush of materials which are attracted to him just as a stone falls to the ground by the attraction of the earth.

But what a stupendous idea it is! Look at the Sun any bright day. Feel his heat any summer's day. Then think of the distance, and imagine if you can the awful scale upon which fuel must be carried in to keep up the central hearth-fire, at which the Solar System warms itself, from

century to century. And the Sun does not stand alone in Creation. He is but one of countless myriads of suns. Every fixed star is what we call a sun :—*i.e.* a luminary actually *giving out* light and heat, and not merely *reflecting* them like our moon and planets do;—and every fixed star is the lamp and hearth-fire too of some other solar system which circles round him for the warmth and for the light which he dispenses :—in other words, every fixed star may be a heavenly body, which, if our present views are correct, is all a-flame with the ceaseless inrush of the scattered matter with which space is sown.

A. R. A.

THE BUZZARDS.

I MUST tell you of my prime pets. They were moor-buzzards—birds, which sail with their broad brown wings over desolate marshes, and build their nests in lonely places, where no foot-fall comes, and no sound is heard but the cry of the curlew and plover, and the scream of the gulls, and far away, the moaning of the sea—where, in the hot sunshine, in summer days, knots of tangled snakes bask on the tufts of dry yellow grass amongst the heather-hussocks, and the fox, in the dusk evenings, creeps stealthily along, hunting for eggs in the wild-fowl nests.

It was in just such a wild and desolate place my buzzards were born. The squirrels looked out over miles and miles of it, all black bog and morass, from their magpie mansion on the hill side. A wonderful place it was. High up on the high hills, from the squirrel's point of view, it looked as if nothing was wanted but a pair of seven-leagued boots to stride over it straight-on-end to the sea; but once upon it, unless you were brave of heart, and quick of eye, *foot, and hand*, and, in fact, well-versed in the whole science of bog-trotting, you would probably flounder at the first jump or two, in black mud, to your knees; the next time waist-deep, (and unless there were two or three people, and a cart-rope at hand,) down and down into the oozy depths, you would find yourself sinking, despairing, sucked down, the black horrid mud and water rising round your throat, the blue sky, and the wild birds wheeling in it above your head, and the heather-twigs, which would save you if you could but grasp them, within a foot of your hand, and you must die, for you have no power to reach them.

Many a cry for help, which no one ever heard, has been screamed over that wild black bog; and it is said, bleached bones have been found by the turf-cutters—bones of people who must have perished years and years ago —people who were waited and prayed for long long ago, in the castle and cottage homes of those old days, when morning came and night, and they never came back, and the hearts at home wearied of waiting for them.

But no one knows their stories now. But one story I do know, and

can tell you, of someone who was very nearly lost, but who was saved by his own courage and cleverness. It is quite true, and was told to me by the gentleman to whom it happened; and I will tell it here to show you what sort of a place our great bog is.

It was an autumn morning forty or fifty years ago. The gentleman who told me this was crossing the bog with his dogs and gun; and nearly in the middle of it, miles from any help, springing on to some green moss, in a moment it gave way under him, and he sunk to his waist in the black bog and water which the moss had just thinly coated. There was no heather near, and nothing to lay hold of, and he felt he was sinking very slowly, but sinking lower and lower, for the bog was soon round his chest. His arms were out, and the gun had fallen across the moss. He managed to tie a white handkerchief to the gun, and held it above his head, waving it and shouting, but no sound came back but the cry of the birds over the bog. Then came despair, for he was sinking to the shoulders, and only holding by the gun, which was lying on the moss across the top of the sort of hole he was in. If the moss broke through, he would go down and die at once; and if the gun held, he must still die of starvation and horror, getting weaker and weaker till he had no strength to hold on by the gun. Then the black fearful mud would close over his head, and in an instant he would be buried alive in that unknown grave, and never heard of more.

He thought he must have been there nearly an hour, and all hope was nearly past, when the thought came to him which saved him. The dogs with him were two large pointers. They had kept beating about near, and one came up at once when he called it. He got hold of the dog when it was near enough, and suddenly, with a great exertion of strength, pushed it down upon the gun into the bog, and holding it there, called the other dog, and pushed him down on the top of the first. Then, with all his strength, with his hands on their backs, he pulled himself up out of the black grave, and got upon the solid edge of the bog, and was saved. The pointers soon floundered out, and were no worse for their bog-bath.

So you see a walk on the bog is not all plain-sailing, and bog-trotting is not learnt in a day, and seven-leagued boots would not make much of a stalk of it over the great Bog of G—— F——.

But though the bog has its dangers, its beauties outdo them all; and the delight of a long summer's day lonely scramble, with a leaping-pole, three or four dogs, and a fishing-basket, over it, is not to be told. So my advice to all little people is to learn bog-trotting. To learn to balance in a sea of black mud on a heather-tussock, and jump five feet of black water, so lightly, that landing in soft squash, you may alight dry-footed like a curlew, and *then* you will be fit to come and see the wonders and beauties of the bog.

In the meantime, I will tell you what you will see there.

And first for the flowers. In May and June there will be a carpet of golden asphodel, every bit of water will be fringed with white starry

bog-bean, lifting its bunches of marabout feather-flowers up out of the ink-dark water—silky cotton-grass waving everywhere in the wind—miles and miles of cotton, enough to make pillows for all England!—rose-tipped bells of the Andromeda; the wonderful sun-dew, like a living creature, catching and crushing gnats in its tiny crimson leaves, and eating them up for breakfast and dinner; and above all, far away, where the heather grows waist-high, and hangs its myriad bells of palest lilac in great masses over the edges of still black pools, there is the queen of all the flowers. Floating amongst her broad green leaves, the alabaster cups to the blue sky, there are the water-lilies. Thousands of them, the lovely flowers, opening their beautiful buds upon the water, where no one ever sees them, and no one knew of their existence, till one famous and memorable day I and all the dogs came upon them, and kneeling down amongst the heather, watched them for an hour or more in wonder and delight at their marvellous beauty. The lovely white flowers! But the sun was setting, and some blossoms must be got at, and carried off for all the world to see that it was no Midsummer's Night's Dream of mine that the queen of the flowers really did live and reign far away on the great bog. So the fishing-basket was filled quite full of buds and blossoms and shiny wet green leaves, hooked out somehow, anyhow, with the leaping-pole; and we sallied home, as triumphant at the discovery as Columbus when he sailed back from his great find of North and South America.

But more enchanting even than the flowers of the bog are the birds. In winter, when hard weather is coming, the bleak north wind brings strange company for the stay-at-home ducks and curlew and snipe on the bog. Flights of wild-fowl of all sorts come to the broad river that skirts one side of it. You may often hear the sharp whirring of wings, and looking up, see two lines of birds, flying in the shape of a wedge, black against the sky. The grey wild-geese come every winter; and once, on an icy day, broad white wings flapped amongst the reeds of a pool, and close to my feet rose two great swans, and sailed away up in the blue sky, away to the river.

But the first few days of spring send away all the stranger-birds northwards, in a great fright lest it should get too hot, to build their nests on the North Pole or somewhere thereabouts, amongst the ice-bergs and the snow. Then the home-birds begin nesting all over the bog, and from every part of it sweet wild cries may be heard at morn and even. The curlew's, like a flute-note sad and sweet, the jarring bleat of the great snipe, ventriloquising his love chant in his fitful flight backwards and forwards over his nest. The only way to see him is to lie flat on your back amongst the heather, to call the dogs in, and all to be quiet, and then, by good luck, you see him close to you, and hear his song far away, or vice-versa, for he is ventriloquising. In the dusk of evening he and his sad weird note, now near, now far, himself unseen, might belong to some lost spirit, so sad and mysterious does it seem.

But I meant it to be broad bright daylight and hot spring sunshine to

take you over the bog, for it is then you would see the birds in their glory. There is a laugh, low, like a chuckle at some great bit of fun, amongst the heather, then two or three people seem to join in it, and the fun gets fast and furious, till screams and shrieks of wild laughter sound all over the bog. You can hardly help joining in it, it sounds so merry; and up in the sky wheel white wings, sweeping round and round and up and down, and you see the laughing-gulls having one of their sky-high frolics, till the curious human-like laughter, from which they are called, fills the air. Their nests are on the bog; and in some low birch trees near it the fern-owls build. From the noise a pair or two of these pretty little birds contrive to make, you would think the whole place was full of old women and their spinning-wheels. They go on spinning for hours and hours, and never seem to rest.

But of all the birds of the bog, the moor-buzzard is the grandest; at least, when the swans are gone home to the North Pole. If the water-lily is queen of the flowers, he is king of the birds; and as he sails on broad brown wings, slow and stately, sweeping with a swift flight, and then hanging still in the sky, as if no feather stirred, he looks almost as grand and right-royal as the eagle himself. But I am afraid his tastes and habits are not strictly imperial; for he will feed on carrion, and he carries on war in a very small fashion on rats and mice and such small deer; and is not too proud, if they are not to be had, to eat any rubbish he finds, old horse, dead cow, dead sheep, drowned cats. I am sorry to have to tell it of him, for it sounds anything but royal of my bird-king; and I am afraid you will scarcely think so much afterwards of the young prince and princess of the family, who came into my possession, and whose history, if I had not gone bog-trotting all this time, you ought to have heard half an hour ago.

That year there was but one buzzard's nest on all the bog. It was far out, near the water-lilies, about three miles from the sea. Two gentlemen out shooting found it one spring day, and in it were some huge speckled green and brown eggs. The nest was built on a little island of dry bog, where the heather grew very high. The birds had in some way bent down the stiff heather-stalks quite flat for a large space, and put a thick mat in the place, of withered grass and bulrush leaves and stalks. On this the eggs were laid. The gentlemen did not touch the nest; but three or four weeks afterwards one of them took me to see it, and then we saw in a moment that a foot had been there before us. The foot-marks were fresh upon the soft bog. Going to the nest, we found neither eggs or birds, only bits of a broken egg-shell, out of which a bird had been hatched. So we were sure the nest had been found and robbed, and from the freshness of foot-marks, probably that day. So we set off to some cottages a long way off, on the edge of the bog, where I knew the thief would be found who had harried our nest. I soon got traces of him, and half an hour after we arrived at the cottages had heard the whole story. The cottages overlooked the bog, and from a

great distance a boy had seen the birds above their nest, and only the day before had taken a comrade with him and they had got to it and carried off two young birds. These they offered to give me at once. So I was taken to a back-garden, and in an old rabbit-hutch I saw what looked like a dirty lump of cotton-wool, about as big as a hen, with no feathers, and no wings to be seen—a thing with a melancholy pair of immense black eyes, and legs as long as a Cochin China cock's, and wool instead of feathers. It squatted down, a helpless white puff-ball, for it was not strong enough to stand on its long legs. I got it out, and from some other dirty hole the other bird was fished out by the boys, and both crammed, a very tight fit, into the fishing-basket. I took them home. What I should like to have done would have been to take them back to the nest, but they would have starved, for the old birds would not have come near the place again; so all I could do was to take them home, and try to bring them up as well as I could, and to act the part of a good mother-buzzard to the poor orphan puff-balls in the best way I knew how. But it was a difficult charge; and I have always been proud of having succeeded in it, and of having reared and fed and sent out into the world two as fine young moor-buzzards as the world perhaps ever saw.

When I got to the house, a large old hawk-cage was rummaged out of a lumber-hoard, and the buzzards put in it on a little straw and heather. They were very sick and seedy, and no wonder; for the horrid boys had given them nothing but mashed potatoes, and mashed potatoes to buzzards must be extremely 'stodgy,'* about as pleasant and digestible as a dinner of chopped straw and saw-dust would be to us. They were very sick, but able to swallow slowly tit-bits of liver and lights, dropped into their wide-gaping beaks. When their crops had swelled out like the breasts of Christmas stuffed turkeys, I thought it was time to stop, so they were left to go to sleep and forget all their troubles, and 'put their heads under their wings, poor things!'

The next morning, when I went out to see my strange wild nurslings, I found they were both better, and quite ready for breakfast. The largest, the hen, even tried to get up on the top of her Cochin China legs, and came down with what nurses call a 'flump,' and did not try it again for a week, when, one day, suddenly she and her brother both found their legs, and stood up resolutely from that time, sometimes on one leg, sometimes on both. But for the first week they squatted like hens on a nest, and were the most laughable looking things. Someone said they were just like young barristers. The white down on their heads came in a peak over their faces, in which you saw only a large pair of black eyes, and a dark beak, which made a very good barrister's nose, and was no caricature at all of many a hooked nose under many a wig, which I have seen in my day at Westminster Hall.

* A word of great force and expression, for which England is no doubt indebted to her public schools.

That first morning, and as far as I remember, ever afterwards, the barristers were decidedly hungry, not to say greedy. Liver and lights were, I think, a quite new and delicious delicacy to them, and they gulped down square pieces of both as fast as they could be given. Anyone who was squeamish had better finish breakfast before going to preside at a young buzzard's. The horrid raw meat, and the gobbling and gulping, and the altogether, the *je ne sais quoi*, might be too much for many people; but having undertaken a foster-mother buzzard's duties I went through with it. Only substituting a groom-boy's fingers for my own, for the morning, noon, and evening, cramming, I always conscientiously looked on at the ceremony, to see that the poor orphans were stuffed out to the proper dimensions.

The quantity they devoured was immense. Besides all the liver and lights supplied by the butcher, once a week, they had 'no end' of rabbits and rats and mice. A kind of black-mail in the latter was raised in the neighbourhood. Sympathizing and civil villagers saved and sent up a good many head of such small game—long-tailed marauders, who had succumbed to their traps, depriving their own tabbies of dainty dinners to send presents to my hob-goblins. They certainly looked very elfish at this stage of their existence; and I think our villagers, who believe in everything, from fairies to witches, ghosts and goblins, giants and dwarfs and all, thought very badly of these strange-looking birds, and I dare say had many misgivings that they were 'no that canny' to have about a house; and if the butter didn't come, and the eggs were addled, it was no more than was to be expected. But the black-mail would not have gone far towards feeding two such cormorants, and it was lucky they were within reach of another supply. The great bog, as I said before, is the scene of many murderous disasters; and several casualties occurred during the buzzards' minority by which they profited immensely. I don't mean to say they ever got a taste of drowned old turf-cutter or anything of that sort; but of suicidal mutton, drowned sheep, fished out of bog drains, they had plenty. They had once, in their larder in the fir tree, at one time, besides ever so much mutton, some rabbits and rats and mice, two fore-quarters of pony—a poor fellow, who had also, like the mutton, committed felo-de-se. They liked their meat well hung. The gamier it was the faster they gobbled it; but they always had bits of rabbit-fur or feathers given with their horse and mutton, because, like all their cousins, the kites and hawks, and even the owls, once or twice a day they have to be sick. It's very nasty, but they can't help it; and if they are not sick they are very ill: and they can't be sick unless they swallow fur or feathers, which they always take care to do in their wild state. Old Tu-whit Tu-whoo, in the church tower, swallows *his* mice whole for this very reason, and has to be very poorly, and then he is all right again, and ready for more. Their feeder had to be sure the barristers had been sick, or they would never have turned into buzzards.

In a fortnight they began to look brownie about their heads, and bluish

quills came on their apologies for wings. In a few days more they were brown in patches all over, wearing the displaced white down still at the ends of their feathers. They were funnier than ever. But very soon the down dropped off, the feathers spread out, and they stood two beautiful full fledged moor buzzards. The hen, the largest of the two, was almost two feet high, and must have measured four feet across the wings. Every shade of soft grey and brown pencilled their plumage in delicate curves and lines and spots; and on their heads they had a mat of palest golden-fawn feathers. Their black eyes had won the true hawk look—the wild, far-away, beautiful look of fearless free creatures—the look with which the eagle, the royal bird of his race, gazes from his eyrie; and which seen in human eyes, is that right-royal glance, seen once in ten thousand, far-seeing, soul-piercing, we call an eagle look—with such a look as Wellington looked over Waterloo. But don't go up-stairs, little people, and practise hawk-glances in the glass. The chances are, you would come down squinting abominably, certainly staring more like an owl than an eagle, and I am quite sure I should never be able to see the slightest likeness to my buzzards. The chief use they made of their eagle looks was to gaze right away up to the sky. I thought they were turning astronomers. They would sit still for hours watching upwards, as if they were expecting someone from the clouds. And so they were, I found; for once or twice, when I too stared up, I saw above the yard, where they were sitting, a great pair of wings sailing sky high, and heard the wild buzzard note, and was sure it was one of the old birds, who somehow had heard the cry of the young ones, and was taking a bird's-eye view of them from cloud-land. But they always soared away again, and never came down to their children that I could discover; but I sincerely hope they were satisfied with what they saw, and felt that their young birds were being brought up as young buzzards ought to be.

I don't know what their father and mother called them; we called them Jupiter and Juno. Juno was the largest and most beautiful, as the hens of the hawk tribe always are. Amongst all the other feathered creatures it is the gentlemen-birds who wear the finest feathers, sing the best songs, and have the best of it, in fact, in every way. But in the great hawk family the hens are the biggest and most beautiful, and the husbands are smaller than their mates, and have paler tinted plumage. The lovely hen harrier hawk is the exception; who isn't a hen at all, but has a dowdy wife in dingy brown, the real hen harrier, whom no one ever sees or knows about. The buzzards, as soon as they were fully fledged, began to try their wings a little. But they were very slow about it, and seemed quite contented with having got the complete use of their long legs, upon which they stalked round the house like a pair of barn-door fowls. They began to wage war with the dogs; and could hold their own, and keep their dinners against two large pointers, a cat, and a Skye terrier. They always began the fight in the most lawless and unprovoked way, without the slightest provocation from the poor dogs, who were inclined

to be very civil to them. As soon as they could fly a little, their great delight was to soar for a few moments, and then with a cry like an Indian war-whoop swoop down on the pointers, stick their claws in their backs, scream in their ears, and buffet about their heads with their wings, till the dogs shook themselves free and escaped with a howl and a scuffle, and their tails between their legs. For some reason, their wars with the cats were more cautiously conducted. I don't think it ever came to a fair fight between them, though a good deal of guerilla skirmishing round the bushes went on from time to time. The poor dogs led wretched lives; they had no peace either eating or sleeping. They had to cower away in corners to munch their bones, and sleep with one eye open, lest both should be pecked out. One day, hearing a great noise in the drawing-room, I opened the door, and found a buzzard had hunted a Skye terrier through an open window; and with claws well stuck down in his long coat, was careering round and round the table on his back; poor Tammie, at a breathless gallop, trying to shake off his tormentor, frightened into fits by the screams in his ears, and the claws in his back. I soon rescued him, poor little fellow, and turned his fierce foeman out to cool his temper on the lawn.

When the birds had quite got the use of their wings, they used to fly away to some distance, and be out of sight for hours. But morning and evening, a long whistle, though they were nowhere to be seen, always brought them back to be fed; and it was a strange sight to see these grand wild birds come sailing along as if just below the clouds, mere specks in the sky, and to hear their musical cry, and 'the sudden scythe-like sweep of wings,' as, sweeping in circles downwards, they came flying round and round, nearer and nearer, till they folded their great wings, sitting on my arm or shoulder. Then, with a sharp clutch of their strong yellow claws, they grasped the meat, and sailed away with it in their feet to eat upon the lawn, coming back over and over again, till they had carried it all away. They roosted in the woods at night, and in the day were generally to be found in some trees near the bog, at the outskirts of the wood. As soon as I and the dogs sallied out 'into the open,' for a scramble amongst the heather, there would be a cry of the buzzards from the wood; and they would soar up from amongst the trees and come after us, wheeling about in the air and swooping down on the dogs, following ever so far, till they had had enough of the fun. Then they would rise high on the wing, and sweep slowly and grandly back to their wood. Two or three times they followed me when I was on horseback, and I found myself riding, like a lady of the olden time, with hawk and hound; but I think my grand Juno would have astonished anyone who had tried to make her sit on their wrist, with a hood on her nose and bells on her toes, like the hawks in old pictures, where a blind-folded bird sits mumping on her lady's glove, with a tufted red tassel on the top of her hood.

My birds would wheel about my head and the pony's, to the great

astonishment of the latter; and once or twice I thought Juno was going to hawk at her, as she did at the pointers, but luckily she gave up the notion. I think it was the end of October when Jupiter appeared no more. I had watched him very often flying towards the river, and we always thought he had been beguiled by the buzzards, who live on the marshes over the water, to come and live in that famous hunting-ground, the chief haunt of his race in our neighbourhood. There he would have good society, and plenty of frogs, and drowned sheep now and then; in short, all a buzzard could wish or hope for. Juno stayed with me much longer; coming at intervals to the windows to ask for food. I often heard her cry, far away, and looking out of my window would see her, a speck high up in the blue sky; and a moment or two afterwards she would be folding her wings on the ledge below my window, uttering her wild musical cry. No royal arrival was ever more welcomed. Then and there was there a hurrying to and fro to fetch her royalty her dinner, lest she should be off to the clouds again, and think herself neglected. She would take the meat daintily up in her claws and alight with it on the ground, looking up and screaming between each beak-full, as if she had so much on her mind she could not eat till she had told her tale at the very top of her querulous voice. But I don't think she had much to complain of. She looked well-to-do, was always in good feather, and not hungry; and although she would peck a little at the food that was brought her, she evidently came more for the sociability of the thing than the luncheon.

About this time, I discovered she had found out a much easier way of getting her own living than hunting mice, or scenting out drowned mutton. At the back of the house, in the great wood, high up in the trees, she had found that delectable institution—a dog's larder—a better stocked larder than her own had ever been, even at that memorable era of the days of the drowned pony; and there she revelled.

Once or twice, riding up through the wood, I had met her flying back from breakfast, and she had screamed out her pleasure at the meeting, in answer to a whistle, but had gone on her way to her noon-day's siesta in her home woods.

Jupiter seemed quite gone, and Juno well able to take care of herself; but I was sorry when we went away for the rest of the winter, and the house was almost shut up, to think my poor pet might come down sometimes, hungry, and find nothing to eat, and no one to welcome her. But as far as I could find out, from a servant who had promised to watch for her and feed her if she came, she never flew down once the whole winter. But it was certainly Juno, the next spring, who came sailing slowly on wide wings every now and then over the lawn and woods; and poising herself in her dreamy flight above the house, would look as if asleep in the air, she hung so still. And no doubt she *was* in a day-dream of her early days—haunted, perhaps, by visions of herself as a puff-ball in that very spot, and of that other puff-ball (her only brother) who had left her so long—perhaps by some lingering recollections of her lady—but most

of all, (as she was but a buzzard,) by sweet and savoury memories of high-scented mutton and gamey pony; but neither for love or for mutton would she come down more. No call seemed to reach her ears.

The bird-queen was too proud now to stoop her wing to a whistle, and no sweet wild cry came back in answer, as, waking from her dream, she soared away in her graceful flight to her old haunts on the bog. Where also, I think, about this time other broad wings were seen. (*Not* Jupiter's.) So no doubt it was the old old story over again.

Juno had been wooed and won, she had found her mate, and the bird-queen was a bride. And somewhere in the heather there will be more puff-balls to be found, only I earnestly hope they never will be found; for, if all tales be true, Juno is about the last of her race who builds on the bog, and if her nests are harried, when you come for your scramble in the heather, there will be no broad wings in the blue sky to show you what my strange and beautiful pets were like—the wild and beautiful moor buzzards.

OUR SICK POOR.

NEXT in importance to the actual nursing of the sick, is the careful tending of the convalescent.

We all know what that word means. At least we know what it implies in our own homes. It means to be the one to whom each member of the family circle is ever ready to show some loving attention, the object of a little extra care, to have always the pleasantest seat in the room, the nearest place to the fire-side, the little table placed ready beside the sofa, with the books and work, and whatever else may help to cheer the hours of slowly returning strength. But do we ever consider what the word convalescent implies amongst the very poor?

To the patient in the hospital it means the day of dismissal from the wards, where so much kind care and attentive nursing have been received. It means to go back again, with the exhausted strength not yet recruited, to the poor home now probably poorer than ever; or worse still, not only to return to work when the strength for work is wanting, but perhaps to have to commence a weary search for employment, the patient's former occupation having been lost through illness. It means additional anxiety of mind and weariness of body, when both are needing repose and strengthening; it means to go forth from the hospital walls, with perhaps no other possessions than the small bundle of clothes, in procuring which in order that they might go in 'tidy' into the hospital, the last earnings were expended.

There is no hardness in this—it is simply unavoidable. It is right that the hospital wards should be appropriated to those most in need of

medical care, and to whom that care is most likely to prove beneficial; it is right that as soon as the patient is able to leave the hospital, the bed should be vacated for one more in need of it; but that many patients should look forward with dread to the day of dismissal is not surprising.

The care of the convalescent is a care quite independent of the hospital; yet, need we say, a most important supplement to it?

There are now many Institutions especially intended for convalescents, for those who have been dismissed from the public hospitals.

First, there is the Convalescent Institution at Walton-on-Thames, to which patients are admitted by a letter from a governor; but here it is required that such patients should be really convalescents, so much so, that they must be well able to take care of themselves, and require no nursing whatever. To those who are well enough for the change, we have known the establishment at Walton-on-Thames to be of the greatest benefit; but it is quite possible for a patient applying for admission to be rejected for a time by the Board, not because he does not need the benefits of the hospital, but because he is not sufficiently well to avail himself of it with any advantage.

For patients requiring sea-bathing, the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary at Margate is open upon a moderate weekly payment; and the All Saints' Convalescent Institution at Eastbourne is intended also for similar patients, with the additional advantage of careful nursing under the care of the Sisters.

Bournemouth likewise has its Sanatorium, the mild climate of the south coast being especially adapted for patients suffering from chest complaints. It would be almost premature to say much of the last effort which has been made on behalf of consumptive patients—the establishment of a Sanatorium at Madeira. May the first twenty patients who have been recently sent thither fulfil the earnest hopes of those who have so thoughtfully and kindly arranged this plan for their relief; and by the blessing of Him, who alone puts good desires into the hearts of His people, be restored to health and strength. It was impossible to read the interesting accounts in the papers of the kindly manner in which all the Companies, which had to do with their conveyance from Brompton to Madeira, united to speed them on their way, as well as the hearty welcome they received on their arrival at the island, without seeing how much genuine sympathy dwells in the hearts of all classes of English people—sympathy for the sick and suffering; and with what cordiality they will enter into any plan for their welfare.

Amongst the many works now being carried on in London by the Association of Ladies meeting at London House, under the guidance of the Bishop of London, some few ladies have in a certain sense undertaken as a distinct branch of work, the care of convalescents dismissed from the London Hospitals.

It is now frequently the custom for the Chaplains of the great London Hospitals, when a patient is about to be discharged, respecting whose

future welfare they feel any anxiety, to write to some lady known to them, and inform them that such a patient is about to be dismissed from a certain Hospital on such a day. Perhaps it is the poor servant-girl who has no home to go to, and whose last wages have been long since expended; or the friendless young dress-maker, or milliner, who has no relatives in London, and whose friends must be informed and prepared to receive her, or for whom another situation must be immediately found; or it may be the father of a family, whose occupation is for the present lost, and who is to return to a home stripped, perhaps, in the family necessity, of the few comforts it previously possessed.

Can we over-estimate the comfort it must be to such as these to know that some kindly heart will take an interest in their welfare, that there will be one to *think* for them, to lighten the weight of care, and, as far as possible, relieve them from the extreme pressure of poverty?

These ladies will seek out lodgings for the homeless, write to their friends for them, endeavour to start them in fresh employment; if need be, procure them admission into one or other of the Convalescent Institutions, or find them a temporary home in the House of Charity in Soho Square, where each year hundreds of the deserving poor are provided with lodging and nourishing food while they are out of work.

But there is yet one other Convalescent Institution of which we would wish to say a few words, and in aid of which we would fain enlist the sympathy of our readers; one in which we must own that we feel a special interest, perhaps a somewhat selfish interest, on account of its nearness to London; for do not we Londoners well know how great a blessing such an Institution so easy of access will be to the poor?

We mean the St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital at Clewer, near Windsor. This Institution is, as its name implies, intended for convalescents; but for such convalescents as are still in need of most careful nursing. Its work was commenced some three or four years ago on a small scale by the Sisters of St. John, in connection with the House of Mercy at Clewer, who received a few patients in small rented cottages. Many severe cases of illness, requiring long-continued care and nursing, have been here received from the London Hospitals; and by the blessing of God upon rest and change of air, *nursed* into returning strength and vigour.

Change of air! How well we understand its benefits for ourselves; how little can we ever fully realize what it is to the poor hard-working labouring man or woman! To enjoy all the sweet and blessed influences of country air and sunshine, with entire rest and nourishing food. A few weeks spent free from anxiety and care of every kind, especially that constant care, the 'taking thought for to-morrow,' which must press so heavily on the hearts of the poor.

The effort thus experimentally and satisfactorily commenced, has received the warmest approval and encouragement from some of the first London physicians, who have frequently regretted seeing their patients

leave the hospital for no better care than their own poor homes could afford, and have gladly hailed the establishment of an Institution where their efforts would be so well supplemented, and their patients could be so easily removed.

It has therefore been decided that a suitable building of a permanent character should be erected, the plan to include accommodation for between fifty and sixty patients, men, women, and children, with the nursing Sisters who are to take charge of them, and eventually a chapel and dining-hall. A site of four acres has been given for the purpose; the foundation-stone was laid last summer, and the building is, we believe, now roofed in.

Patients will be required to pay a fixed weekly sum, except in the case of those who are nominated by subscribers, entitled by their subscription to maintain a patient in the hospital.

Her Majesty the Queen has testified her interest in the undertaking by a donation of £100 to the building fund, and the promise of an annual subscription of £20 for the maintenance of one patient.

Does not this seem to suggest how often a neighbourhood might make up the required subscription of £20, with the privilege of always having one patient enjoying its benefits?

How great a boon this Convalescent Home will be, for *Home* is the word which most fitly describes this Institution, we Londoners only too gladly acknowledge.

How many anxieties will here be at rest, how many cares will here be laid aside! How many a sufferer will be cheered by the bright sunshine and refreshed by the pure air of the country; how many a heart will be gladdened by the sweet song of the birds, and the pure beauty of earth's fair flowers; while, may we not humbly hope that many a serious impression, first realized perhaps in the wards of a London Hospital, may here be lastingly deepened by the season of quiet rest passed under the care of the Chaplain and the Sisters at St. Andrew's Home!

IVANOVNA.

HINTS ON READING.

Miss Mackenzie's *Memorials of Henrietta Robertson* (Bell and Daldy) will be a great boon to all who have been interested in the Memoir of Bishop Mackenzie, and would be glad to hear more particulars of the missions among the Zulu Kaffirs. A beautiful and devoted life, simply told in letters written to the friends and supporters of the Mission, will furnish excellent reading for all classes; and we hope it will soon be in everyone's hands.

Scenes of Suburban Life, by Anna Leigh Spencer, (Masters,) is a sober-going book, calculated to show what good works may be done by diligence in a London district.

The late Rev. J. J. Blunt's *Household Theology* (Rivingtons) has reached a fresh edition, and will be a most useful manual to those who need information on Church matters, otherwise hardly to be obtained without study and research in larger works.

The story of *Christina*, in *The Churchman's Companion*, (Masters,) is evidently drawing to a close. It is a very gentle and tender tale; and there is a striking lesson in the picture of the difference between the husband with his perfect theory and the wife with her humble practice. *Bassington Rectory*, too, is promising; but what could have prompted the choice of the story of *Seligstadt*? The legend of Eginhard and Emma is strangely altered from the usually received one; Charlemagne is strangely weak, foolish, and greedy; the whole plot is a disobedient marriage; and what specially rouses our national indignation, is to find our own great, learned, and pious Alcuin figuring as 'the well-known Anglo-Saxon astrologer and alchemist!' If a German could so misrepresent one of the glorious lights of our country, we wonder that an Englishwoman could choose the subject for translation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A COUNTER COMPLAINT.

Sir,

Will you give space to a short letter suggested by that signed 'Blanche Montgomery' in The Monthly Packet for February. On behalf of the women of the lower middle class, I desire to state a grievance which is acutely felt. I mean the scarcely disguised contempt often entertained for us by the wives of our clergymen. May I suggest that this causes much pain to us, and hinders much good which might be done by them? They were, for the most part, born and bred in a higher sphere than ours. We know it. We rather exaggerate their superiority than detract from it; we have in them something of that pride which a Scotsman feels in the head of his clan. Any sign that they take an interest in us, is to us an honest gratification.

We can see that our girls, although sometimes well-taught, lack the manners of high breeding. Can it be expected that they should have such manners? Is not the modest simplicity which fails in us, the actual sign of the highest gentlehood? We are, however, willing and eager to be taught. We have already learned not to say 'Ma'am.' As the only mark of respect which now occurs to us, we address our superiors by name. We will leave off that habit also, now that we have heard it condemned; yet, after all, is the well-meaning ignorance which prompts it, vulgarity?

We have had no chance of acquiring

> 'That repose
> Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere;'

our manner is sometimes stiff, sometimes familiar. The familiarity is seldom meant for insult. Nay, it may be the ignorant expression of a feeling which no lady could despise. For instance: a friend of mine has told me how, when a girl, she fell in love, as young hearts only can, deeply and reverently, with the wife of the rector of her parish. The few words which the lady had spoken to her, were carefully treasured up. One morning, she received a note: 'Dear Miss Allen, may I have the pleasure of seeing you at tea this evening, at eight. I shall be alone. Yours truly, E. Cholmondely.' The girl replied, with tears of disappointment, 'My dear Mrs. Cholmondely, I am *so* sorry that I cannot accept your kind invitation. I should so thoroughly have enjoyed an evening alone with you. Most affectionately yours, Jane Allen.'

In consequence of this note, Jane Allen was not again invited to the Rectory for many months. She had been over-familiar. But her love was repelled and wounded. Surely the punishment overbore the offence.

Again, I have heard a clergyman's wife say, 'There are only farmers' wives here; no one I can know.' One of these came to the parsonage when I was present, bringing contributions to a bazaar, and called the lady 'My dear;' she being a young thing of one-and-twenty; her visitor, a grandmother. 'You see what would happen if I encouraged this sort of people!' the clergyman's wife cried afterwards. I think that nothing very terrible would happen. No lady could lose caste by mixing with her husband's parishioners, although they might not comprehend the deference combined with independence which their manner ought to evince. It seems, from our point of view, that the wives of clergymen should look upon their 'respectable' middle-class people, less as outsiders whose society they may shun or cultivate at will, more as

souls given them by God, for whose well-being they are, in some measure, responsible.

Will they please to consider how little opportunity our young women have of learning what the society of high-bred people really is?—how little their own homes can teach them in this matter? Nor can they at once acquire the lesson; yet the companionship of a true lady might do more than she herself would dare to dream, towards preparing these frivolous girls to become unaffected women possessed of the true refinement of simplicity. There is, indeed and indeed, as large a work to be done here as amongst the poor, and to be done by the every-day machinery of morning calls and tea-parties, by showing us how gentle, thoughtful, simple-mannered, and kind, a high-born lady is. In conclusion, let me adduce the example of a woman whose family is among the oldest in the land, yet who does not disdain to sit for hours talking friendly talk in the 'stuffy parlours' of her husband's parishioners. And the love which the women bear to her is unbounded, blessing both them that give and her that takes.

Faithfully yours,

S. A. N.

Sir,

Mrs. Higginbottom's and Mrs. Montgomery's letters in your January and February numbers find a warm echo in my heart. It strikes me that that class of persons who needlessly address you by name are generally half educated; and because the only people they hear address others as 'Ma'am' are 'servants,' so they imagine it to be a mark of degradation or servitude. Others, again, never use the word to unmarried ladies, supposing it to belong exclusively to *matrons;* therefore I doubt not but that the school-master thought it the most polite way of addressing an elderly lady who possibly *might* still desire to be considered young and '*eligible.*'

With regard to school-teachers being called 'teacher' or 'governess,' it is I think a custom introduced by the pupil-teacher system.* A girl rises from the first class of the school to be teacher, but has not (probably) the assurance, or is not proof against the remarks of her late school-fellows, to insist on her scholars treating her as a full-blown '*mistress,*' so we have the present terms introduced. 'Governess' is *by custom* considered to belong to a different kind of teacher. 'School-mistress' is a long word, and has objections of the same kind as the words 'cook,' 'nurse,' or 'groom,' and is avoided by those who desire to shake off the character at the school-door to be left there till they return again next day. 'Dame' is suggestive of mob-caps, birch-rods, spectacles, roses and woodbine, open doors and sunny days; and therefore would hardly be applicable to 'young ladies' in expansive skirts and radiant hair in dirty streets. Give us therefore, we pray, some really definite term which will be suitable to the present time.

The other matter on which Mrs. Montgomery writes is a *far* more important one, and is one which demands attention. There is, no doubt, something very attractive to a large number of young ladies in the life of a clergyman's wife. Clergymen themselves, too often, and unwittingly, assist to colour the picture. It is so nice to visit poor people—to chat with the old women by their chimney corners, to teach in the school, to lead the choir—decorate the church,—Mr. So-and-so is so much obliged for any help in his parish. To some it is also a rise in social rank. The consequences are as we too often see. It seems to me that to become a clergyman's wife is to enter not only the married state, but it is also to enter into a profession. A clergyman's wife is thenceforth *a marked woman.* She is no longer a private individual; every act of hers forwards or hinders the cause of the Church. I speak more especially of her life in a country village. Her house ought to be a pattern of 'diligent' rule. Her servants examples, in style, conduct, and skill, of what respectable Christian service ought to produce. Her children should present an appearance suitable to the position God has placed them in. She herself must, if she desires to be *believed in,* be 'all things to all men;' yet never for a moment forgetting her position as a subordinate officer in the Church.

Thus when a woman marries a clergyman she is as much 'set apart' as if she joined a sisterhood, and she has to perform her duties in the midst of worldly business. If she has committees to work with, how can she take her *right place* if she has no knowledge of human nature? If she has a school to visit, of what use are her visits if she neither knows how to praise with judgment or blame with kindness? Un-

* It is older: it began in towns where the teachers might or might not be of gentle birth, and invidious distinctions were to be avoided.—EDITOR.

educated people cannot believe in those who are ignorant of what they know. Hence a school-master who can teach fractions and rule of three, and yet does not know a turnip from a mangold wurzel, will never gain the sympathy of a rural population in the same degree as another man who may be greatly his inferior in teaching the 'three Rs,' but who can dig a garden or grow the first new potatoes. In the present day, when money makes rank and when *hereditary* rank is little thought of, the struggle becomes daily harder; and so long as clergymen will marry 'young ladies,' who can sing, decorate, and talk ecclesiastical nonsense, without any further thought of the life they are entering, so long must we hear such complaints as Mrs. Montgomery makes. I cannot see why it is not as reasonable to require women to fit themselves for a profession as for men to do so. We require our boys to choose a profession early in life, and we educate them accordingly. Why should we not do the same with our daughters? Is it to be supposed that a woman will make a worse wife, or be less ladylike, if she chooses the profession she wishes, and educates herself accordingly? * Can we expect Mrs. Parchment, the bookseller's wife, who keeps her one servant year after year till she marries, to respect her clergyman's wife, who is constantly changing her servants because *her own ignorance* of domestic matters prevents her from guiding and directing them? I have heard clergymen often deplore the loss to the Church of brother clergy after marriage, through the *unsuitableness* of the wives they choose; and it strikes me, Mr. Editor, that that is a serious thought.

Again, Mrs. Montgomery does 'so dislike collecting.' Perhaps she may get over that feeling to some degree if she considers that it is a duty to give others an opportunity of fulfilling the command, 'Give alms of thy goods.' So long as the world stands, I fear people will have twisted ideas on the subject of charity, so we must make the best of things as we find them. Many well-educated high-born earnest-minded girls, who marry as Mrs. Montgomery seems to have done, are obliged to associate with a class of ill-educated, shallow, vulgar persons. Well—they must look the matter steadily in the face. Visit them as the clergyman's wife, not as an acquaintance; be always ready to seize any opportunity of helping them, *in the way they desire to be helped*, whenever she can consistently do it without forgetting the character she has to maintain. Endeavour to find some common ground of action on which they can meet as parishioners. This will, I think, find ample opportunities for friendly intercourse *officially*, without laying herself open to the irritating intercourse she at present suffers from, and which does little good to either side. Occasionally she will meet with one or two who are like the brewer's daughter, 'really intellectual;' if so, all the better; and depend upon it if *we understand our own work*, and fulfil the duties of our office faithfully and to the best of our power, we shall in due time win the faith of those above, about, or beneath us. I should recommend Mrs. Montgomery never to enter anyone's house without having in her own mind a definite object, and a prearranged number of subjects for conversation, avoiding gossip and tittle-tattle; by thus keeping the conversation mainly in her own hands, she can better maintain the true dignity of her own position.

Another point I should like to make a remark on. Many people, charitably inclined, think by *giving* to the poor they are always benefiting them. What right have we to destroy another's self-respect? or to pauperize a poor man? Is it any wonder that we find poor people 'always begging' and 'trying to impose' on their richer neighbours? *Help the poor to help themselves* is a far safer rule, and ends in mutual self-respect, instead of disgust on one side and rapacity on the other.

I fear there are many ladies who do 'shut up their drawing-room,' and many more who only use it in the evening, when the 'stirring work' of the day is over. I quite agree that it is undesirable. It is certainly *English*. I think Mrs. Montgomery will find (as I have found) that in proportion as she *gains the confidence* of her parishioners, in such proportion will she find, at least in a large number of them, the outer crust of superficial mannerism fall away, and the true hearted Christian character appear.

I have my 'complaints' too, which, perhaps, some day you will find room for. At present I dare not trespass longer on your space, further than to say that I truly sympathize with Mrs. Montgomery, because I have gone through many of her difficulties, and have had more than fifteen years of 'being on duty;' and I have made many friends, though some of them *do* use my name oftener than I like, and 'shut up their drawing-rooms,' which, as I have not one, I cannot do.

Yours sincerely,

SALP.

February 7th, 1866.

* No woman can choose.

MRS. MONTGOMERY'S TROUBLES.

Madam,

May I venture to hope that you will allow me space for a few lines, in answer to the 'Complaint' of a lady, (a very young lady I am sure,) signing herself Blanche Montgomery?

I would begin by asking her a question. Is she in earnest? Does she *really* find that the trivialities, specified in her letter, are a bar to her work in her husband's parish? The task which he has set her, of trying to 'raise the tone' of those around her, is one of incalculable importance; but it cannot be accomplished without placing one's self on a certain footing of intimacy with those whom one wishes to improve; and intimacy does not depend simply on externals. May I suggest to Mrs. Montgomery that if, instead of being disgusted and repelled by the manners of the persons among whom she is thrown, she were to seek for subjects on which she could meet them on common ground, and thus gain a step at a time, she would soon find herself making way to an extent that would surprise her. But then she must endeavour to look at some matters from their point of view; she must take civilities as they are meant, and not be afraid of giving her neighbours opportunities of doing her little kindnesses, which she can return as occasion may offer. To compare notes about babies, or even servants, can do no harm, and brings people together; nay, a young mother or housekeeper may thus obtain many a valuable hint. To accept refreshment when offered, though it be not the custom of our own friends to order in cake and wine for every morning visitor, is surely no severe penance.

The interchange of plants, or cuttings, or patterns for work, may be a mutual benefit, and lead to a more profitable intercourse by-and-by. And, if the Clergyman's wife will but assume that her fellow Churchwomen have the benefit of the poor at heart as well as herself, consult them on her own little schemes of charity, and ask their assistance when need requires, I cannot think that she will have to complain of their want of zeal or activity. She need not be too proud to accept their help as a personal favour to herself, if she finds that it is so intended; but condescension on her part will be fatal to any hope of influence, and induce stiffness on the other side at once.

With regard to the poor, Mrs. Montgomery's previous experience has been a disadvantage to her. A model village is, I think, a thorough unreality. We cannot train men and women, like espaliers, by nailing them to a wall. They must be led, not forced, into the right direction. I am no admirer of tawdry flowers; but I can hardly doubt that the father, who said his child's flower was 'to bide,' resented the interference of the 'teacher' as an *impertinence*.

One word about reading. We cannot reasonably expect that those whose education is confessedly inferior to our own should be able to appreciate the literature which we enjoy. But why seek to force their taste into our own line? Their reading is, for the most part, only taken up as an amusement in the intervals of some employment which is the duty of their life. The effort of reading a clever article would be by no means a relaxation, as anyone can testify who has been accustomed to hard work, whether bodily or mental. A story is a thorough 'délassement,' and that is exactly what we require in such a case.

As a rule, the only safe plan is to forget ourselves, our own dignity and position, and above all, our favourite plans and theories, for the improvement of others. To seek for points of agreement—never to force our opinion or advice upon those whom we would influence—*never* by any chance to appear offended, or to make anything a personal matter—and above all, to

> 'Seek
> With thoughts in prayer and watchful eyes,
> *His* seasons, sent for thee to speak,
> And use them as they rise.'

They will surely come, though they be long waited for; and though it may be reserved for a future incumbent of St. Philip's to discover 'how wonderfully Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery contrived to raise the tone of the middle class in this place.'

Yours obediently,

A PLAIN WOMAN.

St. Michael's, February 12th.

FASTING.

Mr. Editor,

I have felt the force of the Rev. A. Crichton's words, in your March number, almost as keenly as his companion did.

But in a magazine intended mainly for the young, it seems to me unwise to leave it to be inferred, as those gentlemen appear to do, that abstinence from food for six-and-thirty hours, is what our Church requires!

Surely the object which our Lord and His Apostles (and our Church following out their teaching) have in view is the subjection of the body to the higher—the spiritual will; and this may be attained without the risk which a fast of six-and-thirty hours would be to the health and the usefulness of most of us.

It is not 'the deed a man does, but the way that he does it,'* which is of consequence here as elsewhere. It is the *habit*—the power over self—the control over that 'untamed beast,' which we know to be in us all more or less, that we want.

And those who have never yet tried will find a most humbling discipline in learning, by experience, *how* difficult it is *regularly* to cross the appetite, even in such trifles as one would feel ashamed to mention, were ' . not that in these matters plain speaking is the only way to be of any real use.

Such, for instance, as contenting oneself with dry bread at any one meal; on certain stated days going without anything 'nice;' avoiding the indulgence of tea at odd times; or, if in circumstances that admit of such luxuries as a bed-room fire, going without that during Lent; or what is to most young people almost the hardest task of all, rising *regularly* half an hour earlier than usual to read some thoughtful book.

All these are practices that may be carried on almost unnoticed, in the spirit of the lesson contained in St. Matthew, vi. 16; and as I said before, I believe the first feeling will be of *shame*, at finding how decided an effort is needed for so small a matter. But no one can read St. Matthew, vi. 16, or St. Matthew, ix. 15, without being convinced that fasting, in some way, is a duty incumbent on all who are come to age; while the statement which our Lord allows to pass uncontradicted—'Thy disciples fast not'—shows that He did not think fit to appoint any definite rule.

R. L. C.

ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE.

O magic *Harp!* I cannot choose but *sigh*,
For very joy at hearing thy sweet strings:
A *chord* is struck within my heart, and I
Dream *Harpsichord* itself its music sings.

O.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. S., F. M., and other Correspondents, *refer* **S. R.** *to Wordsworth's poems for the lines—*

'She looks, and her heart is in Heaven,' &c.

The poem begins thus:—

'At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears.'

It tells of the reverie of a poor country-bred servant-girl, who hears in London the song of a caged thrush, and is for an instant carried back in imagination to

'The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.'

Miss A. Dundas thankfully acknowledges the receipt of 4s. in stamps from **C. M. C.** *for the Church at New Westminster.*

---

* Lucile.

R. E. J. A., and other Correspondents, *answer* S. R. *that the line—*

'Peculiar people, death has made them dear,'

occurs in Crabbe's Mourner.

Emily.—*The line—*

'God *gives* us love; something to love
He *lends* us,'

is in Tennyson's Condolence with I. S.

Monica.—*Faber's hymn,* The Shepherd True, *is in the St. Raphael's Bristol Hymn Book, and in Trench's Hymn Book; also in the Appendix to the Hymnal Noted as used at St. Paul's Church, Brighton. It is set to a tune called St. Philip, in the Christchurch Hymns, published by T. Somerford, 24, Nelson Street, Greenwich.*

To A. S. M. *the author of our paper on Spanish Folk Lore answers:—I do not know of any collection of Lope de Vega's Hymns. His* 'Jerusalen Conquistada' *is included in the* 'Tesoro de los Poemas Espanoles Epicos, Sagrados y Burlescos,' *edited by Don Eugenio de Ochoa. I can mention two good historical romances,* 'El Cid Campeador,' *and* 'Las Hijas del Cid,' *by Don Antonio de Trueba, the latter being a sequel to the former. They are published by Brockhau of Leipzig, and may be procured through any foreign bookseller. An excellent catalogue of the Spanish books published by the firm of Dramard Baudry of Paris is supplied by Messrs. Dulau, Soho Square. In this* A. S. M. *will find the* 'Tesoro de los Poemas Espanoles.'

Margaret *would feel much obliged if the Editor of the Monthly Packet would inform her if there is any society or charity that would be glad of some old books—chiefly children's. Many lending libraries would rejoice in such a gift. Or it would be most thankfully received by Miss Mackenzie, Woodfield, Havant, for children of colonists and missionaries.*

Will the author of The Lutheran First Communion *kindly send us her address again. Received with thanks.*—A Dream *from Glasgow.*

Can you or any of your Correspondents kindly inform me if there is any book published containing an account of the Martyrs of the first three Centuries, or any Stories (besides those of Neale's) founded on the Martyrs?—Margaret.

If you need a small book, Miss Sewell's Church History *would be best; or Malan's* Church History *is a small octavo, could be procured from America through Sampson Lowe. The standard Church History is Fleury's in French.*

An English Mother *would find some of her questions answered in the explanation of the Ethnographical chart in Johnstone's* Physical Atlas; *others in the Rev. C. J. Abraham's (now Bishop of Wellington)* Lectures on the Unity of Ancient and Modern History. *Some are at present unanswerable. Teutonic is the same word as Deutsch or Dutch, and simply means people. Celt has been conjectured to mean a forester. Semitic is applied to nations with the general characteristics of the descendants of Shem, but it is rather physical than really genealogical; and thus the Jews are not reckoned as Semitic but Caucasian.*

Snowdrop.—*The words of St. Augustine are simply,* '*We make a ladder out of our faults if we trample on the faults themselves.*'

Declined with thanks.—M. J. B.

B. R.—*You misunderstood* Mona. *Her account of the east country form of address was no complaint, only a description. As to Mrs. Montgomery, is it not well sometimes to let people who* need *not be vulgar see what looks vulgar to those of higher breeding?*

M. Y.—

'I forgave thee all the blame,
Rusty Christopher;
I could not forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher.'—

was part of a retort from Tennyson to Professor Wilson's criticisms on his first volume of poems. It was quoted in The Quarterly Review, *but he suppressed it in subsequent editions.*

L. O. *would be grateful to the Editor of the Monthly Packet to inform her whether there is not a tradition that* '*Salisbury Cathedral was built upon wool,*' *a good foundation being difficult to obtain; and in what book she would be likely to find an account of it.*

M. C. W. *has not mentioned* A Hand-book of Floral Decoration,' *by E. W. Goodwin, F. S. A., Architect, (Masters,) price* 1*s. It is most valuable and trustworthy.*—M. P.

In '*Hymns Ancient and Modern*' Euterpe *will find that* '*Hanover*' *is composed by Dr. Croft.* '*Hursley*' *is a German chant, harmonized by Mr. Monk.*—M. C. W.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 5. MAY, 1866. PRICE 1s.

EASTER-TIDE AT HURSLEY.

(1866.)

OUR brightest light has been removed—or rather, the beams shine upon us from a greater distance. All who love the Church of their fathers must, and many who only love what is beautiful, have felt their Holy Tide additionally chastened and deepened by the tidings that he who had so long taught and tuned their adoration, was gone to join his own songs with those whose echoes he had long ago caught and transmitted to such as had in their minds aught of a responsive note.

Most of our younger readers have, we believe, grown up to regard the use of their 'Christian Year' as one of the best and most hallowing minor occupations of Sunday, and view it as almost as much of an institution as Bishop Ken's two hymns. Their parents and grandparents, however, remember when first it brightened the world—thirty-nine years ago, in 1827; when for its extreme beauty and spirituality, it was hailed by many who knew not that it was as the voice of a bird singing in the dawn ere the awakening of the Church.

That first note came from one who was already 'a true son of our dear Mother, early taught with her to worship.'

At Fairford, in Gloucestershire, son of the vicar of the small adjoining parish of Colne, one of the old-fashioned, orthodox, learned, and devout clergy, of whom there were more in the quiet parsonages of England than modern conceit is willing to believe, John Keble was born, on St. Mark's Day, 1792, and there grew up under his father's instructions, and rejoicing in the beams of the glorious painted windows which tradition declares were designed by Albert Durer, and were captured on their way to Spain —windows that we do not vainly mention, for we verily believe that their beauty and symbolism had a strong influence on the poet-soul that was developing in their 'dim religious light.'

How the home-taught boy won his scholarship, and was honoured at Oxford, has been elsewhere told. And it was in the atmosphere of the hoary yet ever-fresh University, alternating with that of his peaceful

paternal home, that was gradually matured the wonderful series of poems that have spoken to every heart able to feel spiritual beauty. The 'homely scenes and simple views,' so deeply entered into, have helped to endear them infinitely more.

> 'Earth's common paths seem strewn all o'er,
> With flowers of pensive hope, the wreath of man forgiven.'

And their adaptation to the sacred seasons greatly added to their value, by giving a *when* to study them, and linking their recurring harmonies with those of the holy fasts or feasts, on which they were founded. Their obscurity, so often complained of, is generally depth, that repays research and thought. Or at times, the expression is that of a state of mind that the reader may have never experienced; and indeed, in some cases there are reserves, in others abrupt transitions, which render the poems difficult. But in general, it may be said that were there less difficulty there would be less depth, and less meaning to unravel itself, year by year, as the poem comes round again. Nor are whole poems and single passages wanting where 'a lamb may ford.' How many, of all degrees of intelligence, have felt the soothing charm of 'Sun of my soul!'—how many sick beds have been soothed by the two verses beginning, 'Thou Who didst sit on Jacob's Well!'—how many mothers have felt their joy attuned by the Christening Hymn, or their grief tempered by that on the Holy Innocents!

> 'One loves thy red November's calm decay—
> One the glad lengthening of thine April day.'

Nay, there can be no doubt that these poems will ever rank as do those of Herbert and Ken—as part of the most precious heritage peculiar to our branch of the Church.

Herbert and Ken were the true predecessors and likenesses of Mr. Keble. Herbert's life indeed was short—ending ere the storm began; and Bishop Ken was set in high places, where the tempest beat, and showed what a rock he was. But Herbert's Country Parson's life was lived and realized by the author of 'The Christian Year;' and the banner that Ken upheld was grasped by him.

> 'Seize the banner, spread its fold,
> Spread it with no faltering hold;
> Spread its foldings high and fair,
> Let all see the Cross is there.
>
> What if to the trumpet's sound,
> Voices few come answering round?
> Scarce a votary swell the burst,
> When the anthem peals at first:
> God hath sown and He will reap—
> Growth is slow where roots are deep.'

Such was part of the war-song of this true champion—when, dismayed at the indifferentism of some, the godlessness of others, and the deadly attacks of the enemies of the Church, a band of men of high influence at Oxford endeavoured to revive a keen love for the Church. The leaders in the last strong revival of warmth had insisted on the deep appreciation of the doctrine of the Atonement; but in trusting to feeling and faith, had practically overlooked and forgotten to enforce the doctrine that the Covenant depended upon certain conditions which supplied the very means of grace. These conditions—the being true members of the Church Catholic, the means of grace in the Sacraments, the need of systematized prayer, bringing all into Communion, and of reverential observance, maintaining and suggesting devotion—were what were brought forward. They answered a want in the minds of many religious people; others felt that they agreed with what had always been taught; and though misunderstood, reviled, suppressed, and to some degree persecuted, they have steadily worked their way, and have spread their influence throughout, not the island Church alone, but all her numerous daughters over the world.

By the time the banner had been spread, Mr. Keble had ceased to exercise that influence which is perhaps the most effectual ever exerted—that of an able Oxford tutor. He had been called home to be the support and assistant of his father's old age; and when, in 1835, death had put an end to this labour of love, he was presented to the living of Hursley, in Hampshire, where his 'Country Parson' life passed peaceably on for thirty years.

Champion he was as true as ever. No attack came near the Church, but his pen was ready to defend her, from the stores of his learning, and with the keen power of his argument. Adviser, suggester, defender, he was constantly living and acting in her cause; but meantime fulfilling the duty that he rated as high as any of the public claims—that would have put him forward—the homely duty of attending to his parish. And in the most earnest way the work was done. Rough lads—dull school-children—stolid labourers—had even more of the attention of one of the loftiest and deepest minds of the day than the more intellectual, who could better respond and work on alone. There was no startling the weak by novelties. Divine worship was frequent, and strictly rubrical; and his reverence was too real to go beyond old paths. Only when the training of the parish had prepared it for the change, was even the hideous old red-brick church displaced for the beautiful building that stands in its room, with full, reverent, and sober services.

His own words, in the 'Lyra Innocentium,' tells us that—

'In each budding inward grace
The Seraph's searching ken,
The memory haply may retrace
Of ancient holy men.

For of her Saints the sacred Home
Is never quite bereft;
Each a bright shadow in the gloom,
A glorious type hath left.'

And if he were indeed such a shadow, we should say that it was of him whose name he bore—'the loved disciple.' Like him he had a burning zeal—a repressed fire, that broke out in indignation at any wrong to Faith—any injury to His Master's cause—and yet was entirely veiled at most times by the exceeding charity that was its very root. This deep indignation may be traced in more than one passage in the 'Lyra Innocentium,' which was given to the world in 1846.

This book, often almost overlooked by those to whom its predecessor is almost a text-book, should assuredly be equally the companion of our Sundays and Holy-days. The poetry is not so equal as that of 'The Christian Year,' all the poems of which may be said to be much of the same quality, though some rise higher, of course, than others; but in the 'Lyra Innocentium,' some give the idea of being *for* the innocents themselves to use, and are very simple in construction; and others which are *about* them, or suggested by their ways, have an elaborate beauty and loftiness even beyond anything in 'The Christian Year.' Even the very simplest are weighted with lines of deep awful import, such as should grow into proverbs—as for instance, the last verse of 'The Danger of Praise'—

'Pray we our Lord one pang to send
Of deep remorseful fear;
For every smile of partial friend,
Praise be our penance here;'—

or the thought that runs through the poem of five verses, entitled 'Anticipation and Retrospection.'

In general, we think it is found on reading the two poems for the same day together, that there is the thought of an older maturer spirit in the Lyra, intensified in many points—less agitated, less busied in active employment—and with the hope fuller and calmer. Perhaps the two poems for Holy Thursday are the most marked specimen of what we mean. Both gaze upwards; but in 'The Christian Year' the cloud 'draws its bright veil across the heavenly way;' in the Lyra it 'departs into the waste of air, as bark in ocean green;' and while the poem of earlier life bids us 'not stand to gaze too long,' the later one speaks of the blessing of being found at the coming again—

'If *upward* in that tide
His eye be turned.'

Of course there is no dissonance of tone; but in the one the mind has its work before it; the other sees on towards its consummation—'the mountain traveller in the night' is further across the heath.

In exquisite, tender, harmonious poetry, it seems to us that 'Sleeping

on the Waters,' 'Looking Westward,' 'Children like Parents,' 'Bereavement,' 'Fire,' 'May Garlands,' 'The Song of the Manna Gatherers,' and 'St. Joseph,' are as delightful as any of their predecessors; and that 'The Christian Year' itself is exceeded by 'The Saint's Infancy,' 'The Waterfall,' 'Isaac on Moriah,' 'The Offertory,' and 'Continual Services.' These last-named are surely his very grandest poetry.

The character of the whole book is wonderfully that of himself and of his sermons—simplicity and humility almost disguising the exceeding depth and force of thought. People were often disappointed in his sermons, from the exceeding quietness of manner, often with long pauses —pauses such as he made likewise in the reading of the Lessons, as if to give time for the special points to sink in. The simplicity of the language—the plain words, brief sentences—the reverential way of putting forward interpretations—the entire absence of all self or self-assertion—made his preaching less attractive than that set off by greater eloquence, flow of words, and more enthusiastic manner; but on reading the printed sermons, it will be found that the simply-constructed sentences are each full of ideas—the fruit of more extensive learning, and more powerful thought, than those who only see their plain form can appreciate. His chief work during his latter years was the biography of Bishop Wilson, a most congenial work, in which he took great delight, collecting and collating materials from many sources, and making two journeys at least to the Isle of Man with that object. The needs of the Church often interrupted the work, and it was not completed till the last year of his health and activity.

Perhaps his writings carry on the distant parallel we formerly began with—to the Books of the Evangelist, whose simple language makes his Gospel a study for beginners in Greek, yet whose doctrine is the highest and most mysterious of all. And of the poet's love to little children, we need no witness save the Lyra. In them, and in their sports, there was an unfailing refreshment in all anxieties, and in all sorrows for the Church, or of cares for the parish. Never was he happier than at a school-feast, or when a little child was staying in his house.

And when, on the St. Andrew's Day of 1864, the first warning—a slight stroke of paralysis—had been given, and he was forced to cease from preaching, it was the children of his parish to whom his last ministerial teaching was directed. Through the summer of '65 he took some share in the services of his church, and catechized the children—indeed, much progress towards recovery had been made; and it was finally the pressure of protracted anxiety, and the silent calm effort of resignation, that proved too great a strain for the aged and enfeebled frame. After a week's illness, he entered on his rest, the first hour of Maundy Thursday, 1866, to wait till

> 'When th' Archangel's word is spoken,
> And death's deep trance for ever broken;
> In mercy' he may 'feel the heavenly hand,
> And in' his 'lot unharmed before the Saviour stand.'

And on Friday, the 6th of April, his mortal remains were laid beneath his Church's shade. An Easter sun in a cloudless sky, bathing the tall white spire in light, and glancing through the pure soft tints of the windows, unfolding starry flowers and newly-awakened butterflies, spoke of joy even to hearts bereft; and among the numbers who gathered round that grave, if there were none who turned away without a heart full to overflowing, surely there could have been none who did not feel the soothing appropriateness of the Psalm that was sung by his white-robed choir!—

'My Shepherd is the Lord: I know
No care or craving need;
He lays me where the green herbs flow,
Along the quiet mead.

* * * *

O naught but love and mercy wait
Through all my life on me;
And I within my Father's gate
For long bright years shall be.'

PRACTICAL READINGS ON THE APOSTLES' CREED.

ARTICLE VI.

'HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN, AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.'

AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

HEREBY I profess to believe that Jesus Christ, ascending into the highest Heavens, after all that He had here endured for our redemption, did rest in everlasting happiness; He, Who upon earth had not where to lay His head, did take up a perpetual habitation there, and sit down upon the throne of God as a Judge, and as a King; according to His office of Mediator, unto the end of the world; according to that which He merited by His mediatorship, to all eternity.

Our profession of belief in Christ, as sitting on the right hand of God, is necessary, first, to remind us of our duty, which must needs consist in subjection and obedience. The majesty of a king claims the loyalty of a subject; and if we acknowledge His authority, we must submit unto His power. Nor can there be a greater incitement to obedience, than a consideration of the nature of His government. Subject we must be, whether we will or no; but if willingly, then is our service perfect freedom; if unwillingly, then will that unwilling subjection be our everlasting misery. Enemies we all have been; under His feet therefore we shall all be, either adopted, or subdued; for it is written, 'He must reign till He

hath put all enemies under His feet.' From Christ's kingdom of power none of us can be excepted; happy are we if, by our obedience, we be subjects also of His kingdom of grace, for then the kingdom is not only Christ's, but ours.

Secondly, it is necessary to believe in Christ sitting on the right hand of God, that we may be assured of a gracious protection under His dominion. For God, by exalting Him, has given our Saviour 'to be the Head over all things to the Church;' and therefore from Him we may confidently expect direction and preservation. There can be no injustice where Christ is the Lawgiver; there can be no danger from enemies where the Son of God is the Defender. The very name of Head, not only signifies dominion, but union; and therefore, while we look upon Him at the right hand of God, we by faith see ourselves in Heaven. This is the special promise which He has made us since He sat down there: 'To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with Me, in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne.' How should we rejoice—yea rather, how should we fear and tremble—at so great an honour!

The belief of Christ's glorious session is necessary, thirdly, on account of its consequence; that is, His most gracious intercession. Our Saviour is ascended as the true Melchizedeck, not only as the King of Salem, the Prince of Peace, but also, as 'the Priest of the Most High God.' And whereas every priest according to the Law of Moses, 'stood daily ministering, and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which could never take away sins, this Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God.' And now Christ being set down in that power and majesty, though the sacrifice be but once offered, yet the virtue of it is perpetually pleaded by His session; for He is 'entered into Heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.' Thus, 'If any man sin, we have an Advocate with God the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous;' and 'He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.' What then remains to all true believers but that triumphant exclamation of the Apostle, 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth: Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again, Who is even at the right hand of God, Who also maketh intercession for us.'

'The Lord is King, and earth submits,
  Howe'er impatient, to His sway;
Between the cherubim He sits,
  And makes His restless foes obey.

'All power is to our Jesus given;
  O'er earth's rebellious sons He reigns;
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven;
  And holds the powers of hell in chains.

'In vain doth Satan rage his hour,
Beyond his chain he cannot go;
Our Jesus shall stir up His power,
And soon avenge us of our foe.

'Jesus shall His great arm reveal;
Jesus, the woman's conquering seed;
[Though now the serpent bruise His heel,]
Jesus shall bruise the serpent's head.

'The enemy his tares hath sown,
But Christ shall shortly root them up,
Shall cast the dire Accuser down,
And disappoint his children's hope.

'Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn;
Scatter Thy foes, victorious King;
And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,
And all the sons of God shall sing:

'Shall magnify the sovereign grace
Of Him that sits upon the throne;
And earth and heaven conspire to praise,
Jehovah, and His conquering Son!'

(To be continued.)

'TARCISIUS, THE CHILD MARTYR.'

BY THE REV. E. MONRO.

In the first three centuries of the history of the Church, there were many who died for the sake of our Blessed Lord. As the author of the 'Christian Year' has brought before our notice, some gave up their lives willingly, as St. Stephen; some, though willing, were not called upon to do it, as St. John, the beloved disciple; and some, without the exercise of their will, did lay down their lives for His sake, as the Holy Innocents of Bethlehem.

And so year after year there were Christians who offered themselves gladly and eagerly to the stroke of martyrdom; and little children often, after the Holy Innocents, without the expression of their will, died for Jesus' sake. But in the records of those times there is a tale told us on authentic grounds, of one who, perhaps, does not strictly belong to any one of the three classes mentioned above. His tale is brief and true. It may be worth while to tell it.

It was in the period of those struggles with the Christians against their heathen oppressors, that several of them were waiting for death in the prison to which they had been consigned by the bloody edicts of the Emperor. At that time Christians thoroughly realized the force of the words of the great Apostle, 'To me to live is Christ, and to die

is gain.' Death to them was a form around whose brow a halo of morning beauty gathered; it was the dawn of an everlasting day. It is remarkable how children, by God's grace, were led to appreciate and to long for the crown of the confessor. Amongst these was Tarcisius, a child rather more than seven years old, born of Roman parentage, and that not mean. His father had died a martyr; but before his death he had consecrated the boy to the service of the Church. His sweet child-like voice had already sounded often in the choir of the Church by the Esquiline Gate. Soft and lovely as the features of the child were, they were not such as to attract any particular notice. Unconscious, and acting religiously, almost more by instinct than by any formed intention of his own, he performed his daily if not hourly work in God's service and His Church. Like Samuel of old he had been dedicated to that life, and like Samuel he fulfilled it. In brief, he had been 'brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' Nevertheless, he was called upon to occupy an important position in the events of the early Church.

The martyrs, then, were to die to-morrow; but they could not die without the Viaticum—the last food of the wayfarer at the end of his pilgrimage, the last stay of the pilgrim before he finishes the long travel from earth to Heaven. It may be that men in those days realized such truths more than men do now; but they were and are realities. The martyrs in the prison were without that aid which the priest alone could give them.

'Who will go and carry the Blessed Sacrament to the Confessors?' said the Bishop; he said it in the Church, and three young men clad in their neophyte garments came forward and offered, nay, entreated, to go. The little golden vessel which contained the holy Elements was in the hands of the aged Bishop; 'No, my children,' said he, 'it is not for you; instant death would be the result of your bearing this precious casket to the prison of the martyrs—you have a work yet to do for the Church of Christ. A child must carry this, who will attract less notice, and incur less certain risk.'

The large dark eyes of Tarcisius were gazing at the window; he was unconscious of what was passing around him. He was a child, and his adherence to God was that of an unconscious child. His simple idea was that he was to do God's Will, and to go to heaven when he died.

'No,' repeated the Bishop, 'it cannot be.'

Deep was the disappointment expressed on the faces of the youths who had 'willingly offered' themselves, but implicit obedience was the rule of THAT day.

'A child must go.—Tarcisius, bear this precious food to the martyrs' prison.'

The child started from his reverie, during which he had been gazing at the bright and glorious Roman sky.

'Carry this, Tarcisius, to the den where the Confessors lie.'

The child came at the bidding. For a moment he seemed bewildered

with the message; but in the next minute, with his pure white dress bordered with its golden fringe, his neck bare to the shoulders as a Roman child, his legs and feet uncovered except with the sandal that the children of his country wore, Tarcisius knelt before the Bishop, accepting the precious casket, little knowing that he was, in a few hours, to be a martyr of the holy Church of Jesus.

The carrying the Viaticum, though apparently an easy task, was, in real truth, one of great hazard and danger through the streets of Rome at this period. The child looked innocently up into the face of the Bishop, scarcely apprehending the peril and importance of the mission on which he was sent, or the real nature of the death to which he might be exposed. He placed the sacred treasure within the white folds of the dress which covered his breast, and the young boy set off upon his appointed work. Closely and earnestly he pressed with his hand to his heart the precious burden. He turned the corner of the street; a number of school-boys were playing as he passed—Roman lads. The dress of Tarcisius was enough, he was a Christian and connected with the Church. A shout rose at once as the child went by—'It is an accursed Christian!' was the cry that burst on the ears of the startled child; but with earnest devotion he pressed the vessel closer to himself, as he tried to get past the group of his persecutors, when he received a violent blow from a stone, which cut his temple open, making a wound, through which the blood poured freely down over his cheek. He was aroused to a sense of his position, and learnt perhaps for the first time, what it really was to be a Christian. His eyes swelled with the tears that rose, not so much from the pain he suffered, as from the glorious thought that he was one who 'was counted worthy to suffer' for the Name and sake of Jesus Christ. His face was pale from loss of blood, but its expression was radiant with the thought and feeling that he was treading in the foot-prints of those before him on the road of confessorship and persecution, and the pathway to everlasting peace.

'Fool!' cried a youth of about fifteen, who, at this moment coming up, struck a blow at the child. Tarcisius staggered, but with all the greater energy clasped the vessel to his breast. He saw before him in his mind's eye the martyrs of to-morrow, who were waiting for its contents, and he realized for the moment that he was the soldier of the 'Captain of Salvation.'

But in proportion as the child insisted on retaining his hold of his treasure, the lads gathered round him, pelting him with mud and stones, striving to wrench from him the holy vessel; but with more than even a youth's courage, (to say nothing of a child,) Tarcisius defended his charge. Bruised and bleeding, torn and beaten, the little confessor sunk against the wall. At that moment a soldier of the Imperial Guard, Quadratus by name, turned the corner of the street. Himself a Christian, he caught up the sinking child; the lads ran away, crying out, 'The Christians to the lions!' Quadratus bore on his shoulder the

bleeding boy, whose pale hand still clasped the casket. His cheek rested upon the head of the soldier. At that moment a lady met them, herself a Christian. The stains of blood on the breast of the little neophyte, his closed eyelids, his extreme paleness, made her stop. With a woman's instinct she asked Quadratus what ailed the boy. She lifted his face from the head of the soldier, as he gently placed him down, but the soul was gone; the hand which had so closely pressed that treasure to his bosom, fell lifeless at his side. The sweet and lovely face of the Roman child lay upon the soldier's arm, and TARCISIUS HAD WON THE MARTYR'S CROWN.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO LXXVI.

THE BRIDGE OF MONTEREAU.

AFTER Rouen had been taken, there was again an attempt at peace-making by both the rival French parties. Each made a truce with Henry V.; and the Dauphin Charles offered to come and meet him, and a place of conference was appointed; but Charles had no trust in any-one's word, and seems to have taken a sudden alarm, for he never appeared. Jean Sans Peur felt no doubt, that for the English King to come to a treaty with the Prince would be the ruin of his own supremacy; and therefore made offers in earnest to bring the King, Queen, and Henry's unseen lady-love, Madame Catherine, to meet him.

A great plain near Meulan was the chosen place. Henry lodged at Mantes. The French court came to Pontoise, and between the two a square space was staked out, trenched round, and boarded in on three sides; the fourth being bounded by the Seine. Within was a mast planted in the exact centre; and at exactly equal distances on either side were two velvet tents, embroidered with gold, for the two Kings, who were to make exactly the same number of steps to the mast, and then proceed together to a third tent, where two thrones of precisely the same altitude were erected for them. The Queen's tent was blue, embroidered with gold fleur-de-lys, with a silver flying hart at the top. Henry's tent was blue and green, with two antelopes embroidered on it, one turning a mill, and the other seated on high with an olive branch in his mouth, and the motto, 'After busy labour, victorious rest.' An eagle with diamond eyes was above. A barrier cut off the neutral ground; and beyond, other pavilions were set up for the attendants, who were to be thirty knights on either side; and the day was fixed for the 30th of May, 1419.

The English King brought his two brothers of Clarence and Gloucester;

and the three noble looking young brothers, with the excellent Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, awaited on their side the arrival of the French royalty. It was soon known, however, that the poor King of France had been taken that morning with a paroxysm of frenzy, and had been left at Pontoise; but a splendid gilt barge was rowing along the river, and from it descended the corpulent figure of Queen Isabeau, the thin, dark, wiry, hard-featured Jean of Burgundy, and the veiled girlish being on whom Henry had set his vehement heart.

As they entered the neutral ground, he and his brothers stepped through the barrier. The two parties met at the mast in the centre, the English princes making respectful obeisance, after which Henry saluted first the Queen, then the Princess.

Was Catherine worth the prominence that the first knight and king in Europe had given to an alliance with her? Almost perfect were her features; her complexion was pure and colourless as ivory; her eyes deep, liquid, and dark. No doubt Henry did not observe a certain inanity of expression; and it might not have grieved him even had he had time enough to test the shallow nature that existed beneath that lovely face. Compliments passed in plenty; but Henry, though charmed, was only the more resolved to obtain the fair lady without abating one jot of the dower he had demanded: namely, all the old Plantagenet possessions; and he took little pains to conceal his dislike and contempt for that factious murderer and infidel, the Duke of Burgundy. However, they parted with fair words; a long speech being made in French by the Earl of Warwick, and the King showing every token of his admiration of Catherine.

The terms of the treaty were discussed on either side, and Isabeau sent in eight requests, which Henry was unwilling to grant; but he demanded a fresh meeting at Meulan, to take place three weeks after the first. To his great vexation, however, no fair Catherine appeared, only the fat Queen and the overweening Duke, who seem to have resolved that the lady's countenance should only be vouchsafed to her lover on condition of his bating of his demands. They had, however, much too great a man to be thus trifled with; and he let them know that he was as determined as ever to accept nothing but all the English provinces with Catherine's hand, or else to conquer the whole of France for himself.

Meantime, however, the Dauphin and his advisers, Tanneguy du Chatel, young Armagnac, and De Brabazon, had taken alarm. Their object had been to hold off from treating with either party, till the death of the poor King of France, which could not be far distant, should throw the right indisputably into the hands of his son; but they began to apprehend that if a treaty were forced from Isabeau and the Duke of Burgundy by the English, a very large portion of the inheritance would at once be made over to hands whence they would not easily wrest it.

Secret proposals of accommodation, and of uniting against the common enemy, were accordingly despatched to Jean Sans Peur at Pontoise, chiefly

through the Dame of Giac, one of the Queen's ladies; and he, being displeased with Henry's manners towards him, lent a favourable ear to them, and promised to break off with the English. Henry had made an engagement to meet the Queen, Princess, and Duke, at Meulan, on the 30th of June; but when he arrived there he found the barriers torn up, the pavilions gone, and no one there but the Duke and his knights, ready for a mere business interview. Henry was much incensed at the insult, and spoke hotly to the Duke.

'Beau Cousin,' he said, 'we give you notice that we *will* have your King's daughter, or we will drive him and you out of his kingdom.'

'Sire, you are pleased to say so,' answered Jean Sans Peur, with a tone worthy of a better man and truer patriotism; 'but before you have succeeded in driving me and my lord out of the kingdom, I make no doubt that you will be heartily tired.'

Other high words passed, which Monstrelet considers as too tedious to relate, and the two princes parted in mutual displeasure; but Henry desired the Archbishop and the Earl of Warwick to continue the negociations, and prolonged the truce till the 29th of July.

Tanneguy du Chatel had, however, come in person to Pontoise, to talk over the Duke; and Jean Sans Peur was really far more desirous of a union with the heir of the Crown than with the national enemy, and preferred lessening his own pretensions to dismembering the kingdom.

He therefore agreed to meet the Dauphin on the 11th of July. The place was to be a bridge over a little stream that flows into the Seine, between Melun and Corbeil. Here an arbour was erected, and adorned with tapestries and silken hangings; and the two princes met, leaving several guards at about a bow-shot distance on either side of the river; and each, accompanied by only ten knights, dismounted, and advanced so as to meet in the middle of the bridge.

Jean Sans Peur bowed low several times, and knelt down before the Dauphin. Charles likewise bowed, took his hand, kissed it, and tried to raise him; but the Duke refused at first, saying, 'My Lord, I know how I ought to demean myself to you;' but Charles insisted, and pardoned him for all his offences, promising that the treaty between them should be framed to meet the Duke's wishes. Accordingly, Jean Sans Peur engaged to support the Dauphin as the second person in the realm; and Charles promised to treat the Duke as his nearest and most loyal kinsman, while both were to concert measures for the public security. The cousins themselves, and their chief servants, swore to the observance of these articles; and on parting, there was a great exchange of courtesies, the Duke offering to hold the Dauphin's stirrup, and the Dauphin refusing to permit him to condescend so far.

If this reconciliation had been sincere on both sides, it would have been by far the best hope for France; and Henry V. was much disconcerted by hearing of it. He immediately caused Pontoise to be stormed, the attack being led by one bearing a familiar title, namely the Captal de

Buch. This Captal was Gaston de Foix, great-grand-nephew to the friend of the Black Prince, and like him a Knight of the Garter. The Sire de Lisle Adam, the same who had taken Paris, was in command of Pontoise, and was fast asleep in bed, when between day-break and sunrise on the morning of the last day of July, there was a shouting of 'St. George!' at the gates of the town, and three thousand English began mounting the walls by means of scaling-ladders.

Lisle Adam wakened, but finding the walls already gained, he returned to his quarters, packed up his goods, forced open the gate on the Paris road, and with about ten thousand of the townspeople set off towards the capital, while the unfortunate city suffered the treatment of a town taken by assault. The Duke of Burgundy was at St. Denis, only fifteen miles off, but not strong enough to interfere, and the English foraging parties became so alarming, that he decamped from thence, carrying off the Queen and Madame Catherine; otherwise her knight-errant might really have borne off his lady as the spoil of his own good sword. Almost all Normandy was now his own, except the strong Castle of Gaillard, which was besieged by the Earl of Huntingdon. The governor, Sir Olivier de Manny, held out sixteen months, and was only forced to surrender when the ropes in the castle were all worn out, and he could obtain no more water!

Much had happened outside the walls before that time. The Duke of Burgundy had left the Marshal de Chastellux to defend St. Denis, with a party of the most savage and lawless soldiers, who preyed on the inhabitants, and even drove the monks out of the cells of their abbey—the prime abbey of France, of which the King was the sworn defender—and lodged there, practising such vile debauchery, that the people's cry was, 'How can the English be worse than this?'

There was no garrison in Paris; the governor was the young Count of Luxembourgh, a boy of fifteen; and it is even supposed that Jean Sans Peur purposely left it undefended, because it was in such a state of anarchy and disorganization, that it was more likely to ruin a garrison and absorb it into its own confusion, than to be capable of defence. Henry might have taken it with a thousand men; but he too avoided the miserable place, and only took and garrisoned the intermediate cities, so as to plant each foot firmly ere making another step.

Nothing seemed to have come of the reconciliation of the Dauphin and the Duke. The young Prince had been in Touraine and Maine, and had collected twenty thousand men there; and two months after the first meeting he sent to invite the Duke to a second conference at Montereau. To this the Duke answered that it would be more natural for the Dauphin to come and join his parents' counsels at Troyes, since there could be no danger in so doing. There was no quarrel between them, and peace had been sworn by both.

It is very difficult to understand the motives on either side. It seems probable that all the French princes at heart wished to drive away the

national enemy from France, but that the Duke of Burgundy was hampered by the unwillingness of his Flemish subjects to make war with England—since in no other country was property secure enough to keep sheep in sufficient numbers to afford the wool needful for the manufactures of the great Flemish towns. Age, power, rank, and standing, gave Duke Jean such an influence over the counsels of the kingdom, that so long as he did not act, nobody else could do so effectually; and the advisers who had the ear of the Dauphin, now a youth of seventeen, had besides a long score of vengeance to settle with this violent and unscrupulous man, for the murder of the Duke of Orleans, and the permitted slaughter of the Count d' Armagnac and his partizans. They, therefore, might easily persuade their young master, that to sweep away this half-hearted prince from the steps of the throne, gave the only chance of dealing with the foreign enemy; and that, after all, it was scarcely unjust to deal with him as he had dealt with Louis of Orleans, and as he maintained was righteous and needful, by the mouths of preachers of religion. Whether the Dauphin assented or not, or was even privy to the scheme, is an open question. He denied it; but no one ever had much faith in his word, and the balance of probability was against him, though, of course, he was far less guilty than Tanneguy du Chatel and the other nobles, who originated the design, in hopes, when the Duke was removed, of governing through the Dauphin.

Every attempt was made to bring the Duke to come and meet his nephew. The Lady of Giac, and his favourite Jossequin especially, busied themselves in persuading him; and at last he consented to give Charles the meeting on the 10th of September, 1419, at the Bridge of Montereau. Barriers were set up at either end of the bridge, through which only the two princes, with ten attendants each, might pass; and in the middle was a wooden erection, where the conference was to take place, with a narrow passage admitting to it from either side. This work had all been done by the Dauphin's people, and the Burgundians viewed it with a vague distrust, frequently entreating the Duke not to venture too far.

He had, however, made up his mind. 'Whatever may happen,' he said, 'I wish for peace. If they kill me, I shall die a martyr! When peace is made, we will conquer the English. The Dauphin's men are brave and sage captains. Tanneguy and Brabazan are valiant knights. Then will we see who is the better man—Hannotin of Flanders, or Harry of Lancaster.' Hannotin (or Jacky) being his own nick-name.

On the very day of the Conference, just as the Duke was setting forth from his night's lodging at Bray sur Seine, three of his servants who had ridden on to look at the bridge, came back and told him that some fresh barriers had been erected on the Dauphin's side, and beseeching him not to go forward.

Sir Tanneguy du Chatel had already come to conduct the Duke to the place of meeting. Jean turned to him, and said, 'We rely on your word; but in the most holy Name, are you sure of what you have promised us?'

to which the Breton replied, that he was quite sure, and would rather die than see any harm befall the Duke of Burgundy. 'Well then,' said the Duke, 'we will go, trusting in you and in God.'

Close to the bridge, more of his servants ran up to him, assuring him that there was a gathering of armed men in the houses on the other side, and insisting that treachery was intended. He then sent a person across to see, but the messenger was the husband of the Lady of Giac, and returned saying that there was nothing of the kind. He then entered on the bridge, where, as he passed the first barrier, some of the Dauphin's men told him their lord was waiting for him, then closed and locked the barrier behind him. Instead of observing this, he pointed out to Du Chatel and the rest how lightly he and his companions were armed, and laying his hand on Tanneguy's shoulder, said, 'This is what I trust to.' Without making any reply, Tanneguy hurried him through the second barrier, which was again locked behind him; but he went straight on to where the Dauphin in full armour stood waiting, leaning over the third rail. The Duke, thus led on like wild-fowl in a decoy, still was unsuspicious; he bent his knee before the young prince, and doffed his velvet cap, but the youth made no gesture of courtesy, and only reproached him for not having fulfilled his promises. At the same time Sir Robert de Loire took him by the right arm, saying, 'Rise, Sir, you are too great a man to kneel.' The Duke's sword had slipped backwards as he knelt; he put his hand to set it right, and at that moment a sign past between the attendants, there was a cry, 'Your sword before the Dauphin!' and Tanneguy Du Chatel raised his battle-axe. The Sire de Navailles strove to defend his master; but the Viscount of Narbonne cried, 'He who moves is a dead man;' and as the Duke tried to draw his sword, his hand was almost severed; blows from swords, battle-axes, and daggers, fell upon him from all sides in the space where he stood as it were penned up for the slaughter; and he and his follower, De Navailles, lay dead men at the foot of the railing over which the Dauphin had been leaning.

The lad looked very much frightened, but did not try to interfere, and let himself be led back to his lodgings, while his men crossed the river, and overpowered the Duke's scanty escort, and forced the garrison in the Chateau of Montereau to yield to them. The corpse of Jean Sans Peur was stripped to the shirt and drawers, and lay thus on the fatal bridge till mid-night, when it was carried to the mill, laid on a table, and in the morning buried in the Church of Montereau.

So died Jean the Fearless—an unscrupulous man, with, it may be suspected, even less of the fear of God than of the fear of man. He had been a fairly just and beneficent ruler in his own hereditary states, but as a prince of the blood, forced to come forward by the incapacity of the sovereign, he had been a mere element of anarchy, and seems to have been more prompt to gratify his own hatred and ambition, than to attempt aught for the public good. In the defence of the country against the invader, he did far less than any other prince, even than the feeble

inanimate Dauphin; but here difficulties with his Flemish subjects were probably his apology. It is hard, however, to pity a man for being thus murdered, when he had not only been guilty of such a deed in his own person, but had twice deliberately justified the action, and had even sought to reverse the sentence of the Church which condemned it. Who knows how much he had done to confuse the sense of right and wrong in the murderers, and in the miserable lad who was consenting to his death!

A lame account of the affair was sent off the next day by the Dauphin —not to the Court—but to the city of Paris, and the other chief places of the kingdom. He there stated that 'We reproached the Duke with not having waged war against the English;' whereupon he 'answered some foolish words, and sought his sword to invade and do wrong to our person, which same, as we have since heard, he intended to seize and put in subjection. Whence, by Divine piety, and the goodness and aid of our loyal servants, we were preserved; and through his own folly, he died upon the spot.' This was the best exculpation Charles could offer; and his friend, Sir Tanneguy du Chatel, likewise endeavoured to free himself from the imputation by declaring that as soon as the tumult began, he had taken the Dauphin up in his arms and put him over the barrier; but most of the Dauphin's followers gloried in their successful fraud and murder.

(To be continued.)

LILLA'S RELATIONS.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Hingston was naturally the very reverse of absent. His faculties were generally on the stretch from his waking till his sleeping hour; and whether he read, wrote, thought, or spoke, meditated, argued, or listened, he knew what he was doing, and did it thoroughly. Nevertheless, when he parted from Grace a dreamy fit came over him. He walked mechanically to the station, took his ticket for Paris, placed himself in the train, and was far on the road thither, before he realized in the remotest degree what he was about.

Many visions floated through his mind during that interval; plans, projects, schemes. In the course of one afternoon all the self-discipline which years of thought and prayer had worked, was done away. The heart which so few short weeks ago had known rest only in work for Christ, was beating as high and as fitfully (and ten times more strongly) than the youngest of the young men whom he met in his daily work at home.

At nearly fifty, Mr. Hingston was in love, and acknowledged himself to be so.

His nature was strong and inclined to self-confidence; and therefore when he acknowledged to himself that he loved Grace Vivian, he did not trouble himself, as many a younger, handsomer, but more diffident man would have done, with doubts as to the success of his wooing or with uncertainties about a future career. He scarcely questioned whether or no she loved him—he loved her; and his whole intensity of purpose was taken up in the longing to wean her from the worldliness in which she had hitherto lived, and taking her to himself, to train and teach her through the very force of his affection, to love the things he loved.

Hitherto his affections had been set on his Master and his Master's work alone; and the souls he had laboured to win he had loved and longed for for his Master's sake. Perhaps his was not an impressible nature; anyhow, he had contrived to live his fifty years in the world, mixing in it pretty freely as opportunities offered, without understanding what people meant by being in love; although he had many a warm friend—male as well as female, and many a hearty affection too. Grace he had been interested in, first, as a study of character, then as a soul whom he thought to win to God, and, utterly unsuspected, had other feelings crept into his mind.

Not even when Charles betrayed the supposed secret of her attachment to young Alderson, did he realize what it was that stabbed him to the heart like a knife, and what made him turn back with the almost forlorn hope of working on her to re-consider her decision. He did not stay to analyze his feelings, any more than if the house had been on fire, and he had rushed to pull her by main force from amidst the burning rafters. It was not till the fear was over—till the parting words were said, and he was once more returning to the station—that he understood that he was in love with her. The discovery did not surprise him, as so unwonted a sensation might have surprised some men. The feeling was unwonted, but it came to him with no uncertainties—no wavering. His love, and the realization of it, was deep intense delight and joy. Joy to think of possessing her, and that through the force of his love he would drag her into Heaven with him. He could not have spoken of love so calmly at their parting, had the conviction come upon him while they were still standing together; but when he understood himself, he rejoiced that the words had unconsciously been said. Strange that he should have prophesied, unwittingly prophesied, the life they should live—upward together tending; always learning through earthly love to realize the Heavenly more fully.

It was dark when he reached Paris; he scarcely heeded whether the sun or the moon shone in the heavens, as he wandered in the streets; and when he sat down to dinner, he understood as little what he ate. It was only when he knelt in prayer at last that he spoke all his thoughts to the one Friend whom he had loved so many years, and poured out his full heart in thanksgiving for the joyous prospect which he had suddenly discovered lying at his feet.

Another man would have turned at once to action—would have hastened to write or speak. Mr. Hingston did neither; he preferred to wait a little longer in his unwonted situation ere taking any step which he vaguely acknowledged might change his golden dream into a reality perhaps less blissful. Doubtless this practical thought did influence him to inaction; still more, however, was his quietness all through the following day caused by the desire to dwell on the new treasure he had discovered, as a child gazes through a window before it goes in to make the toy its own. No one can love, it is said, without some hope; and assuredly no one ever hopes without some, even though it be a false ground. In Grace's rejection of Mr. Alderson, Mr. Hingston found food for his hope; and in her words when she explained that she rejected him because she did not love him, prompted as he well understood them to be by simple candour and fear of unmerited esteem, he had already begun to build a castle of what his devotion and his love might some day bring about.

The following day was far advanced, and still things of real life were to Mr. Hingston as dreams, and his dream was still his only reality, when he was brought down to earth by encountering a well-known face, in the course of a long walk all over the Bois de Boulogne. A young man was walking with steady swinging steps straight to meet him, and they both stopped surprised, while Mr. Hingston, still only half awakened, said, as he shook hands warmly with him—

'Why, how came you here?'

The young man looked with an uncertain astonished gaze.

'Did you not write to me?' he asked. 'I came here to meet you last night by your appointment, and have been wiling away the time as I best could, because you did not come.'

Mr. Hingston felt as if he had fallen from the clouds. For almost the first time in his life, certainly for the last thirty years, he was utterly at a loss what to say for himself. Only for a moment, however, and then with the grave frank courtesy which made him so justly popular at Oxford, he answered—

'I did write to you indeed, and I did come here expressly to meet you; but I am ashamed to tell you that I utterly forgot all about it. I owe you many apologies, but my mind has been very much taken up; I don't remember that such a thing ever happened to me before.'

'If you were thirty years younger, people would say a young lady was in the case,' was the reply; 'but I suppose your mind was full of the reply to Essays and Reviews.'

The tone of the speech reminded poor Mr. Hingston of the very uncongenial companion whom it was his fate to be chained to for the next twenty-four hours. The tone of raillery seemed free and easy, but the speaker was a young M.A. staying on at Oxford, in the intention of trying for a fellowship. A college dignitary therefore did not fill him with the awe such personages inspire in undergraduates. Mr. Hingston

was what he had every likelihood of being himself, and though with a high opinion of his senior's scholarship, he had every whit as good a one, or better, of his own abilities.

Mr. Hingston had been exceedingly kind to him in his undergraduate career, although few young men were personally more unattractive to him. Mr. Osborne was the son of a poor country clergyman; hard reading, industry, and a prodigious memory, had stood him in better stead than genius stands many a man, and almost earned for him the reputation of having it. For a while he seemed likely to be drawn within the circle of which Mr. Hingston was the centre, and where he tried to influence for good the clever heads and bright intellects of young Oxford; but as time went on, and the range of Osborne's successes enlarged, the home associations which were his religion died away, and instead came many engrossing subjects—views, attractive from their novelty; men, striking for their boldness; society, irresistible from its insidious flattery; soon Osborne's name was well known in another, so called broader, school, the younger portion of which he even aspired to lead. Still he kept up his acquaintance with Mr. Hingston; and the latter kept his eye on him, hoping, almost against hope, that a favourable time might come, and that the mists which conceit had blinded him with might be dispersed at last.

No one disputed Mr. Hingston's scholarship; and accordingly when in the course of his reading Osborne found points on which he required enlightenment, he congratulated himself that he had not broken off acquaintance with Hingston so entirely as to make it impossible to consult him. So he wrote to him, and a meeting was arranged to take place on a given day at Paris, whither Osborne was to come en route for England, after a reading tour in Switzerland.

How utterly he grated on Mr. Hingston can hardly be conceived; and his jest, most unconsciously said, called so hot a blush into the former's face that he had to turn hastily away to avoid observation. Osborne thought he was offended, and being anxious to get what he came for, he embarked immediately on the difficulties he wanted help in, as the two tramped back, hard, firm, and rapidly, *a l'Anglais*, to the restaurant where they were to dine together.

All through dinner, at the Trois Frêres Provençaux, they went on with their Greek and Hebrew; Mr. Hingston, like an old war-horse, snuffing the battle from afar, and rushing at once into the melée, to the intense amusement of a French savant, who was enjoying himself with his friends at a neighbouring table, and who moralized on the strange digestion of the English, and their extraordinary nature, which would not allow of their throwing off the business in hand, be it what it might, even to eat. The incident furnished him with a very apposite illustration in a paper he was preparing for the new review *l'Aiglon*, on the reasons why the English, with all their acknowledged ability, are so far outstripped in every undertaking by the French. And a very amusing picture he drew

of the English pair, and also of his own party, in doing which no doubt he was much helped by the mirror on the walls of the dining-room, where he could see them all reflected in all possible attitudes.

Dinner over, the two Englishmen walked to Osborne's hotel, where they established themselves in his room and referred to books. When the points had been all gone into, Mr. Hingston, whose attention up to the present time had been fully engrossed, began to long once more to be alone with himself and his thoughts. Osborne, however, was not quite so willing to be shaken off. Mr. Hingston had come to Paris expressly to meet him; he had kept him a whole day waiting, and now he certainly need not rush off in such a hurry. Horribly weary of his companion was Mr. Hingston, and intensely arrogant and conceited did he think the young man as he gazed at him, with pale sharp features, sandy whiskers, short slight figure, every talent sharpened to its utmost, and every faculty on the alert. He rose to take leave; but Osborne, who had never before seemed so inclined to conversation as now, insisted on accompanying him to the hotel where he was to sleep. The conversation had drifted to the subject on which Mr. Hingston was generally well at home, and on which it was no secret that he was preparing a work which the theological world hoped would be a standard of reference for Biblical criticism; and thence it diverged to the wide all-engrossing subjects of Faith and Inspiration. Osborne's tone was generally offensive on these subjects, from the sneer, albeit a refined one, which he was wont to use; and at the first sound of this, which had almost become a habit with him, his listener was silent. It was against all Mr. Hingston's principles to lose temper on such a subject, and yet the arrogance of the tone provoked him so that he felt if he spoke at all it would be sharply. An inexpressible weariness of Oxford, the sound of controversy, and the never-ending repetition to unconvincible minds of the old truths, came over him. Twenty-four hours before, he had been talking to Grace Vivian in the moonlit garden at Fontainebleau. His mind wandered off amid visions of future happiness, and Osborne had the argument all his own way as he talked on. Good-night was at last exchanged, and Mr. Hingston at last escaped to his own room.

The next three or four days were fully occupied. Papers and letters were ordered to be sent to him to Paris, and he found ample work connected with his book to fill up his time; added to which he was engaged in searching for certain documents in the libraries. However pleasant dreaming of Grace might be, he was not a person to neglect positive work, work especially so dear to his heart as this, and he thought of little else till at last an important memorandum was discovered to be missing; again and again he turned out pocket-books and boxes, till as a forlorn hope he fancied he might have dropped it accidentally in Osborne's rooms, and set off thither in the chance that he might not have yet quitted Paris.

On inquiring of the *concierge* at the Hotel Bristol, there came out of

his room, polite and deferential, the landlord himself. He was delighted to see Monsieur—perhaps he would be able to give some information as to the friends of Monsieur Osborne—was he a friend, perhaps, of Monsieur?—would he mount?—without doubt he knew of his critical state—the doctor was at the instant near him.

Mr. Hingston's conversational French was none of the best, and the landlord preceded him so fast up the stair that he had only to follow in silence into a darkened room. On the bed in the corner lay a motionless figure, on one side a doctor, and on the other a Sœur de Charité; bandages were on the patient's head, and a powerful aromatic smell was in the air. The explanation was soon made. On the evening of the day after Mr. Hingston had parted with him, Osborne's foot had slipped on a child's marble, and he had fallen from the top to nearly the bottom of the stair they had just traversed. He got up by himself, declared he was unhurt, and had gone to his room—then out, then home, then out again, almost as usual. The following day he had called for his bill, packed his clothes, and although the people noticed a strange dreaminess of manner, they let him go off in a *fiacre* to the railway station unquestioned.

On arriving there, the driver found him as he thought asleep inside. Efforts being vain to rouse him, the police were called in; and they, after satisfying themselves that he was ill, not intoxicated, conveyed him back whence he came and summoned a doctor, who declared he had had a concussion of the brain. All their efforts could not succeed in extracting from him a connected sentence, or even a word of more than one syllable, although they roused him partially from his heavy sleep. Gradually he sunk into a stupor again, and had remained so for more than twelve hours. The doctor was quite of opinion that the relatives should instantly be summoned. Was Monsieur a friend of the *malade?*—would he write?

Alas! beyond Osborne's own Christian name, and the fact that his father was a Yorkshire clergyman, Mr. Hingston could tell nothing. Had any letters arrived meanwhile for the gentleman? he inquired. Up to the present moment none, was the reply; but the postman had just come, they would send and see. Sure enough there were three letters addressed to 'Edward Osborne, Esq.' The police had given the landlord leave to open all letters, in hope of finding an address to write to—a responsibility which on his part he was glad to hand over to the countryman of his guest.

So Mr. Hingston opened and glanced at the commencement of the first of the three which were handed to him; there was no address given, only a lady's hand began, 'The Rectory, Aug. —, 18—. My dearest boy,' and at the conclusion, 'Your most loving mother, Anne Osborne.' It was heart-rending to think of the mother so far away unconscious of her son's peril; and this glimpse into the country home, however brief, still gave him a more personal feeling of interest in Osborne than he had ever felt before; and with a pang of self-reproach he remembered the feeling of inward dislike with which he had parted from him so few days

before. Glancing through the letter in the hope of discovering some chance mention of a post-town or a name, he could not help seeing that Osborne must be a loving helpful *son*, at least, to draw forth all these expressions of love and confidence. He opened another letter—it was a bill; and the third, equally with the first, began without a date. It was evidently from his brother, full of allusions to home affairs; and Mr. Hingston perceived that he must be a clergyman, and older than Edward; not so clever apparently, and perplexed and puzzled by Edward's views, of which evidently no breath had reached the Yorkshire home. Mr. Hingston skimmed the letter, but one sentence against his will almost unconsciously he read. 'I am much grieved by what your letter, just come, tells me of the change you imagine to have taken place in Hingston's views. I always thought he was one of the sure ones on the side of Faith; but you say he found your arguments unanswerable, suffered the question to remain unnoticed, and took leave of you hastily. If I were convinced of this, it would indeed give me a shock—a bitter disappointment it is to me even now, for I confess I reckoned much on your interview in Paris, relying on your promise once more to bring the subject forward, but' .... Mr. Hingston read no more. It was unintentionally that he had seen so much as this, and withal he did not stop to realize what he had read. He lighted on a concluding sentence, in which the writer said he must stop, as an unexpected opportunity of sending into Braintree had offered; and on looking at the illegible post-mark with this clue, he was able to direct a letter to the Rev. William Osborne, near Braintree, Essex, in the reasonable hope that it would reach its proper destination.

Meanwhile he suggested to the Sister of Charity that he would relieve her watch for a few hours; and taking his seat by the bed, he gazed upon the insensible form stretched upon it as anxiously as if it had been that of his brother. It was a strange transformation which a few hours' sickness had made upon Osborne, lately so full of health and vigour, and so apparently all-sufficient to himself. Where now were all his plans, all his labour, and all the grand and reasonable views on sacred subjects which he flattered himself that he had carved out? The intelligence which he said was too keen to bow to revelations, where was it now?

The doctor came again, and the Sister returned to her post; but still Mr. Hingston waited and longed and hoped for a favourable turn. Sister Marie Angelique whispered her prayers as the hour struck, and fervently were they re-echoed by the English priest; but no change was to be seen, and at last Mr. Hingston retired to a bed-room for a little sleep, with the understanding that at the least change he should be called again.

Then in the silence and solitude he thought about what was to come. This man's soul was at stake. Would he be taken as he was—would the all-merciful Judge, the all-just One, call him then? And if so, what would the sentence be? Would all that spirit and industry and perseverance, the amiability and love of family, go for nothing? If he had

only shown any honest perplexity, any real desire to be convinced—if it were possible to believe it not all conceit, and the taking up of a popular cry, what would not Mr. Hingston give? And suddenly, as if they had started up written before his mind's eye, came the words in the brother's letter—'You say Hingston found your argument unanswerable, suffered your question to remain unnoticed, and took leave of you hastily.' What had *the question* been? Alas! he could not recall it. All he remembered was shaking him off as fast as he could; and the young man had been in earnest through all, and through self-pleasing his earnestness had been suffered to die away; and now—

There came over Mr. Hingston's heart a wave of anguish the like of which he never felt before. The love of souls was a strong burning love within him, and now through his fault a soul lay in instant peril; the bitterness of that anguish was like the bitterness of death. He sat still awhile, hardly bearing it, as we find only in absolute stillness strength to bear intolerable physical pain; and then he set himself to see how it all arose. That answered, came another out of it. Were these dreams and visions of earthly happiness consistent with his vows, utterly interfering as they did with the work to which he had hitherto given his life? With a strong effort of will he tore his joy from his bosom, where he had hitherto hidden it, and setting it up before him, sternly applied himself to see if he might lawfully retain it. Another image too he hung before him, even of Him Who hung and suffered for us; and he watched them both. He had never vowed not to marry. He had never been one of those who preached for a necessary doctrine the celibacy of the clergy. Still his conscience whispered to him that he had often rejoiced that he was unmarried, and had over and over regretted the marriages of those whom he had known.

What was there for it—hope that Grace, even if she did not love him then, would love him soon; the prospect of a happy home, the chance that by her marriage she would be won to good, and certainly withdrawn from an atmosphere of worldliness. This last seemed all-conclusive. Was he for a scruple to sacrifice not earthly happiness for himself alone, but the eternal welfare of a soul? Alas! the quick sharp pang of conscience stung him with this—was not a soul even now in peril, and were his hands free of the guilt?

Mr. Hingston was a casuist by practice and inclination; but as a physician prescribes not for himself, and shrinks from examining his own disease, and a judge decides not his own cause, he felt his power and perspicacity at fault, and the hours passed away almost unheeded as he thought on motionless. Suddenly he started—was he dreaming again? dreaming of what? of his future still—still longing to be free of Oxford, and where he could be happy in his own way. His joy was creeping again into his bosom—might it rightly stay? Then he knelt down and listened, silent, to the greatest casuist of all—to conscience. When morning dawned he arose, and the poor joy lay dead—killed by the great

pain and agony of being torn away; and in his bosom lay a pain instead. After all, the joy had been a vision—an uncertainty; perhaps for that the sweeter. The pain was a fierce reality, as of a man who had cut off his hand or foot which had offended him. Strange that this joy would live again in Heaven, but the sorrow would one day be wiped off as if it had never been.

Even in the midst of the deep feeling of a mature mind, often more overwhelming than that of younger men, Mr. Hingston was singularly calm, and made his renunciation with judgment and fairness. Bitterly as he accused himself of neglect of Osborne, and fully as he allowed that neglect to have been caused by his own mind being full of other thoughts, he yet did not needlessly mix up the two things. The incident had its effect in awakening him and bringing him face to face with his own future; but it did not, as with many minds it might, lead him to renounce his love by way of expiation. Setting that for the time aside, he weighed the question in its true bearings. He saw the literary works in which he had been for so many years engaged, necessarily given up as incompatible with the proper care of a parish. He looked at the field of wide-spreading influence in which he had hitherto been called to labour, and to which long practice had accustomed him, which he would be called upon to exchange for other duties to which he was unused, and for which, perhaps, less than others he was suitable; and he weighed the chances of a domestic life of happiness leading him to fall spiritually back. Looking at all these things together, he decided that to abandon his Oxford work would be to abandon that state of life to which God had actually called him, and so being, that to do so would be sin. The pain was his alone, he thought; for Grace was ignorant, and should ever remain ignorant, of his feelings. Therefore was his choice made, and his first feeling of comfort was the strong faith which filled his mind that God would give back Edward Osborne to his prayers.

(To be continued.)

THE SIX CUSHIONS.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.')

CHAPTER VII.

THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

'Ah! there they go!' said Mary plaintively, from the oriel of the Turtle Nest, as she sat with her cushion on her lap, and the pattern before her.

'Who go, my love?' Mrs. Rose had not turned her head quick enough to see.

'The carriages to Lady Bellenden's pic-nic, Mamma. Much chance the work will have!'

'Ah! my sweet one, I never thought that the labour of love would contend with the charms of gaiety.'

'I cannot think how they can answer it to themselves to go. Why, I have only done this piece.'

'Yes, my love, but the humble tortoise always comes up with the volatile hare. Besides, you have been hindered by that unfortunate commencement.'

For Mary, having meandered down to the bottom of her canvas, had there found that her counting had been wrong, and Clara right; so without picking out the blunder she had turned the canvas round, and begun again, rolling up the false beginning out of sight.

'Joan Harding has got to her fourth lily,' she said with a weary sigh, as she held out her first leaf to look at.

'Remember the tortoise, my child.'

'But Joan is not gone, Mamma. It is only the Maclaines and Miss West.'

'Fashion and wealth. Ah! we shall see them yet surpassed by humble self-devotion.'

It *did* for a moment cross Mary's mind that she had not had the choice of refusing the pic-nic, for the good reason that Lady Bellenden did not know there was any such person in existence; but it was much more pleasant to regard the enforced staying at home as voluntary abstinence from pomps and vanities, and to look down with superior pity from her Turtle Nest upon those deluded beings who were, no doubt, neglecting their lilies for the display of feathers and gauds.

It was true that Joanna Harding was staying at home, all by herself, and working at lily the fourth. She had had a very hard fight for it. Lady Bellenden was one of the most good-natured people in the world, and could not bear to see anyone lose a pleasure, and the bringing forward of her niece had been one of her views in taking Sans Souci; so that her vexation had been great in finding Joanna so entirely absorbed, and set against all diversions.

It was Mrs. Harding who had the brunt of the battle. Her husband had begun by demanding of her what nonsense Joan had in her head, and desiring her to put a stop to it. To which the gentle mother replied that it was a little fever, only a little fever, and that she thought it would be better to let it run its course, so that Joan might learn judgment by experience and come to her senses again, rather than be exasperated by opposition and thus tempted to become self-willed. So she earnestly entreated that Captain Harding would have patience; and he reluctantly answered that his wife must have it her own way about the girls, but he would not stand this if it went on long.

Mrs. Harding reported Papa's reluctant consent; and Joan was as

much transported with gratitude as most girls would have been if a succession of gaieties had been promised to them.

Nor did she know that Mamma submitted to go through much more from her ladyship, who imagined that she was bringing up Joan to be a morbid contemner of all the pleasures of this life, and that she was sacrificing her daughter to the fancies of an invalid. Lectures were administered not only to Mrs. Harding but to the Captain, though these last had a rather happy effect, since they only determined him the more that his wife should manage her children as she pleased without interference from his sister.

Yet Mrs. Harding herself had almost besought her daughter—while leaving her choice quite free—to join the party. 'You see, my dear, it need not take up very much of your time, so forward as you are too with your work; and it seems ungracious to mortify your aunt.'

'There are so many, Mamma—all the rest of us—nobody can miss me.'

'Besides, I don't quite like, when your aunt is so good-natured, to trouble her with little Nina and Rose, without any elder one except Miles to see after them.'

'But Miss Clay goes, does not she?'

'True; but it is hard on a poor little governess to have the children always on her hands at a party of pleasure, and not to be able to enjoy herself.'

'I don't suppose I should do her much good,' said Joanna.

Which was true. Joan was always meaning to be very kind and helpful to Miss Clay, but never finding the moment when she was not too busy about something else.

'And are not the Maclaines going?'

'Oh yes; but they are no rule. They never give up anything!'

'Your aunt stayed with them so long at Glentarn that I suppose they feel that it would be unkind to refuse her invitation.'

'Besides, Lady Euphemia is not like you, Mamma; she would not be content without their going out. But I do not believe they *can* finish in time.'

'After all, Joan dearest,' poor Mrs. Harding still ventured to say, 'you know this would hardly take you longer than your needful exercise; and you have done a great deal in one week.'

'Yes, Mamma; but I have made my resolution.' And Joan's face looked as severe and stern as its soft prettiness would allow.

Mrs. Harding took her resolution, which was that, health and weather permitting, she would go to the party herself, and take charge of Nina and Rose. Weather was fine, she was rather better than usual; so though she had much rather have been left in peace, she expressed her willingness to take the drive; and Captain Harding and Miles were so transported that they quite forgot to be angry with Joan.

Joan sat at home, felt very sublime, and worked at her lily. But

working cross-stitch in solitude was less lively than so doing with her mother to talk to, so she thought she would enliven her work with occasional glances at a book. By five o'clock the book was finished, but not so lily the fourth!

The other stay-at-home was Clara Braithwayte. It was a case of neither being asked, nor of once thinking of the pic-nic, and very little of the lilies, though they had gone on very quietly and steadily, and two with all their adjacent foliage were complete. An entreaty had that morning arrived that Susan would come to Emily, the eldest sister, as soon as possible, since her husband had been sent for suddenly to attend a sick brother in Germany, and Emily was not well nor strong enough to be left with her two tiny children alone in a very lonely country parish. The visit to Emily had long been intended, but it was not to have begun till after the holidays, and it was even debated for a short time whether Clara had not better be sent on the present emergency, and exchange with Susan later. But it was a long journey into Lincolnshire, and expense and escorts were both considerations; Susan could go alone, but Mr. Braithwayte did not like to send Clara by herself, and could not go with her when Dr. Henderson's absence left him and a young deacon in sole charge of the parish.

Susan was to go up by a late train to London, sleep there, and proceed the next day. So the packing was going on, and Susan was making over to Clara the many occupations of her life—household and parish, and, above all, to look after Freddy. Freddy was eight years old, went to the same day-school as did Angus and Niel Maclaine, and had yet never been left behind by Susan since she had the management of the house.

'Don't let Freddy be too much driven and hunted about by Johnny when he comes home,' implored Susan. 'I am sure Johnny is inclined to bully him.'

'I know,' said Clara, 'you are distressed at every squeak of Freddy's, and I really think that is often the cause that he makes such a fuss if anyone does but touch him!'

'Now Clara!' cried Susan, really distressed and grieved. 'You always do take part with Johnny; and if you give up my poor little Freddy to his tender mercies, I cannot tell what is to become of the poor little man. I must speak to Papa. Or could I take him?'

'Nonsense, Susan,' said Clara. 'Of course I will do my best to take care of Freddy, and keep him out of mischief.'

'Take care! You know that is not what I mean! Of course you will take care in a certain sort of way, but I can't bear to think of the poor dear little fellow missing me and being unhappy, and if you are always taken up with that work of yours, and letting him tear about with Johnny all day, I don't know what is to become of him.'

'Indeed, Susie, I will do my best,' said Clara humbly. 'I will do all I can to keep him safe, if he will only mind me.'

'All he wants is to be spoken to properly,' said Susan. 'And you will

take care about his not getting wet feet. Oh, and mind if there is veal, that there is something besides for him at dinner.'

'What! do you mean that Freddy can't eat veal yet?'

'He can't bear it—I thought you knew—and so I always have something else at dinner, or else Papa would get so much displeased with him.'

There was an ever-growing consternation in Clara's mind. She had, in many a little fit of vexation, been of opinion that it would be much better for Master Frederick if Susan did not indulge and shield him continually; and the more she was warned of the tenderness she must exercise, the more formidable did her task appear. She had no power at all. Her only chance hitherto of dealing with Freddy had been to be firm and sharp with him, and make him feel her authority not despicable; and if she must promise Susan to be extremely amiable, and pursue the old system—adieu to all hopes of good management! But was this all crossness and unkindness? Clara really thought so, blamed herself accordingly, took home shame for having spoken harshly of the darling, and promised all possible consideration for him, all without satisfying Susan that she would be half careful enough of him.

'I really am sorry to leave you with so much on your hands, my dear,' said Susan, 'especially when you have that work to do; I suppose you would not like to let me take it away with me. I shall have plenty of time at Emily's, and it could be easily settled with Mrs. Henderson.'

'Oh no, Susan, thank you,' said Clara, with tears in her eyes; 'I should be so very much disappointed not to do it. I promised, you know; and it would be so horrid for me, who am in charge of all, to be the first to give up. Oh! I have quite time. I can work all the evening, you know, and Joan is the only one who has got before me. I am sure, if the Maclaines can manage it, I can.'

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONSPIRACY.

'I SAY,' cried Herbert Bellenden, next brother to Walter, and just blossoming out of the school-boy, 'this is too bad! I'd never have come to this place if I had known we were to be treated like this.'

'All the fun spoilt all through the holidays!' chimed in Charles Harding.

'What?' exclaimed Angus Maclaine in intense amazement.

'They are all pining because they can't get any of the beauty and fashion to be sensible of their attractions,' murmured the far superior Walter Bellenden, over his cigar, as he lay on the grass under a tree that shaded the croquet ground of Sans Souci.

'For the girls!' burst out Johnny Braithwayte, with ineffable

amazement and disgust, as he looked at his elders. 'Who wants them?'

'Ah!' said Herbert, with his hands in his pockets, 'you are a little shaver that don't know any better! One's got enough of one's own sort all the half, and if the women-folk won't condescend to make themselves pleasant in the holidays, what do they get board and lodging for, I'd like to know?'

'They must be brought to their bearings,' quoth Charles. 'There's that sister of mine giving herself intolerable airs about some worsted work or trash that it seems the old Doctor has given her to do.'

'Yes, that's it,' responded the lesser Braithwayte, who perceived that it was *the thing* to be aggrieved, 'they have got six cushions among them to do for the Church; and my sister Clara is one of them.'

'Well,' said Herbert, 'I propose the sentiment that this is an intolerable invasion of domestic peace.'

'Spiritual despotism—that's the ticket,' put in Walter.

'Hear! hear!' cried Charles; 'as if any doctor of them all had any right to lay hold of our womankind in the holidays.'

And 'Hear! hear!' echoed little Fred Braithwayte, who having been used to hear the Doctor's will treated as law, thought these liberal sentiments magnificently manly.

'Resolved then,' continued Herbert, 'that it is the duty and pride of every free-born Briton to resist priestcraft and spiritual despotism wherever they exist, nip the monster in the bud, etcetera; and that therefore it is resolved that these same six cushions be thwarted, opposed, and abolished, by all the members of this honourable assembly. Ay or no?'

Six voices shouted 'Ay,' three did not shout at all, and two cried 'No,' one of them so emphatically that Charles Harding turned round on his elder brother with 'Hollo! Miles, I thought you were more bothered with Joan's nonsense than any of us.'

'Well, but is that any reason for setting on to bully a girl out of what she has undertaken to do?'

'That is your untutored mind, allow me to observe,' said Herbert. 'No such measures were spoken of—civilization has surer methods.'

'No method at all will make it fair usage,' said Miles; 'besides, if you let her alone, the thing will be done, and there will be an end of it, and she will be ready for whatever is going, like a jolly girl as she is.'

'My dear fellow, it is the principle we object to, not the individual,' said Herbert mildly. 'We find our pic-nics a desert, our croquet deserted; no music regales us, no cheerful conversation, no walks, none of that sympathy which it is woman's privilege to give, and man condescends to accept! I ask, is it to be tolerated? Shall one old parson make sempstresses of all our fairest?'

'I should like to know,' interrupted Miles, 'whether—except that sister of mine, who is always in a course of little frenzies—you have the least notion who is doing those cushions?'

'*My* sister is!' squeaked out Freddy.

'Miss Maclaine is. I extorted that confession,' added Walter coolly.

'Well,' said Malcolm Maclaine, the eldest brother now at home, 'and I don't see that it interferes with anything. Our lassies are just like themselves—always ready when one wants them. They always have some woman's work about, and what for no?'

'Because we don't choose to be sacrificed to a priestly despot,' returned Herbert Bellenden. 'We choose to keep up domestic discipline.'

'You've not got a sister of your own,' said Malcolm composedly. 'But never mind, you'll not get much by trying that on upon mine.'

'Shall I lay you a bet?'

'I never bet, and certainly not on my sisters.'

'Well, well,' said the elder Bellenden, conscious perhaps that his brother had gone too far; 'but, agreed that no warning is given, do you defy the assembled company to produce an effect on your sisters?'

'I defy no one,' said Malcolm, 'but you may do what you please about my sisters, for I know it will make no difference.—Come, Angus, we are doing no good here.'

There was a laugh as the Scotch lads went away; and Charles observed, 'Well, as to the younger one, something may be done, but the other is a stunner. Even her brothers knock under to her.'

'The sublime Bride is not for an ordinary genius,' murmured Walter.

'Walter undertakes Bride,' said Charles, laughing. 'Well, who else is on the enemy's side?'

'My sister Clara!' repeated Freddy.

'Oh, of course—the Curate's daughter must,' said Herbert, weary of the little imp, and determined to set him down.

'I'll stop it, though,' the more savagely muttered Freddy.

'Who else?' No one could tell—till Freddy again said, 'Miss West, and Mary Rose.'

'Miss West! the deuce!' quoth Walter suddenly.

'Mary Rose! Hav'n't the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance,' said Herbert.

'Oh, a dowager curate's daughter,' said Charles. 'Lives in that pensive pepper-box, the Turtle Nest, up the Church Road. The Mock-turtle we call her.'

'Oh, very well, she and this little chap's sister are just fit to do the whole lot among them. Sha'n't be interfered with.'

At this moment a message came out from the house that Master Frederick Braithwayte's sister had called for him. Master Frederick's state of mind may be more easily conceived than described.

(To be continued.)

A TWELFTH-DAY KING;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF FRENCH LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER V.

'The hob-nailed shoes pay for all.'

Italian Proverb.

'FINE doings are these, my masters! It is not enough that we are ground to the earth with all sorts of exactions continuing from year to year, but now a fresh tax must be put upon us, and the hard earnings of poor men and women must go to fill the pockets of the Queen and the Duke of Orleans!'

It was the angry voice of Jacques le mécontent declaiming to a select circle of hearers—Simon the armourer and his wife, the door-keeper of a church hard by, a crippled youth who lived on charity, and Jacques' own wife and son.

'I wonder the Duke of Burgundy has consented to the tax,' said the door-keeper meditatively; 'he has hitherto withstood the oppressions of the Duke of Orleans, and has ever been counted as the people's friend. Why, he spends a fortune in distributing alms at the church-doors. I have seen him myself scores of times.'

'Meanwhile he lets honest tradesfolk starve for lack of the money he owes them,' said the armourer drily. 'Fifteen bits have I furnished for his horses, and five-and-forty spears for his retainers, not to mention other goods; and yet no stiver of his money has found its way to my pocket.'

'Nevertheless, you do not seem very nigh starvation, good Master Simon,' said Jean's sweet mother, with her pretty smile.

'Saint Genevieve forbid!' exclaimed the stout fellow heartily; 'I have a flourishing trade enough, but no thanks to my Lord of Burgundy for that. I have honester customers than he.'

'Such as the Duke of Bourbon!' cried little Jean eagerly.

'Yes, he is a good and honourable prince, and actually bethinks himself that tradesfolk must live—a notion which seldom occurs to other princes whom I wot of. Notwithstanding, it is whispered in the city that he is largely in debt to some of our rich burgesses, though they trust him willingly, knowing that sooner or later he will not fail to repay them.'

'They are fools, then, for their pains,' burst forth Jacques le mécontent. 'These fine lords are ready enough to borrow, but for paying! My good woman here tried to persuade me that my Lord of Bourbon was of a different nature from the others—and in truth he treated our little Jean

very generously—yet he has given his consent to this vile tax, it is said, and has withdrawn himself from the city, like the other dukes, that he may not have to face the just anger of the people.'

'Do you think there will be a rising among our citizens?' asked the door-keeper in a low cautious voice; and before speaking further he looked about to ascertain that there were no eavesdroppers within hearing.

The conversation was taking place in the living-room at the back of the armourer's stall. Jacques, supported by his wife, had hobbled thither to learn his neighbour's opinion of the new tax, or rather perhaps to express his own; the door-keeper had dropped in with a message, and had been beguiled into joining the political discussion; and the crippled youth was domesticated for the day by the armourer's hearth, thanks to the charitable permission of the armourer's wife. She, good soul, was of a cautious nature also, and at this juncture carefully closed the door which communicated with the open work-stall, a precaution by no means unnecessary, considering the dangerous turn given to the conversation by the door-keeper's question.

'For my part, *I* think it not unlikely,' he continued, when she had returned to her seat; 'for I am told that portents have been seen lately much resembling those which preceded the revolt of 1383. You remember how at that time some scholars found in the garden of their college a monstrous animal which roared horribly; and how, when they had killed it and dug it up, they perceived that it was something like a cat, but with terrible glaring eyes and strange disjointed limbs that seemed not to belong to one another? Well, a beast much of this fashion has been seen in Paris quite lately, though I have not yet heard its exact description, and—'

'Oh, where is it? can I go and see it?' asked little Jean, plucking at the speaker's sleeve in his eagerness; but the door-keeper shook him off, and went on in mysterious excited tones, 'Moreover, a globe of brilliant fire has been seen to flit from door to door of the city throughout these last eight days, when the weather, as ye all know, has been neither thundery nor windy, so that there has neither been lightning to cause the ball of fire, nor breeze to blow it from threshold to threshold; nay, rather there has been rain and snow, which might well have extinguished it, had it not been a supernatural substance.'

''Tis passing strange!' exclaimed the two women simultaneously; and Simon's wife added, 'Methinks I do remember to have heard of similar marvels twenty years ago, and truly evil enough followed then in their train; but I see not why these signs should be always taken to mean revolt, we have troubles in plenty already without that.'

'Nevertheless, that will surely come, and ere many days have passed too,' said Jacques hotly; 'I see not what is to hinder it, if our good citizens have still men's hearts within their breasts. These taxes matter little to me now, for I earn naught, and so can have naught to pay; but still I can feel for others, for I remember the time when I was a worker

like the rest, and found it hard to have to give up to the tax-collector a portion of each little sum which I received for my wares. I could bear that better, though, than seeing my wife's still smaller earnings taken from her, even the scant coins which she gathered by selling vegetables in the streets!'

'I have heard,' said the lame youth, bending forward from his place in the chimney-corner with more interest than he had yet shown; 'I have heard, but I know not whether it be true, that it was the asking of the tax from a poor woman selling cress which aroused the slumbering anger of our citizens, and brought about the revolt of twenty years back.'

'You have heard right,' said Jacques; 'my wife was that woman.'

This announcement caused some little commotion, and Marie suddenly found herself regarded as a heroine. Simon and his wife had indeed been long aware of the fact just stated, for they had known Jacques and Marie in former times, and had witnessed the poor woman's efforts to earn as a vendor of vegetables the livelihood which her husband—always unsettled and careless in his habits—had not contrived to gain in his capacity as lance-maker; but it was quite news to the door-keeper and the cripple, and also to our little friend Jean.

'Why did you never tell me this, dear Mother?' he asked, clinging to her. 'Had I been at your side then, I would have taken your part bravely, and would have roared at the wicked tax-gatherer more horribly than the terrible beast Master Pierre has been telling us of. Was my father standing by?'

'I was indeed,' replied Jacques, 'and sent the miserable wretch that oppressed her sprawling in the dirt at one blow. Then began a general rising of the citizens against their tyrants. Alack that our triumph was so short!'

'Hush, do not speak of the past, dear husband,' said Marie in a low voice of entreaty; 'do not bring up the memory of those days of strife.'

'Tut, tut, woman, what an arrant coward you are!' exclaimed Jacques impatiently. Nothing but reproaches have I ever got from you for taking your part against the oppressors.'

Her sensitive mouth quivered, her soft eyes fell; she could not be grateful for having been made the occasion of strife, but yet she had never reproached him, and his hasty speech was therefore untrue as well as unkind.'

'Let your good wife alone, friend,' said Simon's honest spouse. 'A pretty thing indeed to taunt with cowardice one who, although a woman, has as brave and faithful a spirit as any man of you all! She does well to ask you not to bring up the memory of bygone strife, for nothing is gained by contention; and let me tell you, poor as you are, you will have to pay your share of this new tax, since it is an impost on people's possessions, not on their earnings, so you had best make up your mind to pay it cheerfully. Those who refuse will meet with little mercy, you may depend.'

'Nonsense, good dame, cease your click-clack,' rejoined Jacques disdainfully; 'how can I be made to pay when I have naught to pay with?'

'Nevertheless, my old woman speaks truly,' said Simon in his calm strong voice. 'We ourselves heard the herald's proclamation at the Châtelet; and after setting forth that the object of the tax was to pay soldiers to protect the realm against foreign invasion, he went on to proclaim that in each parish certain persons should be appointed to collect the impost from everyone, man or woman, according to the value of their possessions; so even you, old friend, will have to pay somewhat, though doubtless it will not be much.'

'Yes, and to the same purport was the proclamation at the Palace—ay, and even in the same words,' said the door-keeper fussily. 'I have it from one who stood by, and heard what the herald said with his own ears. I can assure you it is so.'

'Likely enough,' responded Jacques drily, 'since a herald's speech varies as little as a magpie's. Foreign invasion, indeed! foreign fiddlestick! Ah, if I had but my good right arm, the miscreant who comes to demand this tax from me should meet with a very different reception from that which he expects.'

'I will throw the iron pot at him, Father, and souse him with water from my mother's tub!' cried Jean, beginning to execute a war-dance in a spirit of valiant indignation.

'Ah, you are your father's own son,' said the delighted Jacques approvingly; but the other elders present looked grave and disapproving, and the armourer said curtly, 'I see the good brothers of St. Germain have not yet beat the impudence out of you.'

'They dare not try,' replied the jackanapes, still dancing; 'I would threaten them with my Lord of Bourbon's vengeance if they did. I have been now some months in their school, and scarce a blow have I got from them.'

'Then their patience must be great indeed, if what my son tells me of your pranks be true.'

'Ah,' said Marie, looking up, startled and distressed, 'and you promised me you would be good, my Jean!'

'Let the child be!' interrupted her husband; 'would you have him as mum and meek as the shaveling monks themselves? Prate away, little Jean, you have as good a right to speak your mind as if you were really the king you made believe to be a while ago.'

'Yet the Duke of Bourbon *did* say that even little kings should be modest,' murmured Jean reflectively, with naïve sincerity.

'Ay, 'tis no mark of good-breeding for a child to be bold and forward, but rather the contrary,' chimed in the door-keeper; and to this Simon and his wife gave audible assent, so altogether Jacques could find no support for his peculiar educational views in the little assembly; finding which, he hobbled away, discontentedly muttering, 'Ah, 'tis the old

proverb, "Each frog is for teaching his neighbour's frogling to croak;" but let each look after his own, say I, and mine shall croak as loud as he pleases, whatever other folks may think.'

This was pleasant hearing for Jean; and accordingly he rattled on with all sorts of pert nonsense during the remainder of that evening, as he sat on his little stool by his father's side, progressively emboldened by finding himself still unchidden, though with a misgiving at his heart that both the Duke of Bourbon and Father Colombe would have looked even graver than did his silent mother if this idle chatter could have reached their ears. Marie said nothing till just as the little fellow had got into bed, when—stooping to tuck in the coarse coverlet round him—she asked softly, 'Do you know what my parish priest at Orronville once said to me, when I was a little girl and lived there?'

'No, what was it?' he responded, lifting his eyes with the bright inquiring look of a sprightly robin.

'He said that those learned in the Scriptures think that our dear Lord suffered Himself to be smitten on the mouth in order to atone for all the vain and idle words which we unpunished have spoken with our mouths.'

A red as bright as that of the robin's breast flushed up into the listening face. He drew the coverlet over him, and spake not one syllable; but the mother knew that he had caught her meaning, and trusted that this saying of the good priest's would sink as deep into his heart as it had into her own.

Poor thing! she had much ado to keep her usual cheerful patient equanimity during the days which followed; for her husband's irritation about the new tax showed itself in other ways besides injudicious encouragement of his little boy's foolish speeches, and she had not just then her wonted measure of physical strength to help her to bear up against this daily recurring trial. A dull heavy pain in her head, and an unusual feeling of languor and weakness, had oppressed her for the last fortnight; and though she neither relaxed in her industry nor made any complaint, the sense that this weakness was increasing gave another cause for the anxiety with which she looked forward to what the future might bring.

The event which she so dreaded on her husband's account, the enforcement of the new tax, came ere long. One day, when Jean was at school, a black-gowned man with an ink-horn at his girdle and a file of guards behind him, made his appearance at their humble door, and demanded entrance in the name of the King. Marie opened to him; and swiftly, with a practised eye, he appraised the scanty possessions of herself and her husband, making sharp inquiries to satisfy himself that there was no treasure concealed beneath this bare exterior, and then harshly requested the payment of a sum which, small though it in truth was, appeared to Jacques and Marie a very considerable demand. Yes, even Marie was inwardly indignant when she found that the tax-gatherer

claimed more than the slender stock of coin in the worn leathern purse which hung at her girdle would furnish, for no other money had they, and to make up the sum required they must needs part with something out of their small stock of absolute necessaries. Yet far rather would she have made this sacrifice than have entered into useless and disloyal contention with the man who came armed with the King's authority; and wisely did she endeavour to soothe her husband into submission, while her motherly heart rejoiced that her unruly little son was safe out of the way of temptation to sauciness.

Wisely and tenderly as she spoke, she was unsuccessful; to keep the peace between Jacques le mécontent and the exactor of the unjust tax was beyond her power. Undeterred by the want of his 'good right arm,' Jacques was furious in his opposition. He snatched the purse away from her, defied the collector to his face, and speedily elicited a threat from that worthy that if he continued contumacious the soldiers should be called in, and he should be captured and taken to prison. In vain Marie besought the man of law to have patience, and her husband to remember prudence—both were deaf to remonstrance; and in a few seconds more the scene ended by Jacques being seized by the guard and dragged away, his one arm strapped down to his side, and a scarf tied tight over his mouth to stifle his unavailing cries for help. Marie followed, beseeching with piteous eloquence that they would not harm her poor crippled husband, and promising to pay the sum required if they would but give her time to procure what was wanting.

They little heeded her, and the only sympathy she met with was from the women who were following other poor citizens, led away to prison for the same cause, though perhaps with less excuse, as few had made such desperate resistance as the fiery Jacques le mécontent. The gates of the Châtelet soon closed over them all, and the weeping wives and daughters were left to return to their desolate homes with no better comfort than these parting words from one of the chief tax-collectors, 'Get you to your friends, good women, and gather each of you a good round sum, for I warn you that none of these rebels shall be let forth from prison until a heavy fine has been paid for him. Those who are not thus ransomed shall be accounted guilty of lese-majesty, and punished accordingly.'

(To be continued.)

THE THREE FLAGS: OR, THE SALTASH ROWER.

She was a muscular weather-beaten woman, who had evidently through life pulled against many a strong tide, and never flinched from her share of the work. Her dress was a short gown of some blue stuff, with a little shawl tied across her chest, and she wore heavy boots like a man,

and a blue shade over a battered straw-bonnet. Her face was as brown and seamed as that of any of the watermen who lounged about the landing-place, her arms and hands as sinewy as theirs: yet, with all this hardness, there was a kindly look in her eyes which redeemed it, and showed that the womanly nature had not been destroyed.

We fell upon her and her husband one day by chance, merely because they were the first who inquired whether we wanted a boat: but after that expedition which we made together to the Breakwater, we became fast friends, and had many a long row in the Pretty Lotty. What always amused us exceedingly was the light in which she regarded her husband. She patronized and snubbed him by turns, when he was in favour calling him 'my man,' and treating him as a kind of possession, not indeed of much use, but still requiring to be taken care of, and kept out of harm's way. But woe betide old John if he presumed upon this toleration so far as to offer an unasked opinion, or to disagree with one of his wife's! I suspect that he attempted this more frequently when under our protection than at other times; but nothing could shelter him altogether, and he generally fell back upon his oar with a quiet chuckle which implied that women and waves would have their way. She told us she had picked him out of the water one regatta time when his boat was racing and got capsized; and this seemed a sore subject with John, (for he grunted a good deal during the story,) and was probably one reason for her considering herself, as certainly she did, the better man.

I do not think we ever heard her name. Her husband when he spoke of her always called her the Missus, with an admiring jerk of his head in her direction, and the boatmen distinguished them both by the name of the boat. At first we did not find her inclined to be communicative: she contented herself with answering questions, and now and then giving us a bit of local information; gradually she enlarged upon this, and told us many a quaint trait of her country-people; and by-and-bye, when our acquaintance became of a friendly nature, she confided more personal and domestic matters to our ears. One never-failing subject of hers was the superiority of Saltash over Plymouth—

> 'Saltash was a borough town,
> When Plymouth was a furzy down:'

and though the old proverb might be now reversed, the people cling to their former supremity; still the village reigns supreme in the Sound; still in a broad anchorage there no fisherman dare throw out his net, no vessel can cast anchor, without paying a shilling to the Saltash men. Plymouth—the town, as she called it—had struggled hard to get possession of these ancient rights, and the matter had been carried to the London law courts; but the Saltash title-deeds were all forthcoming, and they won the day gallantly. She could only give us a confused account of the origin of these privileges, but believed a Black Prince was once rowed across the Tamar by the Saltash women, and had his life saved by them;

in gratitude for which service he granted them various rights, left a sum of money to be distributed annually among their poor, and commanded a ferry to be established between shore and shore, across which the Saltash people were to be conveyed without payment for ever.

Great also was her pride in the rowing of the Saltash women. She was a most powerful specimen herself, and set down her strength and good health to sea air and constant exercise. For thirty-seven years she had been in the boats, and before now had pulled her forty miles in the day, helping year after year to carry off prizes in the regattas at the little ports in the neighbourhood, and being one of those who went over to France to row in the match at Cherbourg.

The Sound was a different place now, she said, to what it had been before the breakwater was built. Her father saw the first stone laid on a rock just under the middle of it; but none of them believed the work would stand—it seemed such a wild undertaking, out there in the heart of waves rolling in so strong that in stormy weather they would break right over Drake's Island, and swallow up many a ship and many a poor fellow. It was bad enough still when a south-east gale and the spring tides came together; but nothing to what it had been before. As we rowed along between the great dismasted wooden hulks, she had many a word to say of these old men-of-war which floated there, looking as different from the black iron-clad steamers, and spiteful little gun-boats, as if they were divided from them by whole centuries of time instead of one age of inventions. And under the beautiful Mount Edgecumbe woods, feathering between slopes of greenest turf down to the water's edge, she pointed out Barnpool, where the royal yacht lay when the Queen paid a visit to the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe some few years ago. She always slept on board the yacht, and walked up to the house every morning to breakfast; and our old friend related with great glee how one morning at six o'clock, when the coachman was exercising his horses, he met the Queen and Prince Albert strolling about the grounds, and was told by the Queen to put the horses into a carriage, and take them for a drive in the woods, without disturbing the house.

I have said that it was some time before she would talk of any personal matters; but as by degrees we won her confidence, we drew out something about her own family, and more at last by an inquiry as to who the boat was called after. She said it was after a girl who had lived with them from the time she was a baby; no near relation, but the child of a cousin, who had been as good as a sister to her. Lotty had no father or mother. Was she really pretty? was she not indeed! she used to be as fresh as a rose in June. Poor Lotty! her story had been a strange one. When we pressed to know what the story was, she looked at us a little wistfully, as if to satisfy herself that we deserved the confidence, and then said that if we really cared to hear about poor folks' affairs, she would tell us all, but not then. The next day, if it was fair, we were to be out an

unusually long time, and she could think it over beforehand, and perhaps mind it better.

'Though, for the matter of that, at one time it was in my head day and night, so it isn't likely I should forget aught about it.'

Old John murmured something about the story not being fit for the likes of they, and I think she was glad of the excuse of turning sharply upon him to hide her eyes from us.

'You don't know a bit about it, John; folks are made of the same flesh and blood whether they are rich or poor; and have got the same sort of hearts in them. I call it a beautiful story, and if the lady likes to hear it, I'll be bound she won't be sorry afterwards; so long as you don't go worriting, and telling the end before ever I've begun at the beginning.'

Owing to weather and other causes, it happened that two or three days went by before the promised expedition beyond the breakwater to the Mewstone took place. Whether this delay stimulated a womanly impatience, or old John's faint resistance had excited an equally feminine feeling, I cannot say; but she was evidently more eager to fulfil her promise than she had been to give it, and began upon the subject directly we had got clear of the shore, and were fairly on our way. I know what an advantage we had in the racy words and language, which will be wanting in this second-hand description; but I will try at least to give the sense of the story as it came from her lips.

'It is about Lotty that I must tell you first; I might begin with Lotty's mother—my cousin Mary—only her story would make the other too long. Her husband was a sailor in a Queen's ship; he fell overboard and was drowned when the child was but a baby. Mary was not long after him; but just before her death, when the baby was sick and moaning one day, and she crying over it to think what would become of the weakly little creature when she was gone, I told her she had no cause to fret for that, because Lotty should come home to us and never want a mother's love. Well, and she never did. That was twenty—three-and-twenty years ago come Michaelmas; and the child was the best gift that ever was sent to me or mine. She was in and out of the house all day long, like the sunshine—the happiest merriest little maid in the place. A pretty handful I had with her, too, at times; my man could never bear to say her nay, and she used to get so saucy and up, there was no holding her. When once she was old enough, I kept her to school as tight as I could; but let her get the chance, she was off to the water-side, and there I should find her paddling about in the water without her shoes and stockings, and calling out to me as bold as might be, "Mammy, me and Dick have caught a little fish!" when she knew that by rights she ought to have had the stick. But there! that was the beauty of the child, she was so honest. I know John and I were a couple of old fools, and did our best to spoil her; and many a heart-ache since then her wilfulness has cost her, and me, too, for the matter of that. But from first to last I could always trust Lotty; she was never underhand or deceiving, and once get her to

promise me a thing, no power on earth could move her from it. Then she was very generous-hearted, and if only we'd led her right, there couldn't have been a finer disposition. I take the blame to myself that she grew up something quick and headstrong; but with it all she was so loving and true, there wasn't a soul in the place could help loving her.

'So time went on.

'She grew into a comely little maiden—never very big, but for all the world most like a robin-redbreast, with a pair of brown eyes which sent the sun right into your heart when they looked at you. The parson's wife took a great fancy for her, and would have got her a place, but we couldn't bear to part with her; so she just stayed on the same. I never let her take to the boats. I didn't like them for her, though I'd been so long in them myself; but that was different, you see, and times change.

'You may think that, with her so pretty and cheery, there were plenty to fancy Lotty—keep nearer ashore, John; the tide runs strong over the bridge—but they all of them complained they couldn't get a good word from her: she was off-handed with each, and yet—there I do blame Lotty—she had a way of keeping them from going off altogether, so that sometimes one thought she was going to be civil to him, and sometimes another, and all the while she was only making fun of them.

'Well, there were two, and they were sisters' children—George Phillis and Dick Armitage. They lived close to our place, so that Lotty had known them all her life; and very fond they were of her, both of them. They were much of an age, and worked together, but else they weren't a bit alike. George was a hesitating shy sort of fellow, rather slow of speech, and never saying much about his own doings. To my mind, he never made half enough of himself—sometimes I could have shaken him when I wanted him to take his place like a man. But he was always for keeping back, and letting Dick carry all before him in his dashing sort of a way. And my gentleman was nothing loth. You may be sure Dick never did anything without letting us know that he had done it. I don't mean to say that he was altogether a boaster; but he knew that people thought him a handsome spirited young fellow, and he quite agreed with it himself. One couldn't help liking him neither, he was so open and good-tempered; but he hadn't half the heart of George—no, nor yet half the head, for all his talk! Poor George!

'I never could make out which of the two Lotty fancied. She favoured both of them more than any of the other lads; but then it wasn't saying much to say that, and it might have been for old acquaintance sake. I know she often wore the very life out of George—taking him up as short and pettish as might be; and if I took his part, she would say she had no patience with him for being so slow. But then if Master Dick presumed upon this, he was pretty safe to get a sharp set down, which made things even. From putting one and another together, I had my own belief that she did like one of them, but which that was I couldn't for the life of me tell, for the two were always together.'

'I knowed!' mumbled old John.

'You knowed!' exclaimed his wife severely. 'Now, I ask anyone if that's likely! It isn't your way, John, nor never was, to see through a stone wall; and with me watching her night and day, and not able to make out her mind, I don't myself think you would be the one to be wiser!'

Old John subsided; but he was not altogether put down, for he still continued at intervals to murmur, 'I knowed!' and his wife apparently thought the most dignified rebuke was to take no farther notice of the interruptions.

'I was afraid at one time,' she proceeded, 'that it would make bad blood between the boys; and it's a wonder it did not. The thing was, George was so humble, I believe he never thought but that it was all natural that Lotty should like Dick best; and he used to provoke me so with keeping himself back. Often and often I could have beaten him; for I dare say you have found out before now that I liked him the best. But 'twas no use, all I could say; and what with Dick's conceit, and George's stupidity, and Lotty not seeming to know her own mind, I was out of patience with them all.

'A year or two went by just like this; and I am sure Dick, for one, would never have had the constancy to keep on so long with any girl but Lotty. But she could wind both of them round her little finger, and would have it it was all fun, and no harm done, and—you see, we all spoilt her—I couldn't make her think of it serious.

'At last one evening, I mind, George and Dick came in together, as they most times did. Father and I had had a hard pull that day; and after tea was done, I took out a knitted jersey, and sat down by the fire; and Lotty, she went out into our back place to wash up. Dick was up and after her in a moment; but just as she stood in the door, I saw her give a pretty begging glance back at George, as if she wanted him too. But he never saw, or else didn't understand.

'So I said to him, "Well, George, are old folks better company than young, to-night?"

'"No one's good company where he isn't wanted," returns he moodily.

'"But I'm thinking you are wanted," said I, back again.

'He lifted his head with a wild sort of look.

'"O Mother!"—the boy had a trick of calling me mother, like Lotty—"you shouldn't keep telling me that! I've got a hard fight enough, but I can keep it under most times; only when you tell me those fancies about Lotty—I know better myself, but it seems to choke me!"

'"Fiddle-de-dee, man!" said I: "you needn't set up to be wiser than me. I suppose I can see as well as you?"

'He shook his head.

'"Well, then,"—and his obstinacy provoked me into saying more than I intended, or perhaps than I meant—"I tell you what, George Phillis,

it's my belief Lotty does care for you more than for any other man; but you're such a poor-spirited fellow—you seem to expect the girl to come and tell you so herself!"

'He jumped up and caught both my hands.

'"Honour bright?" says he.

'"Well, yes," said I, a little bit frightened at his way; and there was my poor knitting all turned inside out, and the needles down on the ground!

'From that day George wasn't so down-hearted like, but took his place better. I thought things were improving. Dick, he looked on with a sort of good-tempered scorn at the notion of George really making up to Lotty when he was there: it was his seeming so sure of her which provoked me most. But Lotty herself gave George no peace. If she had spared him a little before, she did her best now to worry his senses out of him: she scolded him, laughed at him, teazed him—he could do nothing right, or get so much as a good word. I wondered it didn't wear out his patience, but he stood it bravely; and says I to myself, Slow and steady will win the day.'

The story came to a pause here, for old John had gone too near or too far from a ship, or done something which his wife would not allow; and the setting us to rights again occupied her hands and tongue for some minutes. We were not sorry for the interruption, as it gave us an opportunity of looking without disturbance at the beautiful Sound, and watching two noble fishing-sloops come in with the sun full on their bright red sails. They glided smoothly by, for the waves were scarcely more than ripples; and all looked so calm, that it was difficult to realize the wild seas which the next words brought before us.

'A hard stormy winter that was!—so many gales blowing right against this coast, and keeping the harbour in a constant fret. There were more accidents than ever I remembered. I don't mean to say but what we had seen worse weather; but somehow, this seemed an unlucky year. Poor Harry Bennett's boat was upset, and he drowned; and a brig, with Plymouth men on board, foundered off Liverpool, and went down with all hands. My man and I had a narrow chance one day; but that's neither here nor there, nor has nothing to do with my story. Only you see, 'twas natural for Lotty and the boys to get talking about it one rough evening when she had been down to the corner to meet father, and Dick and George joined them on their way home. Lotty was in wild spirits that day; and from what I can learn, Dick talked a bit big as usual; and she began to dare them, and say that, men as they were, they couldn't do as much as mother—and she'd be bound neither of them would row across to Tor Point when the three flags were flying from the staff.'

'That's the worst signal there is, Sir,' old John explained.

'To be sure it is. The one flag's for bad weather, but the three means more mischief. So Dick, who was no coward, though he did talk too

much, got put up, and said he'd do it the very next time as was. George wouldn't say nothing, and that she didn't like. Lotty was never pleased except he did just what she wanted, so she was at him about his being afraid and that sort of thing. If I'd been there I'd have stopped it; but John was no better than a baby with her, so she went on and on, and told him at last she wondered Dick Armitage kept so much with him, when he'd no more spirit than a mouse. You see it was said bitter like, and not as a joke. He didn't speak for a minute, and then he said very quietly, "Lotty, you don't know what you're saying; but we'll go, never fear."

'Ah, my dear, Lotty has prayed night and day that her foolish vanity might be forgiven!

'All the rest of the evening 'twas the same thing; she would scarcely look at George, and was more friendly with Dick than ever she had been before, so that I couldn't wonder his head was turned, or that George was so silent and dull that he never spoke a word. After they were gone I scolded her well; but she made fun of it as usual; only later in the night (though I couldn't be sure) I fancied I heard her crying in her bed.

'The next day we didn't see the boys all day; but the weather was getting dirty, and by morning time on the Thursday it was blowing hard and kept getting worse. I couldn't think what put Lotty in such a fidget. She was in and out of the door constant, though every time she opened it the wind and the rain came driving in; and all she would say was to wonder where father was. Now, I knew father was safe enough, and so did she, and it wasn't like her to be making a to-do about nothing. However, it seemed as if she couldn't rest that day. When father came in (he had been down about some boat-mending job) it was past five o'clock and pretty dark; and after a minute Lotty says to him in a queer sort of voice,

'"Father, are the three flags up to-day?"

'"I don't know, my girl," he said, "I haven't been by to see; but for certain they are, for this is the worst gale the year has brought us yet."

'So she said no more, but slipped away up-stairs; and there I thought she was, when, it might be ten minutes after, the door banged open and in came Lotty dripping with wet, and looking so pale and wild that she startled both of us.

'"The flags are up!" she said; "I've been down to the Corner to ask; and they'll be drowned, I *know* they'll be drowned, and all through me!"

'"Whatever is the girl after!" said father.

'"Why, you know!" she cried out impatiently, "don't you know? Didn't you hear? I dared the boys to cross to Tor Point when the flags were flying."

'"They'll never be so mad!" says I.

'"No," she said bitterly, "they wouldn't have been so mad, if I hadn't been so wicked; but they'll go now, you may be sure."

'"Dick doesn't always do all he says," said I, thinking to comfort her, for I saw she was in a fine way.

'"But George always does more," said she; "and I never rested till I'd driven him on. Father," and then she changed into her coaxing ways which always got round us, "you'll go, won't you, and find out for your poor Lotty?"

'My man got up without a word, reached down his coat, and went right away; and we two women sat there in the house waiting for him to come back again, and 'most afraid to speak to one another. I suppose some would say I ought to have been telling Lotty her faults that while; but it's ill fretting a sore heart, and she was hard punished already, so I made her a cup of hot tea, and when she wouldn't drink that I just let her be.

'How the wind howled, to be sure! The sitting, waiting, and doing nothing, made me a deal more uneasy than I had been at first, for not knowing all that had been said, I thought it might just have been talk on both sides; but when I saw how surely Lotty believed they had gone, I got to believe it myself, and I knew better than she the risk to these two boys who hadn't been born and bred to the boats, and couldn't have started till after work hours at the dock-yard, when it would be getting dark. Father was away for hours as it seemed. He never is very quick at the best of times, so 'twould take him some time any way to get to their lodgings, but that night 'twas fighting every inch with the wind.'

We interrupted her at this point to ask how they had come to live at Devonport, when she began her story at Saltash?

'"Didn't I tell you that, Sir? It shows I'm a poor hand at telling tales, and you must please to excuse me. We went there about two years before the time I was speaking about, because my man and I were getting up in years, and it's more handy towards meeting with pleasure parties for the boat."

'Well, I was saying, there we two sat, and I wishing that I had gone in place of father, when of a sudden Lotty started up and cried out,

'"Mother, I can't bear it longer, I can't! Let me go and find out for myself."

'"I'll go, too, my dear," said I. "So I put the bit of candle in the window, and hung the key of the door on a nail in the wall where either father or the boys could find it, and we went away down the street. The wind drove right in our faces; but Lotty never seemed to feel wind or rain. When we got down the hill to the Corner where the boats lie, what with the roaring wind and waves, and the shouts of the boatmen who were trying to draw up the boats, and the banging of the boats together, there was as big a hubbub as could be, and all in the darkness. We got no good there, for not a soul knew aught about Dick or George, and they were too taken up with their own business to mind ours much: and the boys had no boat of their own for us to see if she were missing.

We stumbled up the hill again, and at the turning father ran right against me.

'"They've not been home, sure enough," says he.

'"No, nor never will," said Lotty, as quiet as could be; "you needn't tell us that; I've been the death of them."

'I don't know how it was, she seemed so sure like, we couldn't speak a word. After a bit father touched her shoulder,

'"You're dripping wet; go home, like a good maid, and dry yourself."

'"I can't, Father, don't you ask me," she said, oh! so sadly. "I'm going to Stonehouse now, to see there."

'Well, there was no saying nay to her then, so we made the best of our way to Stonehouse, she in front going so swift that we couldn't keep along with her; but, dear, where was the good of it! Up and down, backwards and forwards, we went in the beating rain, for better than an hour, but there never was a word to be heard of them, only the howl of the wind, and the sea dashing up in fury, and all the ships' ropes straining and creaking. I am sure, Sir, I thought of the Bible words that night, when our hearts were failing us for fear. Once Lotty came up to me and caught me hold by the arm.

'"O Mother," she said, "couldn't we go out in the boat, you and I?"

'Out in that sea! Why, the boat would have been stove in before she'd gone twenty yards! And where were we to go? Father and I would have done all we could for the lads; but that would have just been throwing away our lives, and not a bit of good to them. I told Lotty so; and then I grew so frightened lest she should be doing something wild, that I never rested till I had her away from the beach home.

'I did that much, but to get her to bed was more than I or anybody else could manage; I thought it a grand thing when I had put some dry clothes on her. Oh, the weariness of that night! The most part of it Lotty stood with her face pressed up against the window panes, staring out into the darkness; and other times she would walk wildly up and down as if she were shut up in a cage, never speaking, but now and then drawing her breath deep with a sort of a shuddering sob which it went to my heart to hear. John had gone off to bed; and I felt a helpless old fool, sitting there by the fire and doing no good; but 'twas no use to talk when I'd nothing of comfort to say. Winter nights are long, to be sure, but that one seemed to have twenty-four hours in it before the light began to creep in against Lotty's white face.

'What with cold and weariness, I suppose, she had got into a sort of quiet dazed state by that time. John dressed and went out, and she never offered to go with him, but let me set her down by the fire, and rub her poor numbed hands and feet. I was thankful to keep her there, for I was fearful what she might see or hear if she got out to the boats; and my heart misgave me sadly about the two boys. There were none to grieve after them but us. Dick was an orphan; and though George had a mother living she was married again in London, so they were left

all to themselves; and steady and well-conducted they had been. It did seem terrible that Lotty's foolish words should have heated their blood, and sent them out—young and strong—to their deaths.

'I was thinking and thinking over this, and rubbing her feet the while, to bring a little life into them again, when she gave a great start, and looking up I saw her face full of joy, and her arms stretched out—

'"George!" she cried.

'He was there, standing in the doorway, though I had never heard the door open; and with the word he came slowly into the room. We both jumped up; and though no one can say it's my way at any time, I suppose I did fall to crying, or else there was something the matter with my sight, for it was a good while before I could look at him clearly. I saw then how white and haggard he was, and his hair all dank with wet.

'"You've been in the water!" I said. "Goodness me, George, what have you been doing all this night?"

'He was as grave as if he'd been his own ghost, and he never answered or looked at me; but, says he,

'"Lotty, we did our best; we tried to reach the Point."

'Seeing how troubled and scared she looked at his manner, (and no wonder,) I tried to turn it off, and said,

'"Well, and you were two foolish lads for your pains; you might have known you couldn't do it. There's poor Lotty been fretting her heart out all the night about you both. Where's Dick?"

'Now that things had come right I was ready to scold them all round for giving me and father such a fright; but Lotty was quicker than I at reading George's meaning. She just gave a sort of moan, and turned her face away against the wall. I never saw in any man such a pitiful look as came into his eyes then.

'"Lotty, my dear," he said, "don't take on so; he may come back yet."

'"Who?" cried I. "Is Dick lost?"

'"Nay, Mother," said he, turning round to me for the first time, and trying to speak cheerfully, "I hope not. Dick may have been picked up as well as me. Tell her so," he went on eagerly. "There were many ways of his being saved; and he so good a swimmer, too.—Don't take on so, Lotty, he'll come back to you yet."

'Well, I sat down again fairly struck of a heap, and just when I thought our grieving was all over. Dick missing! Somehow, I could better fancy George lying still and quiet at the bottom of the sea, than the other, with his quick off-hand ways and merry laugh. George told us about it presently, as tender as could be towards Lotty; but say what he would, how could she put away the thought of what her words had done?

'His story was short enough. They put off from Stonehouse in the teeth of the wind; it was near dark when they started, and they got on

so slow, it took them nigh an hour to pull to the middle of the stream; and then—they were minding the wind and the waves, and never saw the light till the vessel was upon them. They were just run down, that was the long and short of it; and knowing what such a night would be like out there, I only wondered how ever the men in the vessel managed to lay hold of George. That was the strange part, not that nothing more had been heard of poor Dick. George had been struck on the head, and half drowned besides; and he had no ways of being put ashore until the morning brought fairer weather—and for an hour past he had been round and about trying to get news of Dick. Poor fellow! he seemed to think we should blame him for being the one that was saved.

'You may be sure, Ma'am, we did all that ever we could do that day. There wasn't a vessel or a sailor that we did not question; and when we gave up the hope of finding him living, they searched for his body. Bits of the boat were found, but not a trace of poor Dick. I believed that the ship had struck him, and that he had gone right down under her; and John had never thought otherwise from the first. Days went by and brought nothing to light, and so by little and little we gave up looking for it. It was a terrible cut to us two old people, but what was our grieving to my poor girl's! Whatever her fault had been, you couldn't but have pitied her then, with the dreadful burden hanging on her that she was the cause. She never so much as smiled, but went moping about the house as changed from her old gladsome ways as if a death-stroke had fallen upon her. Her face so thin and pinched, and the colour faded out of it, and a look of her mother, just before she died, growing every day stronger in her eyes.

'I was vexed with George Phillis besides. He seldom came to the house; and though he was always as kind as could be to Lotty, he never said anything particular to her—nothing, I mean, such as I should have expected. For, you see, I still fancied more than ever that George was the one she liked. I couldn't forget her face that morning when he was standing at the door; but there—some men are over-bold, and others so blind they can't see unless a girl throws herself at their head. With poor Dick gone I couldn't make it out; it seemed as if it might be all so comfortable—there was George, and here was Lotty, and I was persuaded they both liked one another, and yet every day they seemed to grow further apart. So about two months after Dick was lost, I ventured to say a word or two to Lotty, for father and me were getting up in years, and 'twould have been a comfort to us both to think she was settled before we died; and if she did care for George, 'twas hard he should never have a word of encouragement. But when I had said it I wished I had bitten my tongue out first, she looked so heart-broken; and all she said was, "Mother, that can never be; don't you think of it, let me bear my burden as I can; it's sore enough, Heaven knows!"

'Well, so it was, poor maid! and after that I couldn't have said another word, but for just one thing George let drop one day when there

was nobody by, as if a bit of a promise had passed between her and Dick. It frightened me to hear him say so, and I said,

'"What have you got into your head now, George? Lotty never gave her promise to any man."

'"But she did," said he very slowly, "that last night. He told me of it next day in the boat."

'I flamed up at this. I knew Dick's boasting ways, and how most times he could make a frigate out of a cockle-shell; and I thought he had twisted some idle word of Lotty's into a deal more than she meant by it; and there was that silly George swallowing it all.

'"What will you be telling me next?" I said; "that's just one of Dick's tales—that ever I should speak so of a poor drowned lad! But I feel as sure Lotty said no such thing as that it's you standing there. Only ask her."

'"I have asked her: it's true, Mother," said he, in the same sort of choked voice. "We got talking in the boat, and I told Dick I cared for her more than ever, and if ever we saw land again I should try with might and main to win her. 'You're too late, my boy,' Dick said: 'I asked her Tuesday night, and never got a nay; and silence, we all know, means consent. Whether we're drowned to-night or not, she's mine; and you won't be so mean, George, as to try to come between us.' We had some words afterwards. God forgive me!"

'Well, this news quite upset me. I never thought things had gone so far; and I couldn't make it out, believing as I had, ay, and did, that she cared the most for George.

'"Any way," said I at last, "poor Dick's dead and gone now."

'"Who knows that?" he said, turning quite fiercely on me; "I won't believe it till I've seen his dead body."

'So with that we stopped, for what more could I say? But I found he had said the same to Lotty, and his fancy that Dick might turn up yet; and then I felt sure that whether Lotty's conduct that night had been silly vanity and no more, (for I believed myself that she wanted to plague George, and let Dick say a deal more than she ought to have done without putting him back, and then he made the most of it,) that any way she and George were parted for ever. For he was so simple and so true, he never would understand a girl saying one thing and meaning another; and so honourable, that Dick's words to him would bind him as tight as any promise—seeing he had that notion in his head—whether the lad was really lost or no.

'Lotty went about her work all the same.—What are you ever thinking of, John! Keep her head round!—There was nothing different from usual she would let me do for her; but she seemed to be just shrinking away, and for want of her smile the house was so changed, I couldn't bear to be in it. And 'twas the same story always—"I've caused sorrow enough, Mother. If I let Dick think what he did, I must bear it. I'm tied to him: for if he is dead, I drowned him; and if he's alive—which

night and day I pray may be—I never said no; I let him go off and think—oh, me! oh, me! what have I done!" Always just that.

'So at last, one day, I asked our parson to talk to her, for I was frightened what the poor girl might come to, if she got no better word of comfort than what I could say; and the trouble was eating out her very heart. I can never thank him enough. He was the best friend we could have had, for she thought a deal more about what he said, by cause of its coming from him. And though my poor head can't hold his words, nor half of them, I mind one here and there—specially his saying one day, when she spoke wearily of her sorrow being her punishment, "And if it be, Lotty, our Father would never have us despair over His punishments." I remember that, Sir; for I think we are all too much given, when God's hand is heavy upon us, to lose heart and be crushed like, instead of thinking about His love, which would stir us up to better things. That was what Lotty had done, though I was too ignorant to put it before her right. Mr. Hammond made it clear to her, and brought her comfort; though he didn't spare her faults, but showed her, as plain as could be, how vanity and heedlessness had been at the bottom of it all. My poor teaching, he might have said, too—and truly; but I suppose he thought I stood to her as a mother, and so wouldn't blame me to her face.

'They wanted a nurse for a bit at the Parsonage house, and Lotty went there. We were glad she should get the change, and I knew there she wouldn't have the time to sit and think—idle; or creep down to the water, and look and look over it, till she fancied Dick's face was staring up at her through the waves. When she came back, Mr. Hammond had her up to the school to teach some of the very little ones. She took kindly to that, and it did her a power of good: sometimes one or two of the children would come back with her, for I liked their happy little faces, and so did John; then Lotty would play with them and cheer up a bit. Dear! I used to think how soon years bring sorrows, when it was such a little while ago that she was a romping child herself. But what Mr. Hammond would stick to, was how we should bring good out of our troubles; and I couldn't but see it was working that way with Lotty. She often shamed me now with her quiet patient ways—she, that used to be up in a moment! Now when the children were tiresome, and I should have boxed their ears twice over, she would talk to them so gentle, there wasn't one could hold out against her. She always had a winning way, and children are mighty quick to find out what's what.

'Well, I felt more easy in my mind about Lotty; and I should have been pretty comfortable—but for George. Instead of getting better, he was getting worse; he seemed to have a sort of fever upon him, and never could be quiet. You see, though Lotty had the heaviest sorrow to bear, because she'd herself to blame so much; yet poor George had a trial which was spared to her. She could do nothing, she only had to be patient, but he had a constant struggle going on in his mind, and the longer it got from the time of the accident, the worse it was for him;

because it seemed less likely that Dick could be alive. As for me, I wouldn't believe there was a chance of *that;* only George was just this sort of man—that if once he got a grip of an idea he would never let go. People say, No children, no cares; but here was I without a child, and yet with the troubles of these two upon my head! Well, I couldn't have spared them, for all that!

'It was not long after this—about Midsummer as well as I remember—that George met with an accident at the docks. Nothing very serious, only enough to keep him home for a few days; and I used to go there and see after him. Just the day before he went back to his work, he lifted his head from between his two hands, and said,

'"You won't be troubled with me much longer, Mother; I'm going away."

'"Where to, George?" said I, taken back.

'So he told me he had heard of a good appointment at Portsmouth in the same line as he worked in now, and was pretty sure of having it given to him.

'I was a bit put out at his wanting to go so far away from us, and I said I thought he might have done as well where he was.

'"Mother," said he gravely, "I might do much better. It isn't that—don't think it—it's because I daren't stay here any longer. I don't know how I shall go away from her; but go I must, for I can't see her sweet face any longer, and not speak."

'"Well," said I, "you'll excuse me, George, but I think you're mad. If poor Dick is alive, why isn't he here? Where can he be? What keeps him away? Do go right off and speak to Lotty, and have done with it; I'm pretty nigh out of patience already."

'"And if Lotty is the girl I take her for," said he as proudly as might be, "I know the answer I should get. No, thank Heaven, I have never spoken a word of it to her, nor will I be the false friend to rob Dick of his rights."

'That's the way always with the men; they think if they can hide what *they* feel, there's no harm done; but I had a suspicion I could read Lotty's heart better than he; and I said out sharply, "And is Lotty to be bound to a dead man all her life?"

'"I've thought it over," said he; "and if by this time twelvemonth there's no news of him—why, Mother, I'll come back to try to get her to learn to like me."

'His mind was made up; and though I was so vexed I could have beaten him, I couldn't help liking him the more for it, he was so honourable and free from self-seeking. I knew what it was to him, you see. I knew what it cost him to bind me over to say not a word to Lotty; I heard him beg me with the tears in his eyes, to keep tender watch over her; and I saw him wish her good-bye, as quiet as if his heart had not been well-nigh breaking over the word.

For, he went; and we were left with the boys gone. Lotty cried a

good deal at first, I think. I don't believe she had a notion what drove George away; she fancied he had never cared for her since that night. My tongue was tied; and though we poor women are always having it cast up at us, that we can't keep a secret, I'm sure not a soul could have held mine tighter than I did, though I won't say but that it often burnt my lips. Months passed by: Lotty grew more cheerful, though she never got back to her old gay light-hearted ways. Plenty would have made up to her, but she kept away from them all; indeed, I often scolded her for not going more with those of her own age, but that was the only scolding I had cause to give; she was always good to me and father, and the children loved her dearly. Letters used to come from George, who was doing bravely; and I made up my mind the time would soon slip by, and my Lotty be his—after all.

'Well, and the time did pass wonderful quick—all that autumn, and the winter, and then the spring. It got round to June at last, and Midsummer would bring George as sure as May brings the cuckoo. I came in from the boat one day, after taking a party a long pull up the river; and I was by myself in the house, for Lotty had gone with some work to the Parsonage. I expect I fell into a doze; the door was open to the street, and I heard no step—nothing—till my shoulder was clapped, and when I looked up, Dick was standing by me—Dick or his ghost! Anyone might have been as scared for the minute as I was, to see him there, when I pictured him lying at the bottom of the sea. But he burst out laughing in my face, and that brought back my wits.

'"It's me, Mother, no mistake! Where's the others?"

'Yes—it was him, though he was thinner and browner, and had a lot of hair over his chin; and if I jumped up and hugged him, 'twas no wonder! And while I was asking more questions than he could answer, Lotty came in. What a start she gave! what a long wondering look! and then all the blood went out of her face, and I heard her gasp under her breath, "Thank God! I am innocent of his death!" Dick thought she was going to fall, and put his arm round her, and made her sit down; but he was evidently puzzled at our surprise.

'"Here's Mother keeps asking where I come from," said he; "you might have read that much on my letter."

'Well, that brought out that we'd had no letter; and by little and little we heard the rest. When the boat was run down, he saved himself by swimming, but the noise and darkness bewildered him, till at last he caught sight of lights, and made for them. He got near the ship and hallooed: they heard him, and put off; but before the boat reached him he was spent, and went down once if not twice. Any way, when, by almost a miracle, they got him on board, they thought they had only a drowned man to attend to; and he must have been nigh gone, for he could remember nothing till the next morning, and then not clear; but when he got quite round, the ship was under sail, miles away from Plymouth harbour. She was an emigrant vessel bound for Australia,

and short of hands. No doubt they thought Dick was a fine young man, and as he was unconscious or asleep when they sailed in the morning, why, they made no bones about the matter. I can fancy Dick did feel in a fine way, as he said; and made a mighty fuss, demanding to be taken back, and all the rest of it; but the Captain spoke him fair, and told him they would surely fall in with homeward bound ships, and so he might get a passage home then. He persuaded him hard to go along with them to Australia, and told a heap of fine stories which set Dick's mouth watering, and—the long and short of it was, Dick made up his mind to it, and worked his passage out. He said it was to get a fortune for Lotty—I say it was only a selfish fancy; but there! folks won't hearken, and she thought it must be all as he made out. Well, when he was there he didn't like the place, though he managed to fall into a good situation; so at the end of six months he threw it up, worked his passage home, and here he was; we never having got a letter he wrote back. He made a good bit more of a story out of it, but this was the sense.

'We made much of him, as was natural; and Lotty in especial seemed to have a heavy weight off her mind, and not to know how to be thankful enough. It was just like the dead come to life again, and Dick liked it uncommonly. But I thought all the while that George Phillis would have thought more of those he had left behind.

'It was easy to see—very soon—that Dick meant to hold his own about Lotty, and I fancy he knew (for he was as quick as a needle) that with her it was best to treat it as a settled promise. A few days after, she told me—throwing her arms round my neck, and sobbing—that she had given her word to Dick. Poor George! my heart bled for him; but I was frightened to say a word after promising him so solemn. I did ask her was she sure? and she said, "Why not? He has been faithful to me all this time. Do be glad about it, Mother; I did think you would be glad." So I kissed her, and bit my tongue: was it not a hard case that I dared not say a word about another who had been faithful all that time too? I wrote to him as well as I could, and told him what had happened. His letter was like himself, so true and fine-hearted. "My best blessing on Lotty!" (this was what was on it;) "I knew she liked Dick best. Tell her nothing, Mother, that's all I ask; and don't fret for me. I shall rub through it, like many another. You mustn't look for me now, I can't come yet awhile; but some day, perhaps, when I can stand the sight of her, I'll go down to the old place. Dick's a good fellow, you shouldn't be vexed with him because he's won her love; oh, Mother, I can be thankful that I never played him false—no, never: but I couldn't have stayed there and borne it. My poor Lotty! her fretting's done, I hope." Not much said, but a deal in his heart—that was George all over!

'Well, they were married—those two, Lotty and Dick. If this was a story in a story-book, I suppose 'twould have ended different, and the other would have had her after all. But I don't see that things often fall

out like story-books. Things don't always come as we should fancy was best; and now I am getting into an old woman, and I'm growing to know what I ought to have learnt long ago, that it's very well for us that our notions of what's best don't have their own way. How should we settle matters, who don't know what may be floating in with the next tide? and what a deal of good fretting we might save if we only thought more over that! Besides—if you won't think I'm preaching, which isn't my business at all—when we get ourselves into a puzzle over why anything is let to be, as I did over Lotty and Dick, we should mind that we don't see the end of it here. It will come right by-and-bye. George will have his reward.

'And now, Ma'am, if I've tired out your patience, you can guess my story is pretty well over. They've been married nigh on two years, and I think Lotty is happy, though not so merry as in the old days. Dick makes her a good husband; always a bit selfish to my fancy, but steady, and a right good workman, so there's no fear of his not doing. They have the dearest prettiest little maid that ever you saw, and—that Lotty did set her heart upon—George is her godfather, and they call her Phillis, which, by good luck, they tell me is a woman's name. George was here for the first time last Easter, biding with us. None but me saw much difference in him; but I know where the lines have come in his face—not from pinching, for he has got on wonderful. Ah, well, I don't want to get grumbling again! and Lotty never knows how dearly he loved her. He had a hard struggle, and folk would say a hard lot; but he's found a big blessing in the midst of it all—and that is God's peace!'

She stopped here, and we thanked her heartily, for indeed, the story, as she told it, was very simple and touching. There was much in her last words to make us think, and we were all glad to sit silent for a time; she with her back to us, her face to the harbour which we were re-entering, and the sail's rope lying slack in her hands. It was a very faint breeze which carried us on, but the tide was in our favour, and we slipped quietly over the still waters. The sun was setting, a golden ball, beyond Tor Point; and under the dark bank shadows the water gleamed as golden as the sun. Sight travelled far, but thought went beyond. Yes, the mighty Hand is over us everywhere, and He who laid out that vast expanse, watches also the sparrows as they fall, and knows the weight of every sorrow:—with infinite Love caring for us, yet not always seeing fit to take away the pain—not always sending the crown of joy *here*—not always fulfilling the yearning desire of our hearts. But the end tries all, and we may not judge by time while eternity remains.

As we neared the landing-place, we saw a young woman standing on the shore with a child in her arms. Old John touched my shoulder: 'That's her the Missus has been telling about,' he said; 'that's Lotty.' When the boat grated on the shingle she came forward to help in the unloading, and we looked at her with interest. The countenance was a

sweet one, the eyes deep and patient, an expression not commonly met with in a face like hers: I dare say knowing her story made us fancy ourselves very discerning; but I think it was easy to read that she had seen trouble. She was very gentle with the old people, and wonderfully proud of the baby. We left them all together—a pretty group—the child on old John's shoulder, crowing delightedly; and the young mother playing at bo-peep with her behind his back.

I am glad to picture her so when I think over her story.

F. M. P.

THE ENGLISH FAMILY IN GERMANY AGAIN.

MAX KOCH.

Good Frau Schültz came from time to time to call upon the 'gracious English lady,' as she always termed Mrs. Leslie; but her mind was full of her own troubles. A heavy sorrow was slowly but surely approaching the peaceful little Pfarrhaus, of which she was the mistress.

The inmates of the Lutheran Pfarrhaus, at Gründenau, consisted of the Herr Pfarrer, a grave quiet man, who simply attended to his religious duties; and seldom, at other times, was seen out of his little study, where he composed sermons, wrote essays, and studied the heavy folios of the early Swiss and German reformers, which were the daily food for his mind. It was little wonder that the stern, uncompromising, argumentative, tone of their works, which he was constantly studying, should have influenced the cast of his features, and lent to them an equally stern unapproachable appearance. He was a man well fitted to have graced the stake or the torture-chamber, in support of what he believed to be the truth; more so, than to be a shepherd of his flock in the peaceful times in which his lot had fallen. Still he was looked up to and revered by his simple people; and it spoke well for him, and also for the Roman Catholic priest of Gründenau, that, notwithstanding the antagonism of their principles, they could be appointed to one parish, worship in one edifice, and meet constantly without any dissent or quarrels. For at Gründenau, as in many villages in southern Germany, where there was only one church building, it belonged to the Lutherans for Divine Service at certain hours, and was used at different hours by the Roman Catholics. The Lutherans permitted a good deal of ornament in their churches; so that there was much that the two churches could have in common, and what was strictly Roman Catholic, such as a portion of the altar, was removed after each celebration. The Lutherans always had a crucifix and candles on their altar-tables.

Frau Schültz herself was a kind-hearted good woman, whose heart and hand were alike open to every call for sympathy or charity; she had the

profoundest respect for her 'mann,' as she called her husband, but she found more congeniality in the society of her two daughters, Wilhelmine and Louise; who at the ages of seventeen and fifteen were able to be pleasant companions to her.

The one darling of her mother's heart was her son Oscar; from the day he first saw light, until the present moment, when he was just twenty, he had been the object of all her thoughts and her anxieties. At first, he, being a healthy child, had been the source of more pleasure to her than pain; to dress him to the very extent of fineness that their humble means would allow—to control his wilfulness herself, and yet screen his boyish faults from his stern father—and to build castles in the air, in which her Oscar was always the hero—was the occupation she had in his earlier years. Then came the grievous moment when she must let her Oscar be cared for by stranger hands. He went to school. And each succeeding holiday she discovered she was less necessary to his happiness—that he even had little secrets from her. Oscar was to go to the university to be a clergyman—with his talents he must at least become a dean; and if sometimes she feared his wild spirits and uncontrolled temper would never tame down to the gentleness required of a Pfarrer, she decided he might become a lawyer—and through a rapid succession of honours and appointments, her mother's eyes beheld in him a grave and dignified judge. But Oscar in the meanwhile—Oscar had resolved to be a soldier, and that neither father nor mother should prevent him;—of all things to choose to be a soldier—the mother hoped it was but a boyish freak, and that he would change his mind before he left the Lyceum for good. Herr Schültz would not hear the subject mentioned: whenever he had exerted himself to interfere in family matters, his will had always been law. He supposed it would be so now; and when he said to Oscar, 'I command, that such a subject as your future profession is not mentioned again in this house for one year,—and if Oscar ventures to disobey my orders, I insist on your not listening to him,' he continued, addressing his wife; he had no doubt he should be obeyed. And for the space of one year he was obeyed; mother and son had no conversation on the subject, though each was quite aware of the thoughts of the other. Oscar returned to the Lyceum, and left it with high testimonials.

The morning after he had returned home, the day year after his last conversation regarding a profession with his father, Herr Schültz called him into his study, and began,

'I have been quite satisfied with your conduct and progress at the Lyceum.' A word of praise from his father was rare, and accordingly acceptable to Oscar's ears. 'I have made every arrangement for your entrance at Heidelberg University at the autumn term; I am still remembered there, and I hope the untarnished character and the name which Johann Schültz brought away from the University will be equally supported by Oscar Schültz.'

Oscar was going to speak, but his father continued, 'There is but one

thing remaining for you to decide. Last year you had some foolish notions about the profession you wished to adopt; I silenced them then, now I hope they are forgotten; and it remains for you to decide whether, like your fathers for many generations, you will become a clergyman, or whether you choose to follow the law.' He paused. Oscar stood before his father; he knew it was no trifling thing to oppose his father's fixed will; he felt no hopes of changing his determination, but his own resolve was firmly taken.

'Father,' he said, 'I am not fit for a clergyman; I hate books. Do not thwart me—I must, I will, be a soldier.'

'Never!' exclaimed his father; 'I will never give my consent. Till to-morrow morning I give you to decide whether you embrace the law or the Church; I will hear nothing more.'

'Listen, Father!' began Oscar.

'Silence!' insisted his father. 'Leave the room. By to-morrow be a dutiful son, and return to me.'

Angry and rebellious, Oscar left his father, and rushed to his own room, bolting the door after him. His mother came knocking for admission, but he said he was engaged; she turned away—the first time she had been refused her son's room—with a heavy heart.

Meanwhile, Oscar was engaged, putting together his few things, every now and then breaking out into angry exclamations against his father. When his packing was completed, he thought he could not leave his home without speaking to any of them; his mother was out of the question; he wanted to call his favourite sister, Wilhelmine—'I dare not,' he said bitterly to himself; 'they are so under father's control, they will go and tell him.' So he seated himself at his little writing-table, and wrote a very affectionate letter to his mother.

He told her he had often longed to talk to her about his wishes, but his father's commands to her had restrained him. He was grieved to cause her pain, but his father was very cruel; he felt he never could fulfil their wishes, so to avoid angry discussions, before she read this letter he should have enlisted. This was the only act of disobedience he should ever do, and he begged her to believe that he would never commit an action of which her most affectionate son Oscar need be ashamed.

He kept his door locked. Supper was a mournful meal to them all. Oscar's absence excited no remark; they supposed he was keeping his room.

Poor Frau Schültz could gather nothing from her husband as to what had passed; he was too angry to speak about it. 'Still,' he said to himself, 'I was so decided about it, the boy may sulk, but to-morrow he will give in, and there will be an end to it.'

Had he in former days studied the boy's character as much as the mother had done, he would not have felt so confident of his yielding.

As it was, when Frau Schültz came next morning to his room, the open letter in her hand, trembling with alarm and grief, it came upon

him like a thunder-clap—his Oscar, his first-born and only son, whom he had looked upon as scarcely more than a child, had defied him, had ruined his own future, and taken a step in life which could never be retraced! It was a dreadful blow to his pride, to his authority, to the name he had always borne for governing his household so admirably; nevertheless, he would probably have controlled his own feelings, and forbidden the name of Oscar to be mentioned again, have disowned him as his son, had not Frau Schültz, his gentle yielding Anna, who in the course of their long married life had never once opposed her will to his, or failed to defer to him as undisputed master, now turned upon him, and with tears and reproaches called him cruel, hard, iron-willed! He had driven her son to despair! 'The gentlest and most affectionate lad; you could have led him to anything. But, heartless book-worm that you are! you prevented his mother talking to him; and who knows what hard things you have not said to him yesterday! My Oscar would never have acted like this if you had not driven him to it; and, even now, see what a loving letter he writes to his mother!'

Surprise mastered every other feeling in Herr Schültz's mind—surprise at his wife; and though he defended his conduct, and said no dutiful child should dispute his father's word, he used no angry expressions against Oscar, and endeavoured to comfort poor Frau Schültz.

In a few days Oscar Schültz was gazetted as having entered the 1st Regiment of the Baden army, stationed at Karlsruhe. He began, as all foreigners of whatever rank must do, as private of the regiment, in which he fondly hoped he should some day hold a high command.

The same evening that the Schültzes read this announcement, the Herr Pfarrer came to his wife, and giving her a small roll of money, he said, 'Anna! Oscar has chosen his own lot in life. I will send him yearly what I had intended his education to have cost me; you can send him this money every quarter; I do not wish to hear anything of him.'

Frau Schültz thankfully took the money, and accepted what she felt rightly was a permission to hold intercourse with him. She always told her husband when she heard from him, and the news was listened to without any comment; still she thought it gratified him to hear the good accounts they received, of his order, his discipline, and his steadiness, from time to time.

These events had taken place some time before the Leslies came to Gründenau; the freshness of the distress had worn off in the Pfarrhaus, and their life had been much the same as before Oscar had so bitterly disappointed them. Perhaps the greatest difference to be noticed was, that instead of constantly quoting 'my son Oscar' on every occasion, as it had been formerly Frau Schültz's habit to do, she was seldom heard to mention him in society; not that she thought of him the less for that. The sorrow which was approaching them so swiftly at the present moment was of a different nature.

If the Schültzes had been disappointed in their favourite child, in

Oscar, their two daughters could only be a source of constant satisfaction to them. They both possessed the gentleness, the modest retiring manners, and the thorough knowledge of the grounds of the Lutheran faith, which their father thought necessary to a woman's education; they were as pretty, as thoroughly versed in the mysteries of housekeeping, pickling, and preserving, as clever with their needle, and as great adepts in knitting, as their notable mother, Frau Schültz, could wish to see her daughters. She had nothing more to desire for them than that some young Herr Pfarrer or Herr Amtmann should become sensible of their charms, and take them to grace the home she thought them so well suited to. In the meantime, they both prepared the linen, but especially the knitted stockings, for their trousseaux; and it was a great boast of Wilhelmine's that she could show thirty pairs of her own knitting, whilst Louise had only fifteen to display.

Only once in their lifetime had Frau Schültz permitted them to leave her; she made a great favour of allowing them to go to the wedding of a cousin living in Heidelberg. The wedding was to be succeeded by a week of gaiety and dancing. On the Saturday, when they returned, delighted with their taste of the world, Wilhelmine brought back with her a serious cold, which ended in inflammation of the lungs. She recovered from that, but never entirely regained her health; a cough hung about her, and she became more and more weakly every succeeding month of the summer. As autumn approached, her cough increased; the langour and the feverishness, the bright but ever-varying colour of her delicate complexion, convinced Frau Schültz that she was rapidly falling a victim to that dreadful complaint which Germans call the 'English illness.'

It was rarely now that she could venture out of the house. Her own room, a cheerful little place with a south aspect, was where she spent the greater part of the day, knitting as long as her strength would allow it, and after that, whiling away the hours with playing Patience, that favourite pursuit of invalid foreigners, whilst Louise read to her from their favourite books.

Dora was a constant visitor to her, bringing her each day flowers, grapes, or any little thing which she thought might interest or amuse her.

No one could know much of Wilhelmine without loving her; and as day by day her bodily strength decreased, her mind seemed to become clearer and brighter; her thoughts and remarks often gave Dora much food for thought after she had left her.

Wilhelmine was deeply interested in Herr Koch's Mass; she laughed most heartily with Dora, when she heard the account of his engagement as he had related it to them. 'Don't think,' she said, 'all German girls are as hardly treated, or have as little to say in the matter, as poor Clara seems to have had.'

They had none of them seen Oscar since he enlisted, now three years

ago. Wilhelmine felt she must see him again, and meant to beg her father to allow him to be sent for before she died. But she was quite aware of the state she was in, and she did not believe her soul would be required to leave its earthly tenement before the return of spring buds and spring flowers, so she delayed making her request. None of her family could bear her to allude to the great change to which she could look forward without fear; so, except in her long conversations with Dora, she never mentioned it, but set herself earnestly and solemnly to work to prepare herself for what she knew was approaching.

Gründenau Schloss was not as delightful a winter residence as it was a summer one. Stone floors, ill-fitting windows, and glass doors, prevented the keen frosts from being excluded; and the Leslies had to endure the cold as best they might. Their chief friends consisted in the large china stoves heated with wood, which threw out considerable heat, and whose great recommendation was, that you could not only sit round them, but you might also with impunity sit upon them.

With their books, music, and occupations, the regular sleighing and sliding—for they were none of them agile enough to do more than tumble in skates—the Leslies contrived to make themselves comfortable, and the winter sped rapidly. All the night, and the greater part of the day, Koch spent in his room, composing; a hurried run twice a day in the garden, was all the leisure time he allowed himself. Several times, when Mrs. Leslie protested that no brain could bear such constant work, he would answer, 'It will be time enough to rest when I am famous. Another year, and Europe will ring with my name; it must, my work is so beautiful; nothing yet has ever been produced like it.'

It was on Christmas Eve, a cold snowy evening, that Margaret was sitting alone in the school-room. It was almost dark; she was in a deep reverie, wondering what English Christmas Eves were like. Were they as full of business and excitement as they were in Germany—alike to those who were preparing the Tree and the Christmas gifts, or to those eager ones who were expecting them?

All at once the door burst open; Koch rushed in straight up to her, seized both her hands, and exclaimed, in the most excited manner, 'It is finished! on the Holy Christmas night. I have written the last note! I am so happy! Next Christmas night I may hear it performed. Rejoice with me!'

'I do indeed,' she said warmly, extricating her hands from his firm grasp. 'O Koch, I am so very glad; I am delighted! What a glad Christmas-tide it makes for you!'

'Yes;' he said, 'I am satisfied with my share of the work. It remains now for the musical world to receive it, the orchestra to perform it thoroughly, and for the ears of the public to appreciate it.'

'All of which must be accomplished by our next Christmas Eve,' she added.

The next few days Koch's spirits seemed to know no bounds, and yet he was his nicest self. Full of information, which he imparted in his dreamy way, mixed up with his own original ideas on general subjects, he spent the greater part of the day with the Leslies, and was constantly improvising at the piano, or on his precious violin, one sacred air after another; the Désir, Sehnsucht Waltz, which formed the thema to most of his variations, was of a triumphant happy tone which scarcely accorded with its title.

Mrs. Leslie wondered that he did not choose the Christmas holidays to be with his betrothed, who would naturally be at her own home, Amersheim, near Mayence, at that season; but his betrothed was far from his thoughts at that time, and when they asked him why he did not go to see her, they were amused at his answer: 'I cannot possibly spare the time; she will have me for always in another nine months.'

He took that opportunity of telling Mrs. Leslie that he should like to leave them for half a year; he must go to Paris. He had introductions to Meyerbeer, Rossini, and other celebrated musicians, and he must lay his great work before them. 'From them I shall receive assistance in the first expense of bringing it out; but I shall see you before then, for I intend it to be performed at Freiburg—perhaps you will come to hear its first performance?'

A few days later, he left them full of hope—I need not say hope, but of assurance, that he was travelling towards the golden gates of fame and glory. He left many parting directions to his pupils as to what they were to do during the few months he should be absent. His directions were most explicit to Margaret: 'For you,' he said, 'are the only one who has really soul, or can express the feelings of your mind. You will be proud of your master when I return!' With those last words he left Gründenau.

Wilhelmine lingered much the same through the sharp frosts of winter and the damp of early spring; she was surprised at herself when the returning sunshine, and mild air of April, permitted her once more to leave the house. She was drawn from the Pfarrhaus on to the terrace walk at Gründenau, where she could best enjoy the view of the Neckar, running rapidly by as it did almost at her feet.

It was one of those beautiful but treacherous days in April which tempted her to be out longer than she ought to have been. Once or twice, Dora, who sat by her side, suggested calling the servant to wheel her home, but each time she begged for a few minutes more. 'I feel as if it were the last time I should ever see the Neckar, which I love so dearly; and I think it pains me more to say farewell to this view, than it does to you living beings, the separation seems so much greater. I know that it is but a veil that divides *us*, and I shall be inside the veil, so that I shall know more than you do here; the last painful feeling my approaching death gives me, is the feeling of change. I feel it may all be better and happier; but my childhood, our happy days when Oscar

and Louise were children, our garden with its cherry trees, the walks and games by our old friend the Neckar, and the graver thoughts which come with older years, can never return to us; and there is something so sad to me in the thought.'

Dora looked a sympathy she did not know how to express; and Wilhelmine, noticing her grave face, added,

'These thoughts were often in my mind during the cold winter, when I thought my eyes would never again rest on this beautiful view, or see the blue waters of the Neckar again; and this glorious April day brings them forcibly back to me; not that I really mind so much, only the eighteen years I have spent in this world have been so happy, and I have had all things in it so richly to enjoy;' unconsciously quoting from the Book which had been her chief, almost her only, study during the winter months. 'I have never had a real trouble, scarcely a vexation; for Oscar was so much away, that I could only feel sorry for what he did as it affected dear mamma; and she has been so good, and Louise such a sister. When I know what sorrows fall to the lot of others, I can scarcely believe that I am to close my eyes on a world that has been so full of sunshine to me, only to open them on one infinitely more glorious and happy!'

Dora repeated to herself, in an audible whisper, 'Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard—'

'Say it louder,' asked Wilhelmine.

And Dora repeated, in an audible voice, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'

They were both silent for a few moments; and then Wilhelmine said, in a subdued weak voice, 'Dora, in the winter we talked of graver things. You know me as well as anyone does—I think I have the Christian's fear and the Christian's hope; I trust that the hope is not too sure—I think I ought to have more fear than I can bring myself to have; for the little coloured print over my bed of the Shepherd holding the lamb in His arms, is so impressed on my mind—and the lamb, you know, is safe when it is in the Shepherd's arms.'

You could not speak to Wilhelmine of going to the world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the wearied are at rest, for she knew too little either of wickedness or of weariness; and that is the promise suited to middle age, or the close of a life of care and trouble. Mysterious it seemed to Dora, when she thought over all Wilhelmine had said, why her pilgrimage should have been so short and so smooth, before she was called, as they humbly hoped, to take her place in the Unknown Kingdom; when others, through trouble, trial, disappointment upon disappointment, had to experience the insufficiency of all earthly things, and through a refining fire be fitted to take their place, happy indeed if at last they might attain to it.

(To be continued.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PRINCE CHARLES OF HESSE.

In the Revue des Deux Mondes for the 1st of December last, M. St. Réné Tallandier gives an account of an interesting work, which, as it has been published at Copenhagen for private circulation only, would not otherwise have been known to the general public.

This is the Autobiography of Prince Charles, second son of Frederick Landgrave of Hesse, and of Mary of England, daughter of our George II. Living in stirring times, and in intercourse with many remarkable men, Prince Charles's simple record of occurrences and conversations possesses unusual interest, and the revelation of his own honest conscientious character is not the least pleasant feature. We cannot but think that English readers will be glad to make his acquaintance.

Prince Charles was born at Cassel in 1744, but early left his native soil, never to return permanently. His father, then only heir to the crown, became a Roman Catholic, to the horror of his family. His wife and children were immediately separated from him, and sent to Gottingen in Hanover, whence on the breaking out of the Seven Years War, they departed to Denmark, for greater safety. The princess, who seems to have been a good and sensible woman, superintended personally the education of her two sons. 'We were brought up *à l'Anglaise*,' says the Prince; by which he seems to mean that they were not habituated to to the rigorous etiquette of German courts, which so impregnates all ideas, that princes, nobles, and bourgeois, seem to be considered as scarcely inheriters of the same human nature. He continues, 'Our governor, Sévery, a rather young man, who spoke his mind very freely, often said to us, when he heard conceited ideas, "Do not think yourselves something because you are princes; know that you are made of the same clay as others, and that it is merit alone which makes men." These principles were laid on the right foundation.

'From my childhood I put my confidence in God. I regarded all men as equal in His eyes, except by their attachment to Him and to their duty. This is the principle on which my character has been based without my knowing it; therefore I took for my device at one and twenty, when I received the Order of the Elephant, *Omnia cum Deo*. He it is who has guided, sustained, and led me in my long career; and thanks to Him, despite all my imperfections, He has never suffered my faith and trust in Him to slacken for a moment.'

The Danish court became Prince Charles's real home. Frederick V., his uncle by marriage, treated him as one of his own sons, and he seems very likely to have attracted the love and esteem of the whole royal family. The account which he gives of the condition of the Danish peasantry during the earlier part of his life, is really startling. It seems

difficult to believe that the serfage of the Middle Ages existed in full vigour so near our own shores, only a century ago.

'The Danish peasant was a serf in the full meaning of the word. There was no justice for him, no protection against his proprietor. Many of the latter had been the agents of the owners. They had ruined their absent masters, and had ended by buying up their estates. The unhappy peasant was under the pitiless scourge of this rule, at the mercy of a master, who forced him at his pleasure to take a bad piece of land and put it in order, and when by his industry and the sweat of his brow, he had improved it, drove him out, and forced him to take another. The master compelled him to marry as he pleased. At the least opposition, he put the wretch into the militia to serve for perhaps four-and-twenty years, or sold him for forty or fifty crowns to the chief of a battalion or squadron, on condition that he should never set his foot on his native soil, nor even enter the province.'

And he goes on to give a description of the brutalized state of the peasantry, and their frightful habits of intoxication, drunkenness being the only happiness they knew.

It should be remembered, that this state of things, worse than that which in France produced the horrors of the Revolution, was reformed by one man, Frederick VI., and so completely, that the Danish peasantry are now, as we have lately heard, as prosperous and contented as any in Europe.

The death of Frederick V. made no change in Prince Charles's position at court; for his son and successor, Christian VII., was warmly attached to his cousin, and often entreated him to marry in Denmark, that so he might have a permanent tie to the country. When at last he discovered that the Prince was attached to his own youngest sister, his joy knew no bounds; and he set to work so vigorously to further the wooing, that Prince Charles was obliged to entreat him to be a little less impetuous. Christian VII., who has left behind him the reputation of a second Nero, seems as a young man to have been gentle and amiable, and much beloved by those around him; but even then occasional strange whims showed the uncertain balance of his intellect, or, at least, a strange perversion of the moral sense. Take for instance this treatment of his brother-in-law, for whom he had certainly much affection. 'One evening, at a ball, the King came up to me and said, "Listen, my dear Prince, I want to speak to you. You will hear perhaps of a number of dreadful things which are said about you. I own frankly the reports come from me. I was vexed with you, I really don't know why, and I told everyone who would listen a frightful quantity of lies to ruin your reputation. You must not be disturbed about it, I am not angry with you any longer."'

As time went on, the King's caprices grew more marked and more alarming. The populace believed that the minister, Count Struensee, had given him a poison to destroy his intellect, in order to secure his own power; but it is evident that Christian's mind was naturally unsound, and

his excessive intemperance greatly increased the evil. Prince Charles says that at intervals he seemed possessed, so different was he from his natural self, and the fits of insanity became continually longer and more frequent. Unfortunately, no one ventured to put the restraint on him which was required, and would have been merciful both to himself and others. The Prince does not enter fully on the well-known and most scandalous episode of Queen Caroline Matilda and Count Struensee, but speaks slightingly of the latter, as a frivolous and selfish man, very far from the enlightened reformer which some French writers have thought him, while he pities the Queen, whom he highly esteemed, for having fallen into such bad hands.

The King's elder sister was married to the Crown-Prince of Sweden, afterwards Gustavus III.; and Prince Charles, her brother-in-law, had the charge of escorting her to her future abode. He describes all the arrangements for her reception as singularly mean. On the evening of her arrival, a ball was given at the residence of the Crown Prince, where an attic, its walls hung with horse-furniture and arms, did duty as a ball-room. It was so insecure, that when the Spanish envoy, who was a very large man, 'began to dance with his accustomed vivacity,' the floor gave way, and the ball was stopped till it could be propped up with beams in the lower room. Gustavus was afterwards remarkable for the extravagant splendour of his court, and was thought to emulate that of Versailles, so it is singular that his nuptials should have been celebrated in such mean style.

Prince Charles remarks on the talents of Gustavus, and particularly on his brilliant conversation, but adds significantly, 'There was something in him which made me distrust him, though he showed me the utmost friendship, and made me the greatest protestations.' If after events did not influence the Prince's remembrance of his first impressions, he must have had a keen perception of character, for want of reliability was the central defect in the whole conduct of Gustavus III. With all his brilliant endowments, and magnificent projects, all that he accomplished was to bring misery on Sweden, and a bloody death on himself.

Two years later we find Gustavus, now King of Sweden, busily intriguing with the Norwegians, inciting them to revolt against Denmark, and to proclaim himself their king by universal suffrage—a device not so exclusively the property of the nineteenth century as we are apt to believe. The prospect was most alarming to the Danish government, for by a double infatuation, while cruelly oppressing the Norwegians, they had utterly neglected the defences of the country, and were in no condition to suppress a revolt, which would be backed by all the power of Sweden. It was hastily resolved to send Prince Charles to Norway as Viceroy, apparently with unlimited powers; for one of the ministers muttered that he would make himself king there, and another replied, 'If we are to lose Norway, better that Prince Charles should have it than the King of Sweden.' Indeed, it seems that it only depended on himself to realize the

prophecy; so enthusiastic was the attachment with which he soon inspired the honest Norwegians, by rectifying the long-standing abuses which had created discontent, especially the heavy taxes, and the almost prohibitory duties imposed on all imports, except those from Denmark.

'I do not know how Prince Charles has done it,' said Gustavus to the Spanish Envoy, 'but he has ruined all my plans in Norway, of which I felt sure; they want to make him king.' In complete contrast to his brilliant rival, Charles seems to have been less distinguished by showy talent, than by plain good sense, and the power of inspiring complete confidence in his honesty of purpose. After some months he brought his wife and daughter to Norway, and made a progress through the whole country, to the delight of the good people, whose attachment he fully reciprocated.

'It is very pleasant to learn to know these patriarchal families of Norway, to hear these people with long beards, often white, who *tutoyent* you, who bless you, and speak with such reverend wisdom and simplicity. One's heart opens. I know nothing better than this people of the mountains, or rather of the lakes. The inhabitants of the towns, and of the southern provinces bordering on Sweden, are much more corrupt; but the interior of the country is the most respectable on the face of the globe. I cannot bear to think of it. Their present separation from Denmark has filled me with grief.'

Prince Charles continued to govern Norway for forty-one years, not always residing in the country, but always controlling the administration, until in 1814, the separation which he deplores took place, and Norway was united to the Crown of Sweden by the allied powers, as a reward to Bernadotte for turning against his old master. Then the Norwegians, who were on the point of throwing themselves into the arms of Sweden when Prince Charles first came among them, rose in insurrection to oppose the transfer of their allegiance, and chose as their leader, Frederick Crown Prince of Denmark, who on his mother's side was a grandson of Prince Charles. It was no slight testimony to the good government of the Viceroy.

On the breaking out of the war of the Bavarian succession between Austria and Prussia, in 1779, Prince Charles joined the Prussian army as a volunteer; and the account he gives of Frederick the Great in his later years, is the most curious and interesting part of his book. The King was pleased with the young man's varied knowledge, and readiness in conversation; and though sometimes irritated by his frank fearlessness, he liked him the better for it, and soon became strongly attached to him. The Prince on his side respected the old warrior, and pitied his lonely friendless old age.

As a young man, Frederick had had warm feelings and inspired strong friendships, but now no one was at the pains to pretend any personal attachment to him. His sarcastic speeches and restless suspicions had alienated all around him. His old generals were dead, and now he would

confide his plans wholly to no one; hence the best laid schemes frequently failed, because he could not himself superintend all the details; and those around him, resenting his distrust, were delighted to lay on him the blame of every reverse.

One day a convoy of provisions coming from Silesia had been seized by the Austrian Pandours. 'Next morning,' says the Prince, 'when I came to head-quarters, everyone hastened to regale me with the news, which seemed to me disastrous; there was inconceivable joy that the King had had a misfortune through his own fault, as they thought. I was indignant at it, for which reason I was named the Royalist. People said, "Now that the cow is stolen, he will shut the stable door." . . . . No one would say anything agreeable to the King, even if it were true; on the contrary, everyone was delighted to give him the most disagreeable intelligence. I have always told him the pure truth, when there was occasion; but I was always glad when I could let him know indirectly, and without flattery, that I was able to appreciate his great qualities, and the great things which he had done for his country, and in warfare. At the same time, I thought it my duty to contradict all his false opinions about persons or things, which I was the better acquainted with. His conversation on religion was insupportable to me.'

The Prince's frankness and honest admiration was most refreshing to the soured old man, and in return he was unusually confidential. Charles was much surprised at the abrupt close of the Bavarian War; and the King told him in confidence that he had ended it thus suddenly, because he felt an attack of gout coming on, which always confused his head. 'Then I feel that I cannot command, that I make nothing but mistakes; but it is then that I am most jealous of power, and I see that I must give up the command to someone else, who would go on, and leave me behind.'

One day, during the campaign in Bohemia, the Prussian army reached Jägerndorf, and Prince Frederick of Brunswick drove out the Austrian force, which occupied the town, while the operations which the King himself superintended were unsuccessful. His Majesty was therefore in the worst of humours; dismissed Prince Frederick abruptly, when he came to report his success; refused to go to the head-quarters which had been prepared for him in the town, and took up his abode in a particularly dirty farm-yard, whither he summoned Prince Charles to keep him company. The two were alone together for some time, sitting on a bench in the yard, while the baggage was being removed to the new lodging; and the King, having vented some of his bad temper, began to talk of various things, and at length of the partition of Poland, and gave his auditor the following account of Maria Theresa's conduct in the matter.

'Benoit, the Prussian envoy to Poland, had discovered some old claims on Poland, which he wished me to assert. I inquired into them, and finding them not without foundation, I laid my plans accordingly; the Empress of Russia agreed at once, but Maria Theresa was much too conscientious. Then I sent Edelheim to Vienna, to gain over the confessor,

who persuaded Maria Theresa that for the good of her soul, she ought to take the portion assigned to her. Then she began to weep terribly. Meanwhile the troops of the three co-partners entered Poland, and took their shares—she still weeping; but all at once we learnt to our great surprise, that she had taken much more than her share, for she wept and took it all the same *(car elle pleurait et prenait toujours)*—and we had much trouble to make her satisfy herself with her own portion of the cake. That's what she is.'

Large allowances must be made for Frederick's personal dislike to Maria Theresa, and his cynical contempt for conscientious scruples, in reading this account of the matter; but unfortunately it is undeniable that want of straightforwardness was a serious blot on her otherwise noble character.

It was at dinner that Frederick's conversation took its widest range, and he would sit at table a very long time, to the great weariness of the courtiers. The old generals frequently dropped asleep, rousing themselves to say a word or two at random, and subsiding again. Prince Charles alone took pleasure in listening to the King, drawing him out, and asking him questions, to Frederick's great delight, and probably to the despair of the yawning courtiers. He was therefore the King's most frequent guest.

'One day, I had a very animated conversation with the King, on the subject of religion. He could not see a crucifix without blaspheming; and when he spoke of it at table, or of the Christian religion, I could not join in the conversation, but looked down, and was quite silent. The King was perfectly conscious of it. At last he turned to me sharply, and said, "Tell me, my dear Prince, do you believe in these things?" I answered firmly, "Sire, I am not more sure that I have the honour of seeing you, than that Jesus Christ has lived, and died for us on the Cross as our Saviour." The King remained a moment buried in thought; then taking me by the right arm, he squeezed it hard, and said, "Well, my dear Prince, you are the first man of sense that I have known to believe in it." I answered in a few words, reiterating the certainty of my faith. When after dinner I passed into the adjoining room, I found General Tauenzien there alone. He put his two hands on my shoulders, and covered me with tears, saying, "Now God be praised; I have lived to see an honest man confess Christ before the King." The good old man loaded me with caresses. I cannot recall this happy moment of my life, without the greatest gratitude to God, for having given me this opportunity of professing my faith in Him and in His Son before the King.'

Prince Charles took up no less firmly the defence of an absent friend, whom the King attacked, and alarmed the courtiers by his boldness. Nevertheless, though angry at the time, Frederick liked him the better for it. When, at the end of the Bavarian Campaign, Prince Charles asked leave to return to Denmark, and spend the winter with his wife and family, Frederick consented only on his promise to come back to

him in the spring, and when he again appeared at Berlin, received him with a warmth quite unusual in him.

We are obliged to admit that our hero had his share of weaknesses, among which may be counted a strong taste for the mystic and marvellous, which occasionally overbalanced his good sense. To this tendency we owe a curious chapter in his autobiography, on his connection with the so-called Count of St. Germains. This strange man, who seems to have been one of the unhappy persons who have an absolute mania as well as genius for deceit, first appeared in France, in 1760. No one knew his family or country. He appeared to be immensely rich, and displayed jewels of great value; but otherwise was of very simple habits. He seemed about five-and-forty, but hinted that he was much older. When questioned as to his origin, he gave vague and gorgeous descriptions of the splendour in which his childhood had been passed, in which some fancied they could recognize Florence, others the Alhambra. Thanks, partly to his own skilful hints, partly to popular credulity, it was variously reported that he was the last of the Medici, that he was the descendant of the Moorish Kings of Granada, that he was a hundred and fifty years old, some thought very much older, and had fixed his soul in his body. It was also commonly believed that he possessed an infallible specific for all diseases, that he could make precious stones, and had other mystic powers. He quietly allowed vulgar minds to expatiate in the marvellous, and to well-informed persons only professed to have preserved his constitution by care and sobriety, and to possess certain valuable secrets in alchemy, chemistry, and medicine. Louis XV. gave him the use of a house, and all facilities for carrying on certain of his secret chemical processes; but he was imprudent enough to involve himself in some political intrigues, was discredited, and obliged to quit France.

In 1780 this adventurer met Prince Charles at Altona, as he was returning to Denmark, probably from Berlin, and informed him that he was coming to visit him at Schleswig. The Prince politely hinted that his company was not desired, but quite in vain, St. Germains persisted that he would come, and talked of the great things which they might accomplish in concert. In particular, he professed a knowledge of certain secrets in the art of dyeing, by which magnificent colours might be produced at a trifling cost, and carefully adapting his bait, he talked of giving employment to the poor, and elevating their condition. The Prince, who had already heard marvellous stories about this man's occult powers, was at length completely fascinated, and thought that to reject his advances would be to neglect an important means of doing good. He accordingly purchased some abandoned dyeing works, and placed St. Germains in possession, after coming to visit him, converse with him, and watch his experiments. These seem to have been tolerably successful, for the Prince says that on one occasion he saw a large quantity of silk dyed a most beautiful colour. An apothecary, paid by the Prince, was always in attendance to prepare medicines from the Count's receipts,

which were sold to the rich and given to the poor. We hear nothing of the efficacy of the medicines; but the Prince mentions, and we can easily believe, that the physicians spoke strongly against them after the Count's death, which caused so much annoyance to him, that he ceased to have them distributed.

St. Germains preserved his influence over his patron until his death, about three years from their first acquaintance; and this although he was an avowed infidel, and sometimes seriously annoyed the Prince by his style of conversation. The Count died while Prince Charles was absent in Hesse, but left a message for him, that God had given him grace to change his opinions in religion at the last; intelligence which was most welcome to the good prince, though it is difficult fully to trust to even the dying words of so accomplished an actor. He said he had left a letter containing certain secrets, to be opened by the Prince after his death; but this letter could never be found. Prince Charles had often pressed him to tell during his life what he wished to reveal; but he refused, saying that to do so would be a great misfortune for him. By his own account given to the Prince, this man was ninety-three when he died, and was the son of a Transylvanian prince, but brought up by the last of the Medici. If Prince Charles be thought very weak for being the dupe of his pretensions, it is a reproach which he shares with very many of his contemporaries. The limits of chemistry were far from being so distinctly known as they now are; the majority of men believed in the occult powers of nature; and even Goethe, the sceptic and *esprit fort par eminence*, kept a weak corner in his intellect for alchemy and the mystic sciences. Thus the pretensions of St. Germains to the power of lengthening life, of making gold, (from which he abstained, so he said, from conscientious motives,) and of indefinitely increasing the value of precious stones, found very few competent to expose them.

The flat materialism of the Voltairean school had by natural re-action called forth a longing for the mysterious, for something that should give room for faith or at least for imagination. To the same cause, aided perhaps by the ferment and uncertain longing in men's minds which heralded the French Revolution, may be ascribed the number and influence of the secret societies at the same period, of which also we have glimpses in Prince Charles's Autobiography. He was himself a Grand Master of the Free Masons, a society which then possessed real weight in public opinion, the reality and importance of their secret being generally believed in. Probably the society sometimes afforded a cloak for political intrigues; and there are grounds for believing that the Bavarian Jesuits had, on the abolition of their Order, joined the Free Masons, and gained command of them in order to preserve their influence. This was at least universally believed at the time; and great was the panic among good Protestants at the mysterious powers which the Jesuits had acquired, and were to exercise to the detriment of the Reformed religion.

A young professor at Ingolstadt, who, from being a pupil of the Jesuits,

had become their bitter opponent, started a counter society to frustrate their intrigues, and generally to promote the welfare of mankind. What particular good or harm this Society, known as the Illuminated, could have done, must now for ever remain a mystery; but had the Vehm Gericht been revived, with all its apparatus of halter and dagger, it could not have excited greater awe. One of its chief members, a literary man named Bode, alarmed at the possibilities of harm which he foresaw, entreated Prince Charles to become its president, revealing to him its aims and organization. The Prince says that he was struck with horror; but fearing the evil which must result should the office fall into ambitious hands, he accepted it. In about eight years, through his skilful management, as he hints, this formidable society had died a natural death; notwithstanding which, many good people continued for years after to ascribe to it most of the calamities of Europe, and particularly the French Revolution and the assassination of Gustavus III. of Sweden.

Most unfortunately, the Autobiography breaks off in 1786, when the Prince's life was only half expired; but M. Tallandier has collected some stray indications of his later fortunes. To our astonishment, we hear of him, in 1790, as sitting in the Jacobin Club at Paris—the pious kindly Prince become the associate of Robespierre and Hebert! It is scarcely possible for us to realize how the early dawn of the French Revolution appeared to contemporaries. The destruction of many gross abuses, the new Constitution, the hopes of Fraternity, are all overshadowed for us by the bloody guillotine and the triumph of atheism; but then men could not see the future, and hoped joyfully that France was about to become a model for the world. Many foreigners were attracted to Paris, thinking to watch the regeneration of the human race; and many ended their life and their hopes together in the proscriptions of the Reign of Terror. We have seen enough of Prince Charles to picture for ourselves the credulous joy with which he hailed the dawning era of Fraternity and Equality, the bitterness of the quickly dispelled illusion, and the horror with which he quitted the bloody city. We have no information as to the length of his stay; but a prince could scarcely have escaped the guillotine, had he been in Paris in 1793, and he would have seen enough to disgust him much earlier.

Possibly the Autobiography breaks off at this very time, because he found the recollection of his hopes and disappointment too painful to record.

In his later years, he did not cease to look for that elevation of mankind which he had hoped to find in Freemasonry, and in French dreams of Republicanism; but he looked for it in Christianity alone. Still inclined to the visionary, he busied himself in Apocalyptic studies, and millenarian reveries, and endeavoured to promulgate some mystic interpretation of the Scriptures.

We see him for the last time in 1831, when the people of Hesse having broken into revolution, and his nephew, the Landgrave, having been

forced to abdicate, the old man came forward in the House of Assembly to swear to the new Constitution; and by his personal influence preserved the succession to his great-nephew, the young heir. His advice afterwards is believed to have averted many unconstitutional acts; and it was only at his death that the tyranny began, which has given to Hesse the unhappy pre-eminence of being the worst governed state in Germany.

Prince Charles of Hesse died in 1836, at the age of ninety-two, after a life unusual in length as in varied interest, and leaving behind him a blameless character, and a name beloved wherever it was known.

LETTERS ON GEOLOGY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'IVON,' 'MINNIE'S DOLL'S HOUSE,' ETC.

LETTER V.

PALÆOZOIC AGE. *(continued.)*—DEVONIAN OR OLD RED SANDSTONE SYSTEM.

THE greater part of Europe was at this time, *i.e.*, during the formation of the Devonian rocks, still a wide ocean, with probably a few mountain-tops appearing here and there from out the waste of waters, and against which the waves would beat, and from which they would wear many fragments of rock to be ground into sand or rounded into pebbles. Accordingly, in some places we find widely-spread deposits of sand altered into sandstone, and conglomerates coloured red by the iron, which the waters of this period held in solution.

The Devonian, or Old Red Sandstone, is the name given to the system of rocks immediately succeeding the Silurian; but it must not be inferred from this name that all the rocks are red, or even all sandstone. Many are grey or green; and some, as the famous Devonshire marble, are limestone.

Rocks are said to belong to such and such a system, not because they are composed of a particular sort of limestone or sandstone, (that is, not from their lithological character—λιθος, (lithos,) a stone,) but from the fossil remains they are found to contain. Rocks belonging to the same system may vary very much in character; while those belonging to different systems may so closely resemble one another as to be easily mistaken. Sandstones and limestones, for instance, may belong to almost any system; and indeed, during the formation of the old red sandstone, or Devonian rocks, sandstones were being deposited at one end of Britain and limestones at the other.

The different systems or formations are often, named either from the

place in which they were first observed, or in which they are most remarkably developed, or from their characteristic rock. Thus the Cambrian system was named from the ancient Cambria, or Wales; and the gneiss series of the pre-Cambrian, as well as the old red sandstone and carboniferous systems, are so called, not because they contain only gneiss or only sandstone or only coal, but because these rocks are the most distinctive of the series or system. Hence, when we speak of the Silurian system of Australia, we do not mean that its rocks are precisely the same as our own, but that they contain fossil remains similar to those which characterize our Silurians—such as graptolites, trilobites, &c.—though it may be the species are not identical, for the forms of life varied in different parts of the world in ancient times as they do now. Thus, there are monkeys both in America and Africa at the present day; but the former have no thumb on their fore-hands, or else have it placed like an additional finger, not opposite the others; yet both are simiæ, or apes. And again, the crocodiles of the Nile are represented in the Indian rivers by gavials, and in America are associated with alligators—crocodiles, gavials, and alligators differing from one another chiefly in the form of the muzzle.

In ancient times, when differences of climate were less, it may be there were fewer varieties among animals than now; but they were probably never absolutely identical all over the world, though sufficiently similar for purposes of classification.

Mollusks, being easily preserved, and therefore more frequently found fossil than any other animals, give the best help in determining the comparative ages of strata; and it is, accordingly, chiefly by them that our strata are classified.

In England there are few fossil remains but shells in the old red sandstone, which, perhaps, is in part owing to the iron which has given the sandstones their red hue, and which is very destructive to organic remains.

In the limestones of Scotland are found the remains of a curious fish, the Pterichthys, (πτερον, (pteron,) wing; ἰχθυς, (ichthys,) fish,) winged fish, which belongs exclusively to the old red sandstone. It was a ganoid fish, (γανος, (ganos,) brightness,) covered with bright enamelled scales, and having near its head two wing-like arms, which are supposed to have been weapons of defence. It is frequently found with these arms set up, as if in the act of defending itself from the danger which caused its death. Its length was but a few inches; and its tail served the purpose of the fins of more recent fish.

The osteolepis, (ὀστεον, (osteon,) a bone; λεπις, (lepis,) a scale,) or bony-scaled fish, was covered with strong enameled scales, and was, in fact, completely cased in armour from head to tail, the former being covered with enamelled plates of bone.

The cephalaspis, another curious fish, is so called from the shield which covered its head. (κεφαλη, (cephale,) head; ἀσπις, (aspis,) a round

shield.) It is especially characteristic of the old red sandstone, and is found in Herefordshire, &c.

In the upper Devonian rocks is found a huge lobster, some four feet long. The belemnite, too, is found here. This creature belongs to a class of molluscous animals called cephalopoda, or head-footed (κεφαλη, (cephale,) head; πους, ποδος, (pous, podos,) foot) animals, to which our modern cuttle-fish belongs. You may have picked up the shell of the cuttle-fish on the shore sometimes, and you may know that this shell is not an outer covering, but forms the creature's back-bone, and is inclosed in its mantle or thick skin. The belemnite, (βελεμνον, (belemnon,) a dart,) so called from the dart-like shape of this bone, had a head and arms like those of the cuttle, and also an ink-bag, in which it secreted the ink sometimes so useful in enabling it to escape its enemies. This ink is sometimes so well preserved, that I have seen a drawing of a belemnite done in its own ink. These creatures are called cephalopoda, from having their organs of motion, namely, thick long arms, about their heads. The part of the belemnite which we find fossilized is this internal shell, not flat, as in the modern cuttle, but cylindrical, and tapering off to a point. Country people used to call them thunder-bolts, and fancied them very useful for curing diseased cattle.

Madrepore coral, which I have before mentioned, is found in Devonshire, with its structure very easily to be seen. The mouth of each cell was divided by starry rays, corresponding in number with the arms of the polype. These divisions were called septa, (sepio, to enclose,) and when we see them set like stars in the surface of a stone, we might fancy that the polype itself had been turned into stone, with all its arms extended, did we not know that the fleshy part of these creatures was but a jelly, which would shrivel up to nothing if deprived but a short time of the water in which it lived.

There are traces of sea-weeds, and of what are supposed to be a few land-plants, such as mosses and ferns, in the upper strata of the old red, from which we may infer that, in some parts, the land had risen from out the waters. In the lower old red of Scotland fossil trees of the pine order, coniferæ, or cone-bearers, as they are called, are found; while in America there appear to have been large forests of trees, such as did not appear in Europe till later.

I told you that, at the end of the Silurian period, fish made their first appearance, foreshadowing, as it were, the age of fish which was to succeed. In like manner, just before the close of the Devonian period, we find the telerpeton, a sort of land reptile, (τηλε, (tele,) far off; ἑρπετον, (herpeton,) a reptile,) so named from its great antiquity; and the tracks of several air-breathing amphibians, creatures living both on land and in the water. (ἀμφι, (amphi,) both; βιων, (bion,) living.)

The close of the Devonian period saw Europe still an archipelago; the Alps and Pyrenees hardly begun; the salt ocean prevailing almost everywhere, and the continent forming at shallow depths beneath. The

Devonian limestone in the south of England must have had clear waters for its formation; while the sandstones of Hereford and Scotland, with their numerous ripple-marks and impressions of rain-drops, show that they must have been within reach of the ebb and flow of the tides.

(To be continued.)

THE GROTTOES OF ADELSBERG,

AND THE PROTEUS ANGUINUS.

A FEW PAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CONTINENTAL TOUR.

DURING our stay last summer at Wiesbaden, we were fortunate enough to make acquaintance with the celebrated engineer, Sir J—— R——, and to elicit from him a few hints as to the rest of our journey. 'Whatever else you do, or leave undone,' he said, 'be sure you visit the Caves of Adelsberg.'

These words rested on my memory; and accordingly, after a week at Vienna, we started one brilliant October morning for Styria, by way of the Semmering Alps. I must not linger to describe the glories of that range of mountains, or the wonders of the line of railway which bore us up and on and through their craggy heights—through tunnels which looked as if nothing but a magician's wand could have pierced them, and along viaducts placed in bold defiance of avalanche and glacier. Breathless and giddy we were dragged aloft, till, the summit gained, we descended smoothly into Styria by the southern slope of the Alps. We gave one day to Gratz, its really handsome capital; and on the next, while the stars were still bright in the sky, we started by railway for Adelsberg, the point we had so long kept in view.

For the first few hours we traversed a wild hilly country. At Steinbruck the railway crosses the Sann, just above the junction of that river with the Save, by a viaduct two hundred and fifty feet high; it then tracks the left bank of the Save for many miles, amid scenery of romantic beauty. River and railroad were enclosed in a narrow valley, hemmed in by richly-wooded hills. The brilliant autumn colours of the trees were most gorgeous—set off, as they were, by the grey rocks, which here and there jutted out in crag or promontory; while below ran the swift waters of the Save, dashing over their rocky bed, and flinging their clear silvery spray into the sunshine. Never before had we seen so clear a stream. The water was a pure blue green, yet pellucid as crystal; and the white rocks below increased its beauty.

A little further on, at Laibach, we crossed one of those singular streams peculiar to Styria—the River Laibach, which, knowing neither

childhood nor youth, emerges an adult full-grown river from the foot of the Rakonitzberg, and is navigable within three miles of its source. It is, however, suspected that this is not the Laibach's first appearance above ground; but that, after the manner of her sister streams, the Ung and the Poik, she wandered for a while at her own sweet will under the eye of day, before, like them, she dived under the mountains, to come forth again at a little distance in full force.

The country round Adelsberg is singularly desolate and sterile. It consists of a table-land of hard secondary limestone, greyish white in colour, and which, through some agency from below, has been broken up into myriads of fragments. The surface-crust may, in fact, now be compared to a huge petrified sponge. Every drop of water drains through it at once; the soil is of necessity barren; there is nothing to support vegetable life; the ground is but a mass of rocks, and can only be likened to the waves of a troubled sea, turned by a magician's hand to stone.

A waste howling wilderness indeed this district is; and we could not divest ourselves of the idea that it was lying under a curse. Yet it is full of interest to the observer of nature. Its geological formation causes many strange phenomena—such as caverns, clefts, holes, rock-basins, valleys without any outlet, rivers which lose themselves in the earth, and lakes which are transformed into arable-land for some weeks, or even months, of the year. I longed to explore them all, but was obliged to content myself with the caves immediately surrounding Adelsberg.

We arrived at Adelsberg just before dusk, and walked to the 'Poste,' the only tolerable inn the place contained. We found it a low straggling building, with all its windows strongly barred with iron. The thievish propensities of the people render this precaution necessary here, as in other parts of Styria; and the ill looks of the dirty idle groups who loitered about the streets, certainly seemed to warrant some mistrust.

The next morning I left the little inn; and after a mile's walk, came to the entrance of the celebrated cavern, well known as the Grotto of Adelsberg, before which every other cave in Europe sinks into insignificance. Hitherto, it has been little visited by the English—probably on account of its secluded position, which until lately required the visitor to post one hundred and fifty miles over the dreary country I have described. The opening of the Trieste railway, by affording easy access to Adelsberg, will doubtless bring about a change in this respect.

Looking round, I traced upon the plain the windings of the River Poik; and then I saw it disappear by my side beneath the mountain, and rush down a yawning gulf below—a sort of natural pent-house. I entered the grotto through an iron gate, leading into a long low gallery; and after traversing it for about two hundred yards, looked down into the abyss below. There, by the light of my lamp, I could just discover the river struggling along, at a great depth beneath my feet. Again it

disappeared, to emerge once more in the great Dom, which I too entered. After this, I saw the stream no more. It runs underground for many miles; but bursts forth again at Reuines, to run a fresh career, and eventually to mingle its waters with those of the mighty Danube.

It had previously been arranged that the guides should meet me at the caves; and there accordingly I found them—three in number. All were needed occasionally, to light up the scenes of chief interest; and through the whole route, I must own that, while following one guide with his solitary lamp, I was thankful to know that two others were near me, though unseen and unheard.

Thus accompanied, I entered the grand Dom—a vast hall one hundred feet high, and upwards of three hundred in length. Following a rude path, we came to a flight of steps, which brought us down nearly to the level of the river. We crossed it by a natural bridge formed of rocks—and, ascending the rude stairs on the opposite side, attained a sort of balcony, where we paused to look round.

Wonderful indeed was the sight which met my eyes! True, in spite of the precaution which forbids torches to be carried into the grottoes, the stalactites in the Dom are somewhat discoloured, and their forms are less beautiful here than in some of the other caves; still, the vast extent of the subterranean hall—the height of its vaulted roof, which appeared in the dim light like a fleecy sky of pale blue and white—the reflections of a hundred candles in the black mysterious waters at my feet—the wonderful effects of light and shadow—could not fail to call forth sensations of delight and awe!

Not far off I found a slab of black marble, marking the spot reached by Francis I. of Austria, when he visited the grotto in 1816. The way was not open to His Imperial Majesty much further; for not till two years later was the series of magic temples, which stretches beyond, revealed to human eyes. A labourer discovered them accidentally in 1818. They consist of a number of grottoes, varying in extent from fifty to two hundred and fifty feet in length, and of proportionate height. They are entirely walled and roofed with stalactites of every possible form and of great variety of colour. Most were pure white; but I noticed many shades of yellow and amber, and even a decided red. As I passed the more striking groups, the guides did not fail to tell me the names by which they had long been known; and really but little assistance was needed from fancy in identifying them. It seemed to me as though, among the strong foundations of the earth, nature had delighted to fashion out of the pure limestone, which the waters detached from the porous soil they passed through, strange images of things above ground.

The holiest and noblest subjects, as well as the most ordinary, have alike their types in the Caves of Adelsberg. In more than one grotto the the Virgin and Holy Child were pointed out to me, enshrined in rich tabernacle work—in more than one a baptismal font and an altar. Here

the confessional reminds the Styrian peasant of a duty which his Church enjoins on him; there a tabernacle, richly ornamented, brings before him the highest mysteries of the Faith. The Chair of St. Peter, imposing as that in the Eternal City, stands, it may be, more securely than its prototype; while a simple village church, so like many a one in our own dear land, appeals at once to the Englishman's purest feelings.

The English park, admirably depicted, also brought back thoughts of home; and there was a waterfall which might have had the same effect upon a Swiss—it was an admirable representation. Ambition's son would here find a Throne to excite his feverish dreams. It is beautifully formed, and apparently chiseled out of white marble; while many a banner is ready to wave before his onward path. For the lover there are twin hearts side by side; and many vows of eternal fidelity are breathed in their presence, with the hands of the affianced couple placed upon them. Betrothals thus contracted are said to lead to the happiest marriages. The naturalist would be greeted by a lion and a grinning monkey, a tortoise, a stork, and a fox; and the good 'haus-frau,' by a mushroom-bed and some fine cauliflowers, after which she may visit the butcher's shop hard by. There it is, well-furnished with a variety of joints disposed for sale, and a goodly flitch of bacon hanging just outside. A little further on is the fish market, and a very picturesque one it is.

But it is impossible for me to describe all the beautiful and fantastic forms which met my eyes during the long walk underground. The waterfalls are very lovely; and there is one whose photograph, could it be taken, might pass for that of a real cascade. The forms of trees, especially the cypress, struck me a good deal; but nothing came up to the representations of drapery.

There is a small curtain in the Archduke John's Grotto, very lovely from its dazzling whiteness and deep orange border; but the larger one on the right hand of the cave, called the hall of the curtains, is certainly the most wonderful of the stalactitic formations. On an average it is but an inch thick, but it projects from a considerable height, whence it hangs in the most graceful folds of about ten feet in length. The curtain is of dazzling whiteness, but it has a border more than half a yard deep striped brown and red, and a waving hem besides. When the guides raised their lamps and allowed the light to stream upon it from above, the effect was marvellous. The solid stone seemed endued with motion and flexibility, and waved to all appearance in the most graceful folds.

But to return to my subterranean walk. From the Dom I passed into the Emperor Ferdinand's Grotto, so called from that monarch's visit, 1819, the year after its discovery, and before the present entrance had been laid open. Through it I went on into the ball-room; so called, because every Whit Monday the peasants flock there from the surrounding country to spend the festival in mirth and dancing. They are generally about three thousand in number, but there is room for all. The assembly-room is more than one hundred and thirty-five feet long, seventy or

eighty wide, and thirty in height. One end of the Grotto is fitted up as an orchestra, a café is erected at the other, while, with due regard to propriety, special provision is made for the chaperons. I question whether any other ball-room in Europe contains as many happy couples, as thread the mazy dance in this Styrian cavern on Whit Monday; and if I thought myself in fairy land with my three guides and their lamps, what must be the effect of the thirty thousand candles which illuminate the grottoes on that festal day!

I continued my way through grotto after grotto, perhaps twelve in number, all of exquisite beauty. Some were separated from the rest by long galleries, others merely by thin partitions of the stalactitic matter, which in fact pervades every part of the caverns, hanging in pendants from the roof, coating the walls, cementing together fallen masses of rock, constructing screens and pillars.

Most of these were as white as the purest Carrara marble, and thickly inlaid with minute crystals, which sparkled and danced like myriads of diamonds as the light fell upon them. Many of the grottoes were upheld by columns, varying in size from six or seven inches diameter to as many feet, but all of floriated work, rich as the capitals of the most elaborately carved Gothic pillars, while the vaulting above adorned with boss and pendant, was by no means unworthy of them.

In other caves, the walls were lined as if with organ pipes, and some festooned with drapery. At one point my steps were arrested by the sound of music, and listening I heard what appeared like a soft mellow drum struck by a master's hand. The effect was very beautiful, but I was puzzled as to how it was produced, till, on reaching the next cave, I found one of my guides striking two pendant stalactites. But for this rock music, all was still in these remote chambers, except when the drops of water distilling through the roof showed that the Hand which had framed these scenes of fantastic beauty was still at work upon them.

Soon afterwards, we reached another grand hall, called the Belvidere; so spacious that I could not venture to guess its dimensions. Though the light of one hundred candles was thrown upon it, it still seemed lost in gloom; and as I looked down from a corridor upon the hundreds of pillars, obelisks, and shattered temples, spread below, it seemed like the ruins of a world.

Beyond this hall the grotto divides; the path to the left leads to a dropping well, that to the right to the Calvary, another cave of great size. The guides assured me that its length was three hundred feet, and its breadth two hundred, while it was at least one hundred and fifty feet high; and I have no doubt they were correct.

We entered this cave at its lowest level, between two immense stalagmites called 'The Gates.' They are a noble pair of obelisks; pure white, and full fifteen feet high. A vast crowd of columns and obelisks of various heights, from three or four to ten feet, now met my astonished gaze; the ground rose gradually, and I ascended by a tortuous path

among the crowd of stalagmites, till I attained a platform at the extreme end of the hall, at an elevation of perhaps fifty feet. Turning round, I saw to the left a vast mass of fallen rocks encrusted and interpenetrated with the stalactitic matter, the nucleus in fact of hundreds of stalagmites. This is called the Calvary; and seeing it, as I did, with a strong light cast upon the highest point, while solitary lamps marked the fourteen stations of our Saviour's sufferings, all else being wrapped in the profoundest darkness, I could not but acknowledge the fitness of the name.

The scene was exceedingly striking in itself, and association rendered it yet more so. I gazed till the thousands of columns and pillared shafts appeared under the waving light to be endued with life and motion. They seemed to be pressing onwards towards that rocky mount, and I acknowledged in them the types of the infuriated multitude who, more than eighteen hundred years ago, pressed on madly to the true Calvary on the first Good Friday.

I felt that here was a fitting close to my pilgrimage; and turning, I retraced my steps, till I found myself once more in sunshine and the open air. The caverns are said to have been explored to the distance of five miles, and I believe that I myself traversed more than half that distance.

About three miles from Adelsberg is another celebrated cavern, named The Maddelena Grotto, entered through a funnel-shaped hollow. Its floor is one continued descent, at an angle of nearly 40°. It is very wide, and supported by a number of stalactitic columns; at the further end, in pitchy darkness, creeps a slow sluggish river, on whose waters no sunbeam ever plays, enclosed by awful masses of rock with rifts and chasms on every side, while above it hangs a canopy of drooping stalactites.

In the soft mud below the water of this stream dwells that singular animal, the Proteus Anguinus, which Sir Humphrey Davy introduced to the English public about thirty years ago. It was first discovered by Baron Yois, in 1795; and subsequently, though rarely, has been found about thirty miles distant, in the Sitticher See, thrown up with water from a subterraneous cavity. After this none were seen for four years; indeed, the times of its appearance are very irregular, and seem to depend upon the overflowing of waters hidden in the surrounding caverns.

Sir Humphrey Davy thinks there can be no doubt 'that the natural residence of the Proteus is in an extensive subterranean lake, from which in great floods they are sometimes forced through the crevices of the rocks into the places where they are found.' This seems to me a very reasonable conjecture; it is certain that the whole district around is cavernous, and as the Proteus is only found at two places, the Maddelena Grotto and the Sitticher See, and that after floods, it would seem that the creature's ordinary abode must be in the district between these places. Sir Humphrey Davy seems to have been greatly interested in the history of the Proteus; and even when his health was feeble he undertook a

long journey, spite of much personal discomfort, to enable him to investigate the truth of the strange rumours then current about it. He says, 'I was exceedingly anxious to see the Proteus, and came here (to the grotto) with the guide on the evening of the day I arrived at Adelsberg; but though we examined the bottom of the cave with the greatest care we could find no specimens. We returned the next morning, and were more fortunate, for we discovered five close to the bank, on the mud covering the bottom of the lake; the mud was smooth and perfectly undisturbed, and the water quite clear. The fact of their appearance during the night seemed to me so extraordinary, that I could hardly avoid the fancy that they were new creations.'

Baron Yois attempted to send some of these animals to Dr. Schreiber; but he states that the specimen selected ejected, during the first few days that he had it in water, some small shells of the Helix kind, and that on the seventh day it became languid, turned on its back, its body assuming a flaky glutinous slime similar to that observed on amphibious animals when dying, and shortly afterwards expired.

The next attempt was made by Cuvier, who after several disappointments, received some alive at Paris, from which he drew up his memoir. When lately in London, I learnt that some specimens were presented to the Zoological Gardens, about five years since, but they do not appear to have lived long. There have at various times been other living specimens in this country, but I believe that the only one at present so honoured, is the little creature who was my fellow-traveller home from Styria, and is now an inhabitant of the good city of D——. *

His adventures, and the inconveniences he has suffered, have not been few; and considering that his personal comfort requires him to be frequently out of the water, and that his only means of transit was in a jar filled with that element, we can only wonder that he survived it. Heat and change of temperature are also obnoxious to his constitution. He was sorely tried at Venice, where the weather was unusually sultry; and five days posting in an open carriage, along the shores of the Mediterranean, under a blazing sun, might have been expected to produce a catastrophe; but he is a brave little fellow, and survived it all. The extreme heat and occasional exposure to light produced, however, a great change in his colour; his skin became a dark cinnamon brown with blotches of bright scarlet, nor was it until after several days of careful exclusion of light that it resumed its usual pale flesh-colour.

* When I wrote thus about my Proteus, I certainly thought him the only living specimen of his race in this country; but a correspondence in The Field newspaper, of February 21, 1863, between Mr. Buxton and Mr. Buckland, shows that I was wrong. The former gentleman brought one from Adelsberg, and sent it to his friend, Mr. Buckland, for examination. Mr. Buckland calls it 'a creature curious in its external appearance, and more than curious in its anatomy; and after noticing its chief peculiarities, concludes with the statement that it is a distinct animal, and never 'turns' into anything else.

On leaving Adelsberg I first placed him in a soda-water bottle, and this again in a small leathern bag hung outside my coat. During our journey to Trieste the bottle by some ill chance was broken, and on our arrival we found poor Proteus lying on a bed of broken glass. A catastrophe of this kind ended our far-famed Lambton worm, but very little did its tiny Styrian cousin heed it. On being placed in a bowl of water, the creature performed so many gambols that we were satisfied all was well.

On reaching Marseilles, however, we plainly saw that our little charge was suffering from the inaction of his internal lungs. We therefore prepared a bath for him; placing sand and some stalactites which we had procured from Adelsberg, at the bottom, and sloping it so that he could enjoy walks on dry land, varied according to his fancy with occasional water dips. This assimilation to his natural habits produced a very marked improvement in his health; from a state of extreme debility, he soon became rampant, dashing about the bath and hiding beneath the stones, while at the same time the external gills or lungs, which had been blanched to an ominous whiteness, now resumed their red hue. It was now that I first observed a circumstance which has since been repeated. On the following morning, floating in the water, were three lengths of extremely fine brown-looking skin, answering to the shape of his body—portions, no doubt, of a slough he had cast off during the night. Doubtless the power to rub himself against the sand and stalactites had assisted his efforts, and I am inclined to think that this change of treatment may have saved his life. He now inhabits an aquarium, whose floor of sand and stones rises partly out of the water, while various snug little retreats are contrived for the gratification of his hermit propensities. It is placed in the quietest part of the house, where the temperature is also the most equable, and the water is changed.

The Proteus evidently hears and reflects upon what is going on around him. The organs of hearing are deep-seated, but sufficient to convey impressions of sound promptly. I have frequently made a clinking noise when standing near the aquarium, which he as promptly responded to by withdrawing his head from sight; and then, as if curiosity prevailed, he would, a moment later, again project the head in a listening attitude. I have noticed too, that when approached stealthily and without noise the gills retain their red hue; but if any bustle is made he appears to listen, then to move about uneasily, and finally the gills contract and lose colour. The same occurs when a strong light is thrown upon him.

Dr. Lionel Beale, who succeeded in bringing some specimens from the Maddelena Grotto, says that 'the circulation of the blood in the vessels of the external lungs or gills, was often exhibited by placing the animal in a long tube, with a flat extremity provided with an arrangement for the constant supply of water; and on several occasions some of the large blood corpuscles were removed for the purpose of microscopical examinations. A careful observation of these gills, shows that on the sides of

the occiput, in pits formed by the irregularities of the muscles, are apertures corresponding to the openings of the gills in fishes; each being divided into two small apertures by three thin, simple, but not vascular membranes, attached to as many cartilages. Over them are the bronchial appendages similar to those of tadpoles, and having the appearance of a crest. Each consists of three very large blood-vessels, of which the uppermost is largest, and the lowest the smallest; all three are divided into smaller branches, which are edged with many very small and thin ones. These, Sir H. Davy says, may be removed without causing the death of the animal. The neck is roundish, and (measuring from behind these appendages to the fore-feet) about half an inch long; the trunk, between the fore and hind limbs, is about five and a quarter inches long, round in form, of equal thickness, and marked with vertical depressions, indicating the tendonous divisions of the muscles. The tail, about two and three quarters inches in length, is compressed on the sides, very fleshy and strong in the middle, but narrowing towards the tip, which is almost pointed, and made much deeper by a thin membrane. The legs are slender, the elbow and knee directed as in the salamanders, the fore-feet furnished with three nailless toes, and the hind feet with two only—a peculiarity which exists in no other animal.

In propelling himself, his favourite plan is to swim gently so near the ground as to allow him to use his feet with an appearance of walking, but it is little more than an appearance. When desirous of clambering on the stones or gravel, he generally places his tail against the side of his prison, and with this urges his body forward—it is evident that the feet are too weak for much service.

The eyes are quite useless, and are hidden beneath the skin—these organs being needless in the dark recesses tenanted by the Proteus; still nature, true to her analogy, has not permitted their omission: They are extremely small, and placed at the base of the beak, beneath the first fold of the skin, in small cavities of the skull; and they seem attached by some glutinous matter to the skin, as if, should that be removed incautiously, the eyes would be removed adhering to it. But though nature has denied the Proteus the blessing of sight, she has given it a partial compensation through its whole frame. I have found by experiment that when the head and body are hidden from view and the tail alone is exposed, by throwing the light upon this the animal becomes uneasy, and withdraws it to the dark-shaded portion of his dwelling. Not daring to build too much on this singular fact, I wrote to an eminent comparative anatomist, and received the following reply: 'I think it quite reasonable to expect that the rays of light may have the power of impressing to a slight degree the nerves of the sense of touch, and through them of giving rise to reflex muscular action.'

The mouth somewhat resembles the beak of a duck, being flat and narrow. It is surrounded by a thick folded skin, forming a considerable lip and rendering the mouth larger and wider than, from the size of the

skull, it would seem to be. The great size of the mouth and numerous teeth, seem to indicate that in its natural state it is an animal of prey; but such is not the case whilst in confinement. My own little captive has had no food save the animalculæ of the water since I procured it on the 14th of last October.

Dr. Lionel Beale says, 'One of the Proteus I brought from Adelsberg lived for five years, and, what is very interesting, passed four years of his life in the same water, a little fresh being added from time to time to make up for the loss by evaporation. He was not once fed whilst in confinement, and one of his companions died soon after taking a worm, before he had been two years in the country. The former one was thinner just before death than when brought from Adelsberg, but the loss of substance was so very slow as not to be perceptible from year to year.' There are probably very few more striking examples of slow death from starvation than this; and it is probable that the ultimate fatal result was as much caused by confinement, change of air, temperature, and occasional exposure to light, as by mere starvation.

The Proteus appears to have a kind of voice, which was on one occasion exercised to my annoyance. At Lyons he was located as usual in my bed-room, and where, after a long day's journey, I was enjoying a sound sleep, when a loud hissing noise startled me, followed by what I can compare to nothing but the smacking of the human tongue and lips, or the clapping of hands. The noise was so loud and unexpected, that I was not a little startled, fancying a burglar must be in the room. It was repeated several times during the night, and I have heard it since; but, with one exception, only in the quiet and darkness of the night. It usually occurs about an hour after midnight, when the household are in bed and all is still, as in the little creature's early native home. *

Another singular characteristic of the Proteus is the quality of its blood. Gulliver, who is now the highest authority on the blood of vertebrates, says in a lecture, published last October: 'The largest corpuscles occur in the naked amphibia, especially in the perenni-bronchiate section, as discovered by Wagner; and the smallest in lizards, tortoises, and serpents. Such is their magnitude in the Proteus, that

* I much regret to add that our little favourite died on Wednesday, December 14th, 1864, exactly two years and two months from the time when we took him from the dark caves of Adelsberg. He appeared in his usual health till within a few days of his death, so that though we had seen him growing thinner and whiter, still his activity and playfulness were so great that there seemed to be no cause for alarm. About a week before his death, we noticed a heaviness in his movements, and a difficulty in using his feet, very different from his usual agility. Soon after, his body assumed a dull leaden hue, and was very slimy and disagreeable to the touch; and on the morning of the 14th he was found lying on his back; we put him right again, and he then seemed so pleased with the fresh water given him, that we hoped all was well. In two hours he was floating at the top of the water, quite dead. His body was immediately sent to Mr. T. P. Teale, of Leeds; but upon its arrival at Leeds Mr. Teale found it impossible to do more than reduce it to a skeleton.

they may be distinctly seen by the aid of a common hand lens.' I believe that the corpuscles of the blood which flows in the veins of the Proteus, are the largest found in any animal, and many times larger than those of man.

The Proteus was for many years supposed to be the larva of some salamander. Hermann and Linnæus inclined to this opinion; and it was not till after the most diligent investigation by Schneider and Cuvier, that it was discovered to be a perfect animal, retaining both kinds of respiratory organs throughout life. It is well known that frogs and salamanders in their immature or tadpole state breathe by gills; they are in fact at that stage of their existence fishes. The Proteus is a Batrachian, which throughout life never gets beyond the immature or tadpole state—it is in fact a permanent tadpole; and adds one instance more to the number already collected, of the wonderful manner in which life is produced and perpetuated in every part of the globe, even in places which seem the least suited to organized existences. As Sir Humphrey Davy beautifully observes, 'The same Infinite Power and Wisdom which has fitted the camel and the ostrich for the deserts of Africa, the swallow that secretes its own nest for the caves of Java, the whale for the polar seas, and the morse and white bear for the arctic ice, has given the Proteus to the deep and dark subterraneous lakes of Illyria; an animal to whom the presence of light is not essential, and who can live indifferently in air and in water, in the depth of mud or on the surface of the rock.'

W. H.

IMAGINATION.

'The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.'

It may seem superfluous to plead the cause of the imagination; the man probably has not existed, who has not, at some time or other, experienced its pleasures; though many would be unwilling to allow it, and are perhaps ignorant of the source from which the pleasure was derived. But for all this, this great faculty is often maligned: ill effects have been attributed to it, where really the fault lay in the user, or rather, the abuser of the imagination. Nor have its accusers been always cold, hard, unimaginative men of the world; persons of the warmest temperament, knowing and fearing what they suppose are the results of a too vivid imagination, have been carried away, with that too common tendency to extreme opinions, to declare that the imagination is of no use, productive of no good, and that, in fact, we should be much better without it.

This paper is an attempt to prove that all efforts of the mind require the exercise of the imagination, though in some it occupies an important,

in some a more humble, office: secondly, it will try to vindicate the imagination from some of the charges which have been brought against it, and to point out where the blame is really due: and lastly, it will show what is its true and noblest use.

To establish the first point, let us consider all things divided into those which are at any moment presented to the senses, and those which are not. The mind of man can contemplate both of these classes; the range of his faculties is not restricted to what his senses can comprehend; it is one of the points which distinguishes man from brutes, that his mind is not wrapt up in the sensible world, but is constantly affected and occupied with things which are not actually presented. The former class affect him through the medium of sensation; the latter is present to the mind only: in looking on a landscape, we see the trees, hills, &c., themselves, or more strictly, their reflection on the retina of the eye; but when we think of something not present, we are conscious of looking at it with our 'mind's eye,' as Shakspeare has expressed it: now, the retina, so to speak, of this our mind's eye is our imagination, on which, by some mysterious though instantaneous process, is reflected whatever we contemplate, which is not present to the senses; there it is seen, for the time, conjured up as in a magic mirror; and there, the reason can pass judgment on it, the taste can admire it, or any of the many affections and feelings can be excited by it, according as it is a fit subject for them.

Let us now illustrate what is here meant by some examples: we will begin with an instance where undeniably the imagination is used, and proceed to cases where its exercise is not generally suspected. A boy is at school, home-sick! his thoughts go back to his holiday life; and in the twilight he pictures the fire-side at home as it is at that very hour; the urn is hissing on the tea-table, his eldest sister is making the tea, and he goes in to help and to bother her; all this runs through his mind—in other words, he imagines it. But he has to rouse himself, and go to prepare his Homer. Now he is not fond of the great poet, still he does get interested sometimes in reading of some pitched battle between a couple of heroes; and when he comes to the fight between Achilles and Hector he gets quite excited, and thinks what a horrid shame it is for Pallas Athene to bring back Achilles' spear, and so give him a second shot—in fact, there they stand before him, and he winces when the fatal throw is made; he sees them, everyone will allow, in his imagination. The picture is, however, somewhat spoiled up at class, when the root of a verb is demanded, which he certainly looked out in the lexicon, but which he cannot now recall: where can he find it! his lexicon will not help him now; no, his eyes look straight into vacancy, and he reads it off at last in the mirror of his imagination. There is another trial for him; he has to work a question in arithmetic in his head; he is not a bad hand at it, though not much up to artifices or 'dodges;' there is 365 waiting to be divided by 21, and no slate;

where can he put down the remainder 15 and bring down the 5? must it not be in the same mirror?

Without multiplying instances, it will be at once seen what view of the imagination it is which we have adopted; *viz.*, that when the mind is contemplating the second class of things mentioned above, of whatever nature the things may be, the imagination must be used, and then only: and since there are few studies, if any, which are not concerned in some way with this class, our first proposition is proved, supposing that this view of the imagination be a sound one.

While I think, however, that few will question this definition, as far as it goes, it will probably to most appear unsatisfactory, and certainly very far from being the popular view of the matter. The usual idea of what is called a highly imaginative person is one who is fertile in figurative expression, readily seizing upon subtile links between thoughts apparently quite unconnected, the combination of which results either in witticism or poetry, and who will, on very small data, be ever ready with a convenient hypothesis to account for any possible phenomenon. This is a sketch of the effects of what is supposed to be a very vivid imagination on the character; and from the last-mentioned unfortunate habit, odium without end has been heaped on the faculty in question. Bishop Butler (*Analogy*, Pt. I., chap. i.) accuses the imagination of being the 'author of all error;' and the ground of this serious charge is, that it leads men to hasty conclusions on insufficient reasons. Now, with all deference to the accuser's great name, we may notice first of all, that he is only speaking of it incidentally, so we do not look for that philosophical accuracy which characterizes his writings when he is treating of a subject directly: premising this, I would suggest that he is using the popular notion of the imagination, and that he charges its voice with being too loud, when he should really blame the voice of reason for being too low. For consider what takes place in the mind in cases of this kind; a number of disconnected facts are presented to it, and a connecting theory is required which shall account for them all; to obtain this we must have recourse to its magic mirror, the imagination: now this latter faculty will present one, but it is for the reason to decide if it be a sound one; and if it allow it to pass when it should have rejected it, let the blame be given where it is due.

We can now advance a step in our view of the office of the imagination; looking upon it, as we have hitherto done, as a passive faculty, as a mirror for the mind's eye to look into, it will follow that it must always be subordinate to some one of the active faculties of the mind in order to prevent it from leading its owner into error. Thus, in speculative science, and in forming theories, the suggestions of the imagination must, as we have just seen, pass before the tribunal of reason; in poetry, where it is supposed to have unbounded licence, it is subject either consciously or unconsciously to the laws of beauty and taste; and in religion, where I shall attempt to show that the imagination has its

noblest office to perform, it must obey the guiding rein of revealed Truth.

But before we proceed to consider the great and noble use to which the imagination may be and was intended to be put, we must look more thoroughly at the negative side of the question: we have already defended it from one charge, and have seen that it is not a too strong imagination which leads men astray in matters of speculation, but the want of the reason to choose and to judge; we are now asked, 'Is not the constant occupation of the mind in works of the imagination, or fiction, very hurtful?' and since in these this faculty is more in use than in any other study, does not this show that the imagination is productive of evil?' Reading books of fiction to a very great extent, irrespective of the waste of time thereby occasioned, is undoubtedly in itself hurtful; yet surely when the contents of such books have a bad or an idle tendency, the harm done must be ascribed, not to the exercise of the imagination in reading them, but to the fact that the mind is engaged on improper or unworthy objects: so that the question is reduced to these limits—'Is not reading fiction, even of a good tendency, to a very great extent, in itself hurtful?' Many people will deny this altogether; many, again, will agree, and attribute evil to an excessive use of the imaginative faculty:—agreeing with the latter class as regards the effect, I deny the assumed cause; it is not the imagination which is to blame, it is still the subject on which it is engaged. But this is supposed good, *i.e.*, having a good tendency; perhaps so, but it is bad to be continually dwelling on that which has no real existence.

It may be that such a habit tends to confuse the boundaries of truth in the mind; but leaving any such subtile speculation, let us consider the great practical ill-tendency which undoubtedly it has. Having heard the charge which Bishop Butler directly brought against the imagination, we must now summon him as an indirect witness on the other side. He tells us (*Analogy*, Part I., chap. v.) that whereas practical habits are formed and strengthened by repeated acts, passive impressions grow weaker by being repeated upon us. Now the effect of reading the best novel in the world is to produce a series of very excellent passive impressions of love, benevolence, virtuous indignation, admiration of goodness, and the like, which of course cannot be acted upon so as to form corresponding habits; and since every act which helps to form a habit must be preceded by an impression on the mind, as the latter gets weaker by not being followed out, the chance of the habit being formed grows less, and the character will become enervated and lose its practical energies. All this applies, of course, to excessive novel reading, as undoubtedly some of the impressions excited and characters admired may serve as stimulants and examples in real life; but where works of fiction are constantly read, this useful effect will soon be overbalanced by the harm pointed out above, viz., the loss of energy in the character. The same may be said of the still more enervating habit of 'building

castles in the air,' only with proportionally greater force: imagining impossible events, and forming schemes which it would be madness to attempt to carry out, cannot but render a man less ready to act on the suggestions of his mind, when those suggestions are practicable, on the principle above stated; and the evil effect arises, not from the mere exercise of the imagination, for that must be used in every project, but because it is exercised on things which have no real existence, just as in excessive novel reading.

Having thus shown, by a rigid adherence to our definition of the imagination, that it comes into play in all the higher exercises of the mind, and having attempted to answer the charges which are laid against this faculty, we pass on to the more direct benefit which it was intended to confer on man.

Poetry is on all hands allowed to be a great boon to us, and in the writing and appreciation of it, the imagination plays, to say the least, a very great part. In mere descriptive poetry, and in painting, this faculty graphically produces in words, or on canvas, what it supplies from some remembered scene, or from a creation of its own. In the higher kinds of poetry the imagination has, as it were, the magic power of reflecting earthly images with an increased and unearthly intensity, so that they become stamped with a more than human beauty, and a more than earthly—almost an infinite meaning: thus that strange beauty which we see in the blue of the distant landscape, what is it but the dim glories of infinity, which the poetic mind attaches to the finite distance of earth? Is this a worthless heritage which we have in the imagination? Is it not a foretaste of the future life, as stretching forth towards the infinite and eternal? Verily, if mother earth tries to make

> 'her inmate man
> Forget the glories he hath seen,
> And the imperial palace whence he came,'*

it is by giving him hints, through the imagination, of the nobler palace to which he is travelling.

If ever poetry has failed in this, its great object; if

> 'thankless silence seal
> Lips that might half heaven reveal:
> If bards in idol hymns profane
> The sacred soul-enthralling strain;'†

if, instead of raising man above the earth, it has served to bind him more strongly to it, and make him love its pleasures, its beauties, its creatures, too intensely, (and, alas! this has too often been the case,) it is because his mirror was too exclusively turned below, instead of upward so as to catch the direct ray of light from heaven. Without doubt, the works

* Wordsworth's Intimations of Immortality, from recollections of early childhood.

† Keble's Christian Year. Palm Sunday.

of God tell us of Him: 'the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are plainly seen, being understood by the things which are made;' but to trust *wholly* to the contemplation of His works for the knowledge of Him, is like being contented to form our ideas of the glorious sunshine from the reflected light of the moon, which besides being so inferior in brilliancy, is wholly without the warming and life-giving power which accompanies the direct light of the sun.

This, then, is the noblest use of the imagination, the picturing of those divine truths which have been revealed directly from Heaven, and the contemplation of God Himself as we know Him in God the Son; and so this faculty, like every other of our powers, has as its highest aim, the service of God.

If faith be 'the evidence of things not seen,' then must the imagination, according to the view of it above stated, be concerned in its exercise: we could not even reason about God without it, much less believe in Him; it would be of no use to repeat the Creed, unless we had some idea, however imperfect, connected with each Article; and that idea is the picture thrown on the imagination by the light of revelation. Not that faith and imagination are the same; we can imagine many things which we do not believe, but we cannot believe anything before it is depicted on the imagination. Nor again, of course, can the image which the mind sees there, be a legitimate ground of faith, which must depend upon the evidence for the truth of what we believe, and the fervency with which we hope for it. But when our faith is once settled, the imagination, which had its passive part to perform at first, now has the further duty of adding vigour and fervour to our faith by the intensity with which it reflects and pictures what we already believe.

In fact, the imagination is that 'glass' in which we now see darkly the instrument which God has given us by which to contemplate Himself; let us not, then, call it useless, or superfluous, only we should remember that 'when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part *shall* be done away.'

B. L. K.

'MILO; OR, THE DREAM.'

'I who gaze * * *
On glorious insufficiencies,
Set light by narrower perfectness.'

'*In Memoriam.*'

He lay like a beautiful statue. A smile of ineffable sweetness illumined the pale worn face.

His eyes were closed; and the long black lashes drooped like a rich pall over the bright stars which were to shine no more on earth. His lips parted, and I heard him murmur—'Into Thy hands I commend my

spirit;' and when I looked again, I perceived that his prayer was heard, and 'the spirit had returned to God Who gave it.'

* * * * * *

My own frame was worn with long watchings; and sinking into a deep sleep, I dreamed a dream of him whom I had watched.

Methought I beheld a poor lonely sculptor—intent upon copying the works of others—ambitious only to earn the bare necessaries of life, and willing to spend the rest of his time in sloth and idleness. And as he laboured on mechanically day by day, methought there dawned upon his soul the bright vision of a perfect man. Sleeping and waking, it was with him.

It stayed his hand in the execution of inferior models—it stood before him like the creation of another world divinely unapproachable!

The sculptor was changed. No longer the listless indifferent being of former days. A new spirit possessed him. He must labour henceforth to realize the divine thought. What were to him all lower forms of beauty? The highest—the highest was what his soul longed for!

And now 'to will was present with him;' but poor as he was, and having hitherto done so little, how could he ever hope to accomplish so great a work?

He saw himself as he was—he saw himself as he would be; and a bitter laugh of derision burst from his lips—derision at himself, for dreaming that he could ever realize so lofty a conception. And then, more clearly than ever, the beautiful Image rose before him; and he cried aloud, 'It is there! I see it—I see it!'—and he fell down with his face to the ground in despair and humiliation; and I thought, in my dream, that he prayed.

Then he arose in silence, and gathering together his scanty treasures, went out, and sold even all that he possessed, to procure the necessary materials for his great work. He returned with a calm and happy expression of countenance; and as I watched him for a long while, I seemed at length faintly to discern in his work some resemblance to the noble form he had seen in the vision.

Poor Milo! what terrible sufferings still awaited thee!

His old employer now refused to give him any more work; and he found no stranger willing to accept his services.

Day after day he would sit in his cheerless little room without food or fire. But he sat no longer idle: the new Statue was the one centre of all his labour and his love. And he would spend hours wandering from house to house, in the hopes of selling some of his old statuettes, to procure a morsel of bread for his scanty meal; but his efforts were too often fruitless.

After these wanderings, he would return to his little room utterly exhausted, and throw himself upon his hard pallet in an agony of grief: he was indeed 'weary of his groaning.'

Then again the beautiful Image would rise up before him; new life

was poured upon his fainting soul; his sorrows faded from his memory; and Milo slept peacefully.

Again I saw him go out into the world; and meeting with some small encouragement, his spirit revived, and he began to hope that better times were at hand. But no! One man observed with a sneer, 'He knew that he was a miser, and half starved himself on purpose to increase his hoard.'

Another said that 'drunkards were known by their looks, and that he never encouraged vice.'

Poor Milo! wrath and indignation burned within him—angry words burst forth from his lips—the world hated him—poor lonely despised Milo!

Sorrowfully he bent his steps homewards; and gazing in solitude at his weak attempt to realize the wondrous Image, a new grief seized him when he beheld his work so full of imperfections. I saw his aching head sink down between his thin white hands, and the hot tears flowed in silence. 'Fool that I am,' he cried, 'to think that I could ever accomplish it!' Then I saw him raise his head, to gaze once more upon the rough Statue. And as he gazed, he was aware of an unseen Presence; and there came to his lonely soul a 'still small Voice,' saying, 'Thou hast begun nobly and well: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' And Milo listened to the Voice, and again he worked on earnestly.

Alas! the strength was even now departing from his emaciated frame. A quick sharp cough shook the frail tenement of clay as though it would rend it asunder; and the bright spot on either cheek gave a wild unnatural brilliancy to his beautiful eyes.

The shadows were lengthening in the west, and Milo laid himself down to sink into his last sleep.

Then I thought, as I gazed on the lifeless form, that I wept sore to think how 'he had spent himself and been so spent'—how he had struggled on earnestly for the prize of the high calling which was set before him—and how little, after all, he could be said to have 'attained!' Milo was dead, and his work still full of imperfections.

I raised my eyes to take a last lingering look at the rough Statue; but behold, all was changed—a bright light was about it! I strained my eyes in eager perplexed wonder. There it was standing out finished—beautiful, perfect; and the face was the face of Milo. And I saw underneath was written:—

'He has come in the Unity of the Faith and the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man—unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE MONTHLY PACKET.'

Dear Mr. Editor, Durham, April 12th, 1866.

Here is a very wicked letter—so dreadfully wicked, that I hardly like to send it you, or ask you to read it, or expect you to print it. Still it is a *real* letter. It was written by a *real* 'poor woman,' in a *real* district which I could name to you, and sent by her to a *real* district visitor of the most gentle and un-interfering habits. All this I can personally vouch for. And so because everything about it is real, I almost think it may be worth while for other people besides the lady it was sent to, to see how things may be misrepresented, when looked at ill-naturedly '*from the other side.*'

Of course I am aware that no real lady whatever, could, by any possibility, give even a plausible handle for a person to write about her as this writer has written. But young district visitors are often embarrassed and nervous, by reason of the unfamiliarity of the circumstances they are placed in. They want to 'make talk.' They think making talk is a necessity—that if they do not make talk they are not 'getting on;' and so they fall into the opposite error of an artificial fussiness. Such a letter as this may caution them against this natural error of shy inexperience. A real sympathy is seldom misunderstood by the poor, however quiet it may be. The good intentions which prompt fussy talk are very often misunderstood.

Yours very truly,

A. R. A.

To Miss ——,

I trust, Miss, you will pardon me for the plain way I am going to speak, but really I feel bound to do so. I beg to state, in reference to myself, that I am not under the Rev. Mr. H——'s pastoral care, and therefore decline any visits paid by the young ladies assisting him in pastoral labours.

I wish you also to understand I do not intend to interfere between Mr. M—— and his pastor; at the same time, as a near relative, if I see my father-in-law grieved or cast down, it becomes my duty, as a fellow Christian, to sympathize with and even advise him. I should be sorry to personally offend you, because I believe your intentions as a Christian to be perfectly sincere. Notwithstanding this, I am aware of the peculiar office of a district visitor. I am happy to be able to acknowledge you never attempted to fill it to me. But when not living under Mr. M——'s roof, I have had repeated opportunities of experiencing what that office doles out to the labouring classes, for the most part—its interference with persons' diet, wearing apparel, expenditure of wages, and even go so far often as to attack conscience.

About four years ago I went with my husband to stay at A——. Having no family, and going only for a time, I took lodgings with a poor widow who had four children. She earned 8s. per week, and the parish allowed 2s. 6d. per week and two loaves, making about 11s. 6d. to support five people, pay rent, &c. The first Monday I was there, the widow called me and said the district visitor wished to see me. I made my appearance, of course. The lady attended to my landlady first. She commenced by remarking how savoury something smelt. 'Yes,' said the poor woman, 'I got four pennyworth of pieces and a little vegetable, for I expect the children from school.' 'Oh dear!' said the lady, 'you should be more frugal; you will have those children break out all over; half a pound of rice, and a little sugar or

[illegible] would have made them a good hot dinner with half the expense; then you would be able to [illegible] as your club-mate. The lady concluded by reprimanding her [illegible] for wearing [illegible] a black crape flower in her hat which [illegible] had given her. 'I was astonished,' with a simpering smile, 'Well, Mrs. M——, [illegible] handsome present.' 'Handsome present.' 'What does he mean?' 'Excuse [illegible] this moment explain,' said she. 'I only wanted to know what [illegible] had to do with the case.' 'Oh, sir, Miss ——, we are not allowed to [illegible] however, fearing she might want to put me on low diet, I [illegible] saying, 'I do wish [illegible] always want one on a Monday, or [illegible]' But the lady would not wait for an answer; she slipped three [illegible] into the astonished man's astonished hand, while she herself was decked [illegible] with the [illegible] having three or four ounces placed on her table every [illegible] [illegible] other articles. I wonder, poor lady, she did not [illegible] as the [illegible] widow's assistant woman, with four pennyworth of [illegible]

[illegible] would [illegible] as she did—[illegible] the mothers and all poor people [illegible] a dread the name from Him. By all accounts, [illegible] displeasure in this, or to [illegible] Miss, I am so disgusted [illegible] as ladies, that I will never [illegible] before I [illegible] Mr. M——, who is under [illegible] [illegible] I have to say,

[illegible]

M——

[illegible]

of household duties, or needlework, and of the worth of money, so essential for all, but especially the unportioned, will fit them for any humble home, whether clerical or lay. I fear that the charge of despising the middle class may be true enough—they are less interesting than the poor, perhaps; but better knowledge would remove the barrier, especially if pretension and finery do not stand in the way. It is, perhaps, a little hard on the clergyman's wife, that the duty of cultivating and influencing the middle class is left to her, and not shared by other ladies, who perhaps are not really proud, but, oppressed already by social duties towards their equals, by housefuls, and long drives to distant acquaintance, cannot also undertake the numerous grades from small gentry to shopkeepers, who crowd many country districts. The case of a large property is quite different: the squire's lady may be kind enough to the tenant-farmers, and has ties to them; their place, besides, is marked; but in the various grades of business, it is not easy to know who considers herself a lady and who does not. I should hope that affection and humility would never be met by a cold look; but the advance of the middle class in education and in wealth, and the position they are consequently able to take, alters the old English state of society, and gives much cause for thought to those who desire to live as charitable and humble-minded Christians.

N.B.—'Yes, teacher,' as applied to Sunday-school teachers in town schools, is of older date than pupil teachers. To them and to tradesmen's daughters it may well apply; but to the wife or daughter of the clergyman or squire it is surely too familiar. 'Our school-mistress,' or 'Miss So-and-So,' is sufficient appellation; and if the children address her as 'Ma'am,' so much the better.

I hope that Mrs. Montgomery is not really high-minded or contemptuous, though she cannot at once bring down her ideas from the level of very exclusive society to that of second-rate and dull people. I fear the charge of looking down on the middle-class, or at least not caring for them, may be true enough; but how few there are of one's equals in the common run of country neighbourhoods who are very interesting. One leading family may collect pleasant people, and their neighbours may benefit, or one friend may attract others; but take the average people, who tumble down upon any vacant houses from any quarter of the horizon, or who have led their lives quietly in others with no change at all, and the intercourse with most will be rather matter of duty than pleasure—growing into kindliness and regard, strengthened by mutual good offices or sympathy during trial, but not engrossing or delightful. Take away the topics of friends, books, or visits, which you may have in common, add, perhaps, a little pretension and hurtiness, and you have the intercourse with the families of business people, with whom, unless there are mutual interests about the poor, it is so difficult to keep up conversation.

Useful education, and the knowledge of common things, will fit girls to marry clergymen, or anybody. Acquaintance with the poor alone will not. Nay, it may have prevented the home usefulness that might have given the training. Many a first-rate district visitor, who has been said to be 'just cut out for a clergyman's wife,' finds herself totally unable to direct raw maids or apportion a small income, and subsides into a nursemaid as the only calling within her capacity, wasting an expensive education, and not doing well what she must do. She will certainly have her head too full of conflicting duties—of cottages, nursery, and kitchen, of underdone mutton, and shoes that don't wear—to have any energy left for raising the tone of the shopkeeper's daughter, or making her more intellectual.

And till we have a more notable and energetic race, it may not be amiss that sometimes the ranks are recruited by individuals of high birth and of some private means, who can afford good maids and command some leisure. The glimpses into a life so new to either party, may be of great use to both.

A. K.

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I like to see people practice what they preach; but to see a lady do as she did—bespangle herself with beads, flowers, lace, flounces, and feathers, and tell poor people God denounced such things as likely to divert the heart from Him. By all accounts, it's only the unfortunate poor that is likely to incur God's displeasure in this, or to waste their substance in such unnecessary trifles. As I told you, Miss, I am so disgusted with the theme and end of this kind of Parochial work for ladies, that I will never receive another visit. Without wishing you the slightest offence, as I said before, I would be sorry to offend a lady who does not interfere with me, but do not call again. If the Rev. Mr. H——, or his curate, think proper to visit Mr. M——, who is under their pastoral care, my office here is to usher them in and show them out with becoming respect, which I trust I shall never forget to do. This is all I have to say, and I beg to remain,

Yours, with humble respect,

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MRS. MONTGOMERY'S TROUBLES.

Mr. Editor,

The answers in your last go deeper into life and its work than the letters that called them forth. I do not believe that Mrs. Montgomery, though dwelling mainly on superficial matters of taste and habit, fails to take a right view of her duties. She may, from having lived in an exclusive and fastidious society, be less fit to understand second-rate people than those who, with equal refinement, have been used to more varieties of character and station. But I am inclined to think that real ladies *will* usually have the most kindness and sympathy, and the most true Christian lowliness. Many girls who have been taken out more than they wished, and feel keenly either the temptations or the weariness of the world, may gladly take refuge in a quiet parsonage, and under the shelter of one safe guide, and give themselves heartily to learning their duty. Nay, they may, if they can afford to have good maids, be free to work harder than that first-rate district visitor, whose marriage with the curate was thought so fitting, but whose time is now taken up with tending babies and trying in vain to teach awkward maids.

And it is perhaps well that in England all ranks find their place in the ministry. Knowledge of the world may help a clergyman to steer a safe course through contending opinions and interests; and his wife may understand school classes and varieties of character all the better for being highly cultivated.

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And till we have a more notable and energetic race, it may not be amiss that sometimes the ranks are recruited by individuals of high birth and of some private means, who can afford good maids and command some leisure. The glimpses into a life so new to either party, may be of great use to both.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The quotation from Jeremy Taylor, in the Maiden of Our Own Day, *is to be found in his* Discourse upon Friendship, *a letter to Mrs. Katharine Philips.*

The motto from The Owl *came from a small volume of privately printed poems, entitled* Memorials of Oxford.

Georgie.—

'The world knows nothing of its greatest men,

occurs in Taylor's dramatic poem of Philip Von Artevelde.

Violet.—*For*

'With many a torch-bearer before,
And many a spear behind,'

see Scott's Lord of the Isles, *cant.* ii.

I have seen the Hand-book of Floral Decoration *by Goodwin, but do not consider it so good a manual as those I have mentioned.* Nature's Voice in the Holy Catholic Church, *price* 1*s.*, *contains some most beautiful designs for every season of the Church. I forgot to add it to the former list.*—M. C. W.

I would recommend to Margaret 'The Noble Army of Martyrs,' *by the Rev. S. Fox, published by Masters, and price* 2*s. It is a most interesting account, written expressly for children.*—M. C. W.

Declined with thanks.—An Unknown Grave; Easter Eggs; Forget Me Not; A Legend of St. Christopher; R. A. Y.; I. M. N.; Agatha; The Band of Flowers.

The Loss of the London *to appear next time.*

Thankfully accepted.—Thorgil's Choice.

A parochial library—of which the name will be supplied to Margaret *if she will communicate with the Editor—would be most thankful for the supply of books she mentioned, unless she has otherwise disposed of them.*

We think the substance of the letter from A Clergyman's Daughter *has been already given.*

D. F. D.—*Our readers must have a little impatience; old engagements must be fulfilled, and new systems cannot be instantly introduced. It is our wish to have fewer tales, and in larger portions; but the way can only be gradually cleared.*

M. *begs to inform* S. R. *that the line, imperfectly quoted by Mrs. Gaskell—*

'Peculiar people, whom death has made dear,'

is by the poet Crabbe—from his well-known tale of The Dying Sailor. *(In* The Borough, *I think; I have not the work here.) He commends certain friends to his betrothed, who never forgets them.*

'They appear
'Peculiar people, death has made them dear.'

M. *would be glad if anyone can inform her where the well-known quotation—*

'In durance vile,'

is to be found.

Maria.—*The* Memoires de La Marquise de Montagu *are printed by Laine and Havard, Paris, but bear no author's name on their title-page.*

[ERRATUM.—*Page* 388, *line* 11. *In the greater part of the Edition, the date of the Publication of the Lyra Innocentium, is* 1840, *it should be* 1846.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 6. JUNE, 1866. PRICE 1s.

PRACTICAL READINGS ON THE APOSTLES' CREED.

ARTICLE VII.

'FROM THENCE HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.'

THERE are four things to be considered in this article: first, that Christ shall come again; secondly, that He shall come from that place to which He ascended; thirdly, the purpose for which He shall come; fourthly, who they are upon whom this purpose shall be executed. And as comprehending these four things, our belief in this article may be thus fully expressed: I am fully persuaded of this, that the Eternal Son of God, in that human nature in which He died, and rose again, and ascended into Heaven, shall certainly come from the same Heaven into which He ascended, and at His coming shall gather together all those who shall be then alive, and all who ever lived, and shall have died before that day. Then causing them all to stand before His judgment-seat, He shall judge them all according to their works done in the flesh; and passing sentence of condemnation upon all the ungodly, shall deliver them to be tormented with the devil and his angels; and pronouncing sentence of absolution upon His faithful people, shall translate them into His glorious kingdom, of which there shall be no end. And thus I believe in Him, *who shall judge the quick and the dead.*

The necessity of this belief in a judgment to come appears firstly, from its preventing those dangerous doubts as to God's ruling the world by His providence, which at times threaten to make shipwreck of our souls, and caused even David himself to confess that through them his 'feet were almost gone,' his 'steps had well-nigh slipped.' Except there be a life to come after such a death as we daily see; except in that life there be rewards and punishments otherwise dispensed than they are here, where one event happeneth alike to the wicked and to the righteous, how can we assure ourselves of an over-ruling justice? That therefore we may be assured that God who sitteth in Heaven ruleth over all the

earth, that a divine and most holy Providence disposes and dispenses all things here below; it is absolutely necessary to believe and profess that a just and exact retribution is deferred, that a due and exactly proportioned dispensation of rewards and punishments is reserved to another world; and consequently, that there is a judgment to come.

Secondly, it is necessary to believe a judgment to come, that we may be effectually persuaded to break off our sins by repentance, to regulate our actions by the Word of God, and to keep our 'conscience void of offence toward God and toward man.' Being once convinced of this future judgment, and conscious of our own sins, who will not tremble with Felix? who will not flee from the wrath to come? What must be the hardness of that impenitent heart which 'treasureth up unto itself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God?' It is necessary, then, that we should believe that an account must be given of all our actions; and not only so, but that this account will be exacted according to the rule of God's revealed Will; that 'God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to the Gospel.'

There is in every man not only the power of reflecting upon his actions, but by a law of his nature he cannot avoid doing so, nor, further, passing a judgment upon them. Now if there were no other judge than our own souls, our own sentence and condemnation would weigh but lightly upon us. But when we believe that these judgments of our own consciences are to be so many witnesses before God's tribunal, and that we are to carry in our own hearts a testimony that shall either acquit or condemn us, we must needs hearken to them, and endeavour above all things to keep a good conscience. 'Seeing that all things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought we to be, in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God.' Reason itself will tell us this much. But if it do not, 'The grace of God that bringeth salvation teacheth us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ.'

Thirdly, it is necessary to profess faith in Christ as Judge of the quick and the dead, for the strengthening of our hope, for the augmenting of our comfort, for the establishment of our assurance of eternal life. For He who shall be our Judge, is also our Redeemer; and from Him we shall receive our sentence, not according to the rigour of the Law, but the mildness and mercies of the Gospel. What sentence soever in the sacred Scripture speaks anything of hope; what text soever administers any comfort; what argument soever drawn from thence works in us any assurance, we may confidently make use of them all in reference to the judgment to come; because, by that Gospel that contains them all, we shall be judged. If we consider whose Gospel it is, and who shall judge us by it, 'we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones;' for which cause He is not ashamed to call us brethren.' As one of our

brethren He has redeemed us; He has laid down His life as a ransom for us. He is our High Priest, who made an atonement for our sins; 'A merciful and faithful High Priest in all things, being made like unto His brethren.' He who is Judge, is also our Advocate; and who shall condemn us, if He shall pass the sentence upon us, who maketh intercession for us? Well therefore may 'we have boldness and access with confidence by the faith of Him' unto the throne of that Judge, who is our Brother, who is our Redeemer, who is our High Priest, who is our Advocate; who will not at the last day condemn us, because He has already in the same word absolved us, saying, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life!'

'Hearken to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry!
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh!
Lo! He comes to keep His word,
Light and joy His looks impart;
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet Him, in your heart.'

'Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
We shall soon be all caught up,
To meet the general doom:
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all His saints in light.'

'Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see Him come;
Him the Judge of all mankind,
Shall bear triumphant home:
Who can answer to His word?
Which of you dares meet His day?
"Rise, and come to judgment!"—"Lord,
We rise, and come away!"'

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRFORD AND HURSLEY WINDOWS.

THREE hundred and seventy years ago, or somewhat more, a ship, on the way from Holland to Spain or Italy, was captured on the high seas by one John Tame, a London merchant.

Whether Sir John Tame were making war on the account of King Henry VII., or simply doing a little privateering business on his own

score, is not clear: the latter is much to be apprehended, unless indeed there were authorized attacks upon vessels that might

'back the cause of that mock prince—
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit.'

However, it may be safer not to inquire too closely: people used not to be particular about such international trifles in those days.

When the cargo was brought into London, it proved to consist—not of garments rich and rare—nor gold—nor furs—but of a much more perishable material—namely, stained glass. The glass of Holland and Flanders was at that time greatly renowned, and partook of the great impulse that art of all kinds had received under the magnificent reign of Philip of Burgundy. John Tame, even if disappointed of treasure, knew that his capture was a prize of no common order, and resolved that it should grace the church of his home.

His home was the old town of Fairford, in Gloucestershire—'a praty uplandish town' on the banks of the little River Colne, where he had of late established a flourishing wool trade.

There was, of course, an old church; but church and windows had to be adapted to one another, so John Tame pulled down all but the old Norman pillars supporting the tower, and entirely rebuilt it, so as to fit his much-prized glass.

Late perpendicular was, of course, his fate; but he used the style with a grand simplicity and good taste.

The plan of the church was probably that of the old one; for it has a similarity to that of several adjacent Gloucestershire and Berkshire churches—a long three-aisled nave, and deep wide chancel, with a tower at the junction supported on huge pillars—a very grand and effective form of architecture. Fairford further is noticeable as having three aisles, the two side ones of which run out as far as the chancel; so that the three gables and their east windows are in a straight line with one another.

The good John Tame did not see his church completed; but it was finished by his nephew, Sir Edmund, who buried him and his wife under the arch between the chancel and the north aisle, beneath a beautiful and powerfully-designed brass, giving the figures of the good gentleman and lady kneeling, with no word that the church owed its glory to them —only this humble entreaty—

'For Jesus' love pray for me.
I may not pray: nowe pray ye
With a Pater Noster and an Ave,
That my paynis releasyd may be.'

Sir Edmund lies under the chancel floor; and his scroll too is all humility—

'Jesus Lord, that made us,
And with Thy Blood us bought,
Forgive us our trespasses.'

The Tame family ended in an heiress; and the evil days of Will Dowsing threatened the Fairford windows; but they were saved by one William Oldysworth, who, when the republican army was on the march to Cirencester, took down the whole of the glass, and buried it, until better times came, when it was restored to the church in nearly all its glory: and it has only since suffered injury from one hail-storm early in the eighteenth century, and, alas! more recently from a much worse enemy—a glass cleaner and restorer, who has grievously injured two windows, and, we greatly fear, may be allowed to pursue his barbarous and destructive career over the rest, ruining at once their majesty and their mystery.

Tradition declares that the windows were designed by Albert Durer: perhaps the date is too early, since the great Nuremburger was but twenty years of age at the time the glass was captured. Yet it is not improbable that even in his youth he might be employed in such designs; and the greater objection would be, that the glass was coming from Holland, not Germany. And yet Hollanders were apt to conduct the trade of all the world, and might have been employed, if not to paint, to transport, glass designed at Nuremburg, which would have been more perilled on the Alps than on the sea. On the whole, however, unromantic judges view the glass as most likely to be the work of one of those nameless but wonderful men, who did so much in the middle ages for the glory of God, and not of themselves.

Perhaps these were the 'storied windows' of the Penseroso; and Vandyke is known to have often studied them, and spoken of them to the king.

When the stout merchant dedicated his spoil, he no doubt thought frankly of the honour of Him to Whom he gave of His own. He knew not that he was sowing a seed that three centuries and a half later would grow into a beauteous tree, shedding its pure fragrance and blessed fruit over thousands.

For it is impossible to stand in the light of the Fairford windows, without feeling that they were one of the living influences that moulded the mind of John Keble. It is true that such a mind would have worked out paths of its own, and that the education bestowed on it would have determined much of its course; but the sense of continuity of doctrine and feeling—the finding that the cravings for beauty were satisfied by the Church—the reliance and contentment produced by the walking in an old unbroken path—all of which so remarkably characterized the man and his poetry—all were evidently fostered by the impressions produced by such a church as this.

The church is almost a comment on 'The Christian Year;' more especially when it is remembered that the main idea of the arrangement was reproduced at Hursley, which in like manner is a three-aisled church, with three gables to the east end. Nor can anyone who is familiar with the book fail to see the connection of certain figures with the poems long endeared to them.

Both churches have their glass arranged according to what was, we believe, the true ecclesiastical system of symbolism—namely, with the Crucifixion over the altar, the Last Judgment at the extreme west, and the intermediate side-windows filled with single figures of Old Testament Saints on the north, and New Testament ones on the south, going on at Fairford to the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. At Hursley, the Saints who were concerned in the earliest council are placed, as builders up of the Church, opposite to David and Solomon; and Philip and Nicodemus, the Baptizers, are close to the Font.

'The Saints are there;
Christ's ever-glowing Light,
Through heavenly features, grave and fair
Is gleaming; all the lonely air
Is thronged with shadows bright.

The Saints are there—the Living Dead,
The Mourners glad and strong,
The Sacred floor their quiet bed,
Their beams from every window shed,
Their voice in every song.

And haply where I kneel some day,
From yonder gorgeous pane
The glory of some Saint will play;
Not lightly may it pass away,
But in my heart remain.'

At Fairford the three west windows all are expressive of Doom. In the south aisle window—that which suffered most from the before-mentioned hail—David is sentencing the Amalekite who brings him Saul's head; and on the corresponding north aisle window, Solomon sits in judgment; and there are also fragments of the career of Samson, including his betrayal. At Hursley these two windows are penitential, with Adam and Noah to the north, St. Peter and the Magdalene to the south. The Christian poet changed the Old Testament judgments into leadings to penitence.

The Judgment in the great west window of Fairford is wonderful and fearful. The Saviour sits upon the rainbow, His Feet on the earth, and a sword in one hand, a lily in the other, a blue circle around, crowded with souls coming to judgment. St. Michael with his scales stands below; and on the south side rise the golden-haired blest, on the north the accursed are carried away by demons.

The restorer has done his worst upon the upper part of the window, making the glass thin and weak, and the design appear grotesque. But the lower portion is untouched; and no words can do justice to the effect of the gold and white of the one half of the window, in contrast with the 'lurid light' of the other. It represents an enormous mouth, and is one glare of blood red, enhanced by the purple scaly figures of the demons, some violet, some lilac, but all in wonderful keeping with the

crimson round them. We saw the window at mid-day, but the effect with a western sun must be marvellous.

One little circle of glass, about the size of the stand of a wine-glass, is memorable for colour. It is in the dress of one of the Jewish doctors who attend on Solomon, in the west window of the north aisle. It is a glow of ruby, with smaller white knobs, and the brightness of the combination is something extraordinary; but in general, the sparing and therefore most effective use of colour is remarkable. It is like the tints of our birds, sober and rich; the chief portion of the figures are in grisaille, of a rich ruddy grey or brown, of an infinite variety of tone, and only here and there a piece of deep red or blue. If we called it gentianella blue, a flaring blue silk dress would rise before the imaginations of our readers; but we mean the blue of the real flower, the rich dark brightness of which is confined to the expanded part of the corolla, the bell or throat being of subdued tints of grey, white, and green. Such red and such blue are seldom to be seen—never in a *restored* window. This glass, we should have said, is not a mosaic of separate coloured pieces, but was first painted with the design, and the colours then burnt in.

The countenances of the Apostles and prophets in the four windows on either side of the church are very noble. Hosea is perhaps the grandest of all; and St. John, with his dragon in the chalice, the most beautiful. Above, in the clerestory, are little figures of the persecutors of the Church on the north; such as Herod with an infant pendent in his hand, Nero with a red face, Domitian, &c., and with purple and red demons in the small intervals between the tracery above their heads. The preservers are on the south side, and are St. Sebastian and other saints, with angels over their heads.

Within the chancel the designs are narrative. The central window seemed to us the least successful; and Sir John could not so accommodate his glass, but that Pilate washing his hands is the most prominent figure. There is one window high up in the south wall of the chancel, which may be called an Easter Eve window. It has the Descent from the Cross, the Mater Dolorosa, and the subdual of Beelzebub, whose terrific countenance glares from behind a fiery grate, in blood-red shaded off into flame. The extreme east of the south aisle is full of the glories of our Lord; the Transfiguration is in the centre; the Head of the principal Figure is broken away, but there are three grand rays of light proceeding from the breast of the white garment. There too, in another light of the same window, is the scene, 'when the holy Maid beheld her risen Son and Lord;' and the other lights have the appearances to St. Mary Magdalene and the other women.

The Resurrection subject is continued in the other two four-light windows, at right angles with this, and culminates in the Ascension, which takes place from off a tall pillar of rock, crowned with turf bearing the print of the two Feet, which can just be seen below the cloud. The adoring heads of the Apostles are arranged in a semi-circle round the

base of the rock; and in the back-ground is a wonderful landscape with water, on which are swans and ships.

The corresponding windows on the north side have the scenes connected with the Nativity—beginning from the old traditional representations of the birth of the Blessed Virgin, her dedication, and then, after the Annunciation, her marriage to Joseph—the Nativity, the Epiphany, the Circumcision, Presentation, Flight into Egypt, and the Teaching the Doctors in the Temple, with the Assumption in the light answering to that occupied by the Transfiguration.

The Hursley windows have not space to follow all this out, even if it had been desirable; but the idea is still so far followed that the north aisle has for its eastern window the Circumcision, but with Simeon and Anna in the side lights, so as to carry on the thought to the Presentation; and the Resurrection occupies the east window of the south aisle. The chancel south window has John the Baptist; and the solemnity and pure delicate tints of the solemn subject over the Altar must be seen to be understood.

No one can look at the two churches without seeing that the one helped to mould the mind that imagined the other; and that the thoughts that thus, as it were, crystalized their outer manifestation, were infinitely wider and deeper than those that could mould themselves in architecture.

Mr. Keble was, however, no less the poet of sanctified home affections and 'homely scenes and simple views,' than of the Church. And thus no one can fail to look with exceeding interest on the rich green meadow-lands, and clear streams shaded with pollard-willows bursting out in grey or sea-green foliage—the 'quiet brooklets' and cheerful willows that have taught us 'contentment's power'—while listening to the nightingales singing in every hedgerow.

As we walked through the clean wide-streeted quiet little town, with its wide market-place, and saw the unpretending home of the Keble family—a house within a walled garden, built of the soft light grey stone of the country—and saw the tall elms with their rooks' nests, and the green rich grass of the little shady paddock—we felt that this little remote town, and simple peaceful English home, were meet nurses for one who has done much to give us the power to enter into

> 'The secret lore of rural things,
> The moral of each fleeting cloud and gale,
> The whispers from above that haunt the twilight vale;'

looking beyond, above, and deep into, all the fair things of earth, and reading in them all parables of the better things to come.

'My lines are in pleasant places,' might indeed be said by the dweller in the meadows of Fairford, and among the downs and woods of Hursley; and yet withal there is an unaspiring fairness about each. Neither possesses scenery such as to attract strangers from a distance, but both

have that which keeps the affections of the inhabitants; and in each, nature not appearing in her grander features, the church is the prime glory and beauty of the place, reigning over, and bringing into harmony and keeping, the adjacent portions of the landscape.

Is not this likewise the case with the poetry, and one secret of its great charm—that one key-note runs through all?

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO LXXVII.

THE TREACHERY OF CHAMPTOCEAUX.

BRITTANY was at peace with Henry V. The Duke, Jean V., surnamed the Good, was thirty-one years of age, a gentle tempered man, and greatly beloved. He had many causes of complaint against the English. Henry had accused his mother of treasonable practices, kept his brother Arthur a close prisoner, and had treated the Duke himself with bluff abruptness when they had met; and the heart of Brittany was ever against the 'Saozon.' But Jean was bent on keeping the peace, and would not break his alliance with England; though his wife, Jeanne de Valois, daughter to Charles VI., had chafed extremely against it even while Henry IV. still lived.

'Am I not a wretched woman?' she said.

'How so, Dame? Have you not the fairest jewels, the finest palfreys, and silk and gold kirtles, fairer than any queen or empress?'

'Ah! I would give them all if you would not become the vassal of an usurper.'

'Speak better, Lady; that king is my mother's husband.'

'And my father is King of France. I hate the English more than death.'

'Silence! this is no affair of women. There is reason for everything.'

'Ay, and for treason!'

The lady had the last word, but was requited with a blow, and there was a cry that the Court of France must avenge the injury; but greater wrongs than this daily befell the blood of France, unattended to; and as Jeanne really loved her husband, the stroke was soon forgotten.

She had worse to weep for in after times. It should be remembered that her husband, Jean V., was the son of that Jean de Montfort whose brave mother, Jeanne La Flamme, had made good his claim by the aid of Edward III. Charles de Blois, Count de Penthièvre, the rival candidate, who had been killed at the Battle of Auray, had left a son, who had married Marguerite, the only daughter and heiress of the fierce old Constable, Olivier de Clisson, called the Butcher. Their possessions were

enormous, with the united lands of Blois in Poitou, and of Clisson and Penthièvre in Brittany; and from her youth up, Marguerite had nourished the hope of regaining the dukedom itself for her son.

When Jean IV. had died, leaving four young children, the eldest only twelve years old, she had actually come to her father, the old Constable, as he lay on his couch, and besought him, for 'the sake of her fair children,' to get the little boys put out of the way privately. Old Clisson, who though rugged and violent, had always been honourable, really thought it was a temptation of the devil in his daughter's shape, so well did her suggestion chime with his own hatred of the Montfort. He shut his eyes, and crossed himself three or four times; but looking up, and finding her still standing at the foot of his couch, he leapt up, crying, 'Wicked and perverse woman, if you live longer, you will be the ruin of your children's honour and welfare!' and kicked her down-stairs, so that she broke her leg, and went lame ever after.

Shortly after, the Constable was summoned to the parliament of the duchy at Rennes. It was the year 1401, the church was in full splendour, and thronged with nobles. On a platform stood the three little brothers, with long fair hair on their shoulders. The service for inauguration began. The Constable was called for, and Olivier, with a free and loyal heart, stepped forth, and as the eldest boy knelt before him he dubbed him knight.

'Brother, brother!' cried the little eight years old Arthur, 'our father said that when the sword of knighthood was once received, one might give it to others. Give it to me, I pray you, that I may wield it in defence of our good land of Brittany.'

There was great applause, as with much difficulty the little Duke Jean heaved up the great sword and knighted the still lesser Arthur.

The good understanding did not last, however; there was a foolish accusation of sorcery set up against Clisson, and in extreme old age he was forced to purchase peace by a large fine. He died peacefully in his Castle of Josselin, in 1407; and honour seemed to have died out of France with the generation of Du Guesclin; while Marguerite, now a widow, was like the revengeful hag of a romance, continually inflaming the minds of her four sons against the Duke.

Tanneguy du Chatel, the friend of the Dauphin, was induced to promise her that if by any means the Duke could be removed, the Dauphin would own her son, Olivier de Blois, Count de Penthièvre, as the rightful Duke of Brittany.

Arthur of Richemont, the brave second brother, was a prisoner in England; Richard, the next in age, was very young; the Duke's children were infants, and the time seemed favourable—for treason as well as reason.

In the spring of 1420, Olivier de Blois went to visit the Duke at Nantes, and there made himself so agreeable that Jean created him Marshal of Brittany, asked him in case of his own death to become guardian to his infant children, and accepted the urgent invitation he

brought on the part of his mother to spend Shrovetide with her at her Castle of Champtoceaux, whence Olivier engaged by all possible oaths to escort him safely back to Nantes.

The Duke's advisers were averse to his thus trusting the sworn enemies of his family, but he would listen to no remonstrance; and desiring not to be burthensome to his hostess, took with him as few attendants as possible—only his brother Richard and a few knights.

It was in February, 1420, when the Count de Penthièvre went to call him in early morning at his tower at Nantes, and taking him by the hand to wake him, said, 'Ha! quick, quick, it is late, the ladies are expecting us at Champtoceaux; the chase and the sports are ready, we must hasten.' That day they went as far as Loroux Bottereaux, where they slept; and in the morning the attendants set forward with the Duke's plate, without which no prince ever travelled.

After Mass, the Duke and his brother mounted, and Olivier guided them to the Bridge of La Tuberde, over the little river Divette. He had had all the planks unfastened, so as to be able to remove them quickly; and as the bridge was very narrow, he dismounted, and advised the Duke and his brother to do the same and cross on foot. No sooner were they on the other side, than some of Olivier's attendants pretended to be in joke, as they knocked down the boards, and challenged one another to leap across the space left open. The Duke was amused at the frolic, till he perceived that almost all his suite was left behind; and at the same time Olivier's brother, Charles de Blois, came out of a wood with forty lances, and many men on foot. 'St. Yves, fair Cousin,' cried the Duke, 'who are these?'

'They are my men,' said Olivier; at the same time laying hold of the Duke. 'We have you at last; and before we let you go, you must restore our inheritance.'

The troop of Charles de Blois then came at full charge upon the Duke and his few friends; a blow was aimed at his head with a sword, which was intercepted by Jean of Beaumanoir at the cost of a severe wound; his other gentlemen were thrown down, and he was captured. Charles galloped off with the news to his mother, who at once threw all the attendants already arrived into dungeons, and seized the plate; whilst the elder brother, fastening leading-reins to the horses of the two princes, dragged them on into the city of Clisson, first warning them that if they made any attempt to appeal to the people, or to escape into a church, they should at once be put to death, were it in the very arms of the Crucifix.

Though brave men in battle, the two princes were completely cowed, and made no sign while in the city, so that they passed unrecognised. When out of sight of inhabited places, Count Olivier caused their right legs to be bound to their horses, and made a ruffian ride on each side with a drawn sword. Thus they came to a house, where Olivier went into the hall to rest, eat, and warm himself, leaving his unfortunate

captives at the gate, still tied on their horses, in the bitter wind, with neither food nor drink.

One of the guards went into the hall to entreat for some slight relief for them. 'Let them die of it,' said Olivier brutally, 'and feed the dogs.' 'Then I had better kill them at once,' said the officer, 'for they will not live.'

However, the Count relented so far as to let the guard take them into a sort of cellar, where they were allowed to share with him the bones of a cold goose, and a pot of bad cider. They were then again bound upon their beasts, and carried on to Palnau; whence, by long by-ways, they were after several days journey brought to Champtoceaux, where they were put for a few minutes into the room of a chaplain, who gave them a meal on a piece of cold pork, the best dinner they had had since their capture. They saw no one else, and fancied the fortress deserted, as they were led along galleries and up stair-cases to a high tower, where the bolts were drawn behind them.

By-and-by, in came hobbling old Countess Marguerite and her daughter-in-law, the young sister of the Duke of Burgundy. They threw themselves at her feet, saying, 'Noble Lady, are we in danger of death? Is there no hope for us?'

'By St. Mary, I neither know nor care,' she said. 'Have you not taken my children's inheritance? Such crimes deserve the gibbet, you know.'

The Duke pleaded his innocence; but she did not answer, and only appeared again on Ash Wednesday, taunting them with its being the time of repentance and restitution.

Jean implored her to spare their lives, promising to yield everything on that one condition.

'I know not,' said the old hag. 'My children have acted by the express command of Monseigneur the Dauphin, Regent of France—they have good fair letters from him, sealed with his seal, and we must go by his orders. Death, dungeon, torture—all can be taken patiently. Cease lamenting, kings and princes have had their troubles. *Deposuit potentes de sede*, you understand. Good Christians like you know their Psalter.'

'I heed deposition little, so that we have but our lives,' said the unfortunate Duke.

'We shall see,' answered the Countess: 'only pray Heaven to have mercy on your souls. For my part, I am leaving this noble castle; women understand only their distaff, and are afraid of war; I fear your knights may besiege us, and if they are as brave as you, we shall see fine sport.'

It was false that she was going to leave the castle. Their window had been walled up, all but an air-hole covered with a bit of waxed cloth; but making a little hole through this, they saw her walking about in the court; and they hardly knew whether it boded them death or safety, when they learnt from a servant that the States of Brittany were assembling to set them free.

The Duchess, a daughter of the King, had at first imagined that her husband had been murdered; and it was only through the report of peasants who had seen him dragged away, that he was at length traced to Champtoceaux.

The States assembled at Vannes, and there the Duchess brought her two little children, and with many tears and promises besought that her husband might be rescued. She had written in vain to her father and brother; no answer came from either, except that there were orders in the King's name that no one should take up arms in behalf either of the Duke or the Count of Penthièvre.

This edict made little difference to the faithful barons; but their difficulty was to find someone whom everyone would obey as their leader, and they actually sent to Henry V. to ask him to lend them Arthur Count de Richemont, his prisoner, the brother whose age came between those of the two captive ones, swearing all manner of oaths that they would send him back as soon as ever he had delivered his brethren. To this, however, Henry would not trust; and at last Raoul de Coëtguen, Marshal of Brittany, was appointed their leader, and marched into the lands of Penthièvre, four months after the imprisonment of the Duke.

The first measure taken by the Penthièvre party was to dress an unfortunate young groom in garments of the Duke's, and with just mystery enough to be remarked, to drown him in the Loire; but this cruel trick only occupied the barons for a short time, and they besieged Lamballe. Then Olivier came into the tower with his brother, and in the most brutal language threatened the Duke with instant death unless he caused the siege to be raised. He answered that he had had no communication with anyone for five months, and had certainly not ordered the siege; but if two of his imprisoned gentlemen, Pierre Eder, and Jean de Kermelles, could be despatched, some terms might be made.

The next day the Count returned, and brought with him two gaolers, who loaded the unfortunate princes with fetters.

'Well,' he said, 'have you found means of stopping this, or are you willing to die? Poor caitiffs who cannot send a courier, I'll let you send to your preux defenders this Jean de Kermelles whom you talk of; but if he come not back again, so much the worse for you! Besides, he must take some token to your wife, to show these are not idle words.'

Eder and Kermelles were then brought in, and were assured by Penthièvre, with the most frightful oaths, that their master's life hung on a thread. The Duke then wrote to his wife, telling her that if she loved him she would cause the siege of Lamballe to be raised, or else his head and his brother's would be hooked up to the highest tower of Champtoceaux. As to the token, the Duke had been stripped of everything; but his own casket being brought him, he selected from it a little Agnus Dei, with a gold chain, to send to his duchess. Kermelles swore to return at a certain time, and Eder was detained as his pledge; but in the meantime the barons had gained such successes that the Count no

longer durst keep his prisoners at Champtoceaux, whither Kermelles faithfully returned; while he removed them, heavily ironed, to the Castle of Clisson, assuring them continually that he intended to have their limbs cut off piecemeal.

The barons advanced and besieged Champtoceaux. Old Countess Marguerite and one of her sons prepared for defence, putting great faith in the strength of the castle, which stood upon a steep rock, and had hitherto been considered as impregnable. The barons, learning that their Duke had been removed, at first doubted whether it would not be better to follow in his track; but recollecting what a hostage the old lady would be, and how dangerous her garrison might become in their rear, they decided on attacking her, and opened trenches in the new fashion, employing some cannon that had been presented to the Duke by Henry V. These soon astonished the walls of Champtoceaux; and though Count Olivier sent his brother Charles to relieve his mother, the barons beat him off, and at length effected a breach in the walls. All the roofs were already shattered; and Marguerite, who had all this time been confident in the aid of the Dauphin and Tanneguy Duchatel, lost heart, and began to expect that she should suffer torments from the revenge of the victorious party; but in spite of her crimes, there were many among the barons, who, for the sake of her brave father's fame and of the good Charles de Blois, were only anxious to extricate her from the situation into which she had brought herself. At last she sent down a trumpet requesting a parley, and after a short consultation, consented to deliver up the two princes, make compensation for the injuries that they and their servants had suffered, pay all the expenses of the war, and to submit herself to the judgment of the Parliament of Brittany. She made no difficulties, signed the treaty, and wrote to her son: 'If you wish to see me alive, send back the Duke and his brother; but make haste.'

Olivier saw the game was played out; but he still delayed, hoping to gain something still from the Duke's weakness. He relaxed the severity of Jean's captivity, and then told him that he would release him but for the fear of the wrath of his mother. 'But,' said he, 'if you would secure me from her anger, by giving me your daughter in marriage, I might brave her indignation, for you would give your son-in-law fortresses such as would make up for what she would deprive me of.'

The Duke actually fell into the snare, and swore to give his gaoler whatever he demanded; and as soon as Penthièvre thought himself thus sure of pardon, he gave the two princes to one of his kinsmen, by whom they were safely brought to the camp before Champtoceaux.

Then the Countess was allowed to leave the castle, with children, servants, and garrison, only leaving, as hostage, her youngest son, Guillaume. The prisoners were found in a lamentable state, one actually dying; and Kermelles and Eder had had a narrow escape, as they had been purposely placed in the tower where they were most likely to be killed by the shot of their friends.

Champtoceaux was levelled with the ground; and the Duke, in the midst of the rejoicings of his friends, wrote to Pope Martin V. to ask how far he was bound by the variety of promises and vows he had made in the time of his captivity. The Pope answered that all his promises to the Penthièvre family had been under compulsion, and were of no effect; and that as to his vow to go on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he might be acquitted of that for giving the Church 20,000 florins, and remitting all the dues with which it was charged.

On that Ash Wednesday, when Marguerite had preached so piously about death, dungeon, and torture, he had promised his own weight in gold to our Lady of the Carmelites at Nantes; and on the day when he had been put into chains, he had promised his weight in silver to St. Yves. Both these vows he carefully fulfilled, and each shrine received a whole treasury full of coin, plate, and jewels. Other Churches had their share, and among them that of St. Catherine de Fierbois. Those offerings may have aided in impressing the heart of a young girl who was growing up in the village of Arc to do a mighty work!

He amply rewarded the faithful men who had aided him; but he showed his right to the title of Jean le Bon by the great leniency with which he was disposed to treat his enemies. He offered a full pardon, provided the two eldest of the Blois family, Olivier and Charles, would come in person before the parliament, and make the following confession—without being haltered, going on hands and knees, or any of the signs of humiliation so frequent in the middle ages: 'Our redoubted sovereign lord—Through evil counsel and through our youthful folly, we have taken you, laid hands on you and Richard, my lord your brother, and long detained you, against your will, foolishly and ill-advised—for the which we grieve and do heartily repent; we cry mercy, entreating you to pardon us of your grace and pity.' The Countess Marguerite and her two younger sons were to appear by proxy, and say, 'We had no share in the taking and detaining of your person and that of my lord your brother, for which we grieve and repent; but in so far as we were consenting thereto, we supplicate you to pardon us of your grace and pity, and we cry you mercy.'

Nothing could have been more lenient, and Olivier signed the treaty; but his mother could not believe in the Duke's magnanimity, and withheld him and the other brothers from appearing, so that it became impossible to release Guillaume, the youngest, who was in the Duke's hands; he spent twenty-five years in captivity, in different fortresses, and wept so much that he lost his eyesight.

As the family remained contumacious, the parliament decreed the forfeiture of all the great estates of the houses of Penthièvre and Clisson. They were so extensive that the Duke was able to enrich a hundred and forty-two nobles out of the division. Jean de Blois, the third brother, infuriated against the Duke, attempted revenge; and collecting thirty-nine more conspirators in Poitou, dressed them in long coarse garments,

How many fruitful champaigns, feeding flocks!
  How many beauteous forests, clad in green,
Where wat'ry nymphs with soft embraces locks
  Such shady groves, as for true love may seeme,
Fit chapels to the winged singers lays
And bubbling streams to chant true Beauty's praise!

* * * * *

Ten thousand flocks, that o'er our heads still hovers,
  Which daily seem to bid us kill and eat;
Ten thousand fruits, which time to us discovers,
  Ten thousand plants and roots and seeds for meat;—
The fish, O Lord, of all the lakes and fountains;
The herds are Thine upon ten thousand mountains.

Ten thousand creatures for delight assign'd;
  Ten thousand stones that precious virtues hold;
Ten thousand flowers to recreate the mind;
  Ten thousand healthful drugs more worth than gold;
Ten thousand more than I can sum or count:
Thy blessings, Lord, all tongues and wits surmount.

And every blessing is so doubly blest,
  That they not only food for us contain;
But bounteous Nature locks within the least
  Of these, some help for our disease and pain.

The winding up is as follows:—

But man alone himself must feed the mind,
  And contemplation only cooks the dish:
What is it, then? Hath Heaven all these assign'd
  For our use, to that end we should be His?
Then must we give Him one poor little part,
The only thing He craves—'*A thankful heart!*'

We are the more glad to take leave of Hagthorpe after the above specimens, as they are the least mixed up with peculiarities.

We will now turn to a poet of a different school.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

BORN 1621, DIED 1695.

It would be difficult indeed to select two poets more dissimilar than these two—Hagthorpe and Vaughan: while we find in both of them an absence of everything that could wound a virtuous spirit, there is all the difference in the world between their own tone and that also with which they inspire the reader. The one (Hagthorpe) may, we believe, very fairly be called the 'philosophic good man;' while the other, 'pure, generous, and

Most true; and thus it is that when perfectly beautiful thoughts, clothed in the most appropriate language, burst suddenly upon us in the course of our readings in old English poetry, we take small account of the quantity of inferior matter, which belongs to the age, to early associations, to the state of the language, and to the public for which these authors wrote—and recognize at once the might of that genius which breaks loose, though but occasionally, from all these entanglements. Sometimes we may suspect ourselves, and be suspected by others, of too strong an inclination to make much of such rare gems; but on the whole, we believe that they who value them most have really looked most deeply into the matter. They see how very few men there are in the world who overcome the obstacles of birth, education, and common habits; and the passages they admire stand out as proofs of a power which raises man himself in their estimation.

A very wide distinction, however, has to be drawn, when we look into the works of our poets, between those who were personally animated by inward devotion—by the love of God, of human kind, and of Nature—and those who have pursued in poetry a merely intellectual vocation. The latter, whatever their learning, fall far below the others. While *they* are hunting about for conceits, for classical references, and even for illustrations drawn from the vulgar marvels of the day, translating them into rhyme for the benefit of contemporaries—while this inferior work, we say, goes on, the sympathetic, fresh, and generous heart of the true poet, his eye open, and his mind alive to every outward suggestion, is bearing him aloft, far above the mists of his generation. So gladly do we recognize this higher order of soul, that we should devote our attention *wholly* to its traces, if it did not seem to us that there is something occasionally due to painstaking quiet writers—*scholars* of poetry rather than poets—who spend their lives in her service, in a very disinterested spirit, though not in the best and most hopeful manner.

But for a wish to be just to one such person, we might not perhaps have been tempted to say anything about John Hagthorpe, Gentleman—the generality of whose poems are not at all to our taste, though their faults are not those of coarseness, vulgarity, far less of immorality, but only such as spring from the dry intellectual tendency to which we have adverted.

We know very little of this gentleman poet—almost nothing, indeed; but from the displays of his learning and his generally contemplative habits, it is fair to conjecture that 'debts and sorrows,' by which he tells us he was overladen, might be in part owing to an unpractical neglect of common business matters. In his dedication of his first volume of poems to King James the First, he tells His Majesty that his various misfortunes compel him to transport himself and his family into Virginia or New England; but before he goes, he earnestly supplicates the King to speak a good word in behalf of a 'little son' of his, that he may

obtain the favour of 'Master Sutton's Charitie.' This little son he desires to leave behind, as a legacy to England, hoping he may, in time, 'increase an ancient (and not ignoble) name again in His Majesty's dominions, wherein,' says he, 'there is not a man living of the same name beside myself and mine.'

Whether the extinction of the great and *euphonical* name of Hagthorpe was regarded as sufficient calamity to call forth the royal interference, cannot now be known; but in the following year, 1623, the author printed a second small volume, dedicating it to Charles Prince of Wales—and he does not repeat his petition.

His complaints seem to us pathetic enough—particularly as we have not the smallest doubt that the poor poet, while his house was falling about his ears, conceived he was doing important service in his generation. This second production in particular is devoted to what he calls 'The Visions of Things,'—to separate Meditations, (1) on the Beginning and Mutability of Things—(2) on Art and Nature—(3) on Wealth and Poverty—(4) on Sin and Virtue—concluding with the Last Judgment and End of all things.

Having dutifully endeavoured to study these subjects under his direction, we must own to a sense of dryness, and a want of feeling of the benefits the author desired to effect. But we regard them with considerable respect; and are not without a certain admiration for his ingenuity and learning. The worst of it is, that the learning is so often wasted on 'the follies of the wise.' He makes frequent references to discoveries of modern times—in all which he is very credulous, devoutly believing in mermaids, dragons, and such like; then he overloads his text with explanations and allusions, till at last he gets into a flurry or despair, and can only beg the reader to seek out the rest of his explanation 'at the end of the poems, by reason of the too great largeness of them.' The dialogues or arguments, into which the various persons—such as Wealth and Poverty, Art and Nature, &c.—enter, are often conducted with some spirit and talent; and at the end of each, we have a short statement of the result—for instance, in Art and Nature, where the verdict is pretty much *that* which we should expect, we have two or three summary stanzas of this kind, which, being neither inharmonious nor weak, we give entire, as fair specimens.

Truth, being called in as umpire, is the speaker.

'Nature is faire, but Art it makes her shine;
Nature is great, but Art she makes her more;
Nature is wise—Art makes her seeme divine;
Nature is rich, but Art still mends her store;
Nature is strong, yet doth she aid implore
From Art;—Art better, then, by consequent,
Since she her strength, wealth, beauty, doth augment.

Nature is of herselfe but a rude masse,
Which of itselfe each day to ruin tends;

Whom Art still strives to beautifye and grace,
And to preserve and forme it ever bends
Her chiefe endeavour—tending still to mend
What errs or wants in Nature, and to plane
Her ruder works with some more polish'd frame.

Since Nature brings forth Man imperfect, then,
With sense relucting * always with the mind;
And Art, she tills and forms the souls of men,
Giving them light, whom Nature hath made blind;
My sentence is to ART wholly inclin'd,
Since, as the ancient sages truly tell,
'Tis better ne'er to be than not be well.'

Thus said, my Vision vanish'd—nothing stay'd
But th' airie clouds, vast seas, demolish'd fane,
Myself and my sad thoughts, but ill repaid
With certain gifts they gave me for my paine;
For Nature, angry and incens'd with shame,
'Warded me sickness—Art, for all my toil,
Poverty, 'cause I did her praises soil.'

It should have been said earlier in the course of this paper, that both Mr. Ellis in his specimens, and Mr. Haslewood in the British Bibliographer, have bestowed some attention upon Hagthorpe. The following stanzas are, we think, on the whole his best: they are selected from his first volume—'Divine Meditations.'

ON DIVINE LOVE AND POWER.

O boundlesse praise of true magnificence!
That doth not seeke his foes to overcome
By force, but to reclaime them, and convince
By bounties and by benefits alone;
And to that end doth every day us prove
With streames of gifts, to win us to His love—

* * * *

First, what a spacious and majestic hall,
Full of officious servants for your use,
Hath Heav'n ordain'd to entertaine you all!—
Wherein, if any want, 'tis but th' abuse
Of foul excess—whose surfeits wastes the store,
That might supply the needy's wants twice o'er.

With what a downy carpet hath He spread
The flow'ry earth, to entertain your feet!
Where every plant and flow'r that shews its head
Brings it with profit, wonder, and delight!
How many a pretty fly with spotted wing
Upon these slender stalks their canzons sing!

* 'Struggling against.'—Johnson.

How many fruitful champaigns, feeding flocks!
  How many beauteous forests, clad in green,
Where wat'ry nymphs with soft embraces locks
  Such shady groves, as for true love may seeme,
Fit chapels to the winged singers lays
And bubbling streams to chant true Beauty's praise!

* * * * *

Ten thousand flocks, that o'er our heads still hovers,
  Which daily seem to bid us kill and eat;
Ten thousand fruits, which time to us discovers,
  Ten thousand plants and roots and seeds for meat;—
The fish, O Lord, of all the lakes and fountains;
The herds are Thine upon ten thousand mountains.

Ten thousand creatures for delight assign'd;
  Ten thousand stones that precious virtues hold;
Ten thousand flowers to recreate the mind;
  Ten thousand healthful drugs more worth than gold;
Ten thousand more than I can sum or count:
Thy blessings, Lord, all tongues and wits surmount.

And every blessing is so doubly blest,
  That they not only food for us contain;
But bounteous Nature locks within the least
  Of these, some help for our disease and pain.

The winding up is as follows:—

But man alone himself must feed the mind,
  And contemplation only cooks the dish:
What is it, then? Hath Heaven all these assign'd
  For our use, to that end we should be His?
Then must we give Him one poor little part,
The only thing He craves—'*A thankful heart!*'

We are the more glad to take leave of Hagthorpe after the above specimens, as they are the least mixed up with peculiarities.

We will now turn to a poet of a different school.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

BORN 1621, DIED 1695.

It would be difficult indeed to select two poets more dissimilar than these two—Hagthorpe and Vaughan: while we find in both of them an absence of everything that could wound a virtuous spirit, there is all the difference in the world between their own tone and that also with which they inspire the reader. The one (Hagthorpe) may, we believe, very fairly be called the 'philosophic good man;' while the other, 'pure, generous, and

humane,' with a conscience perpetually awake and alive, with a heart touched by all Christian impulses, responding quick as light to every beautiful association, throws its own character into every subject of which he treats, and, various and often imperfect as may be that treatment, contrives almost always to make us sensible of having acquired a new taste —something that irradiates what is dark, and yet softens what is glaring.

There is no necessity for transcribing here Vaughan's best-known poetical efforts—pieces which are found in all good selections, which all lovers of poetry have, or should have, by heart, are not essential to our estimate of him. 'The Rainbow,' 'The Retreat,' the lines beginning 'They are all gone into a world of light,' it is surely needless to do more than refer to. We rather cleave to some less known, perhaps not so complete in poetry, but that seem to us brimful of a Christian tenderness and gentleness, such as we know nowhere else. Look, for example, at the opening lines on the shepherds abiding in the field—

Sweet harmless lives, upon whose holy leisure
  Wait innocence and pleasure;
Whose leaders to those pastures and clear springs,
  Were patriarchs, saints, and kings.
How happen'd it that in the dead of night
  You only saw true light?
While Palestine was fast asleep, and lay
  Without one thought of day?
Was it because those first and blessed swains
  Were pilgrims on those plains,
When they receiv'd the promise, for which now
  'Twas there first shown to you?
'Tis true, He loves that dust whereon *they* go
  That serve Him here below,
And therefore might, for memory of those
  His love there, first, disclose, &c.

And afterwards, towards the end of the poem, recurring once more to the shepherds' own lot, how pleasant is the strain!

Each stirring wind and storm blew through their cots,
  Which never harbour'd plots:
Only content and love and humble joys
  Lived there, without all noise.
Perhaps some harmless cares for the next day
  Did in their bosoms play:
As, where to lead their sheep, what silent nook,
  What springs or shades to look!
But that was all. . . . .

Again, the poem on the secret growth of 'Divine Seed,' surely contains some beautiful thoughts strikingly expressed. We have room only for a small selection—

Dear, secret *greenness*, nurs'd below
  Tempests and winds and winter nights;
Vex not that BUT ONE sees thee grow—
  THAT ONE made all these lesser lights.

Why needs a conscience calm and bright
  Within itself, an outward test?
Who breaks his glass to get more light,
  Makes way for storms unto his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
  At noise; but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch,
  Till the white-wingèd reapers come!

There was time for the hidden seed to fructify in the writer at least, for the 'white-winged reapers' did not come to him for their harvest till he had numbered seventy-three years; and this should remind us that we ought to say more about his own history. Vaughan's life, though quiet, is remarkable. Born in 1621, a native of that charming region in Wales bordering on the Usk, between Crick-howell and Brecon, twin-brother with another Vaughan, also a poet, a classical scholar and student like himself at Oxford, and feeling warmly with him as Royalists felt in the great Civil Wars of Charles I. and his Parliament: yet Henry differed in so far as this, that while Thomas bore arms for the King, even though a clergyman, Henry, the physician, expressly disclaims warfare. He considered, he said, 'that there was a voice in a brother's blood which would cry to Heaven against the shedder of it,' and therefore he declined open combat.

The Reverend Thomas Vaughan was afterwards expelled from his living of Llansaintfread, near Crick-howell, by the Parliamentary Commissioners, on charges of 'drunkenness, swearing, incontinency, and bearing arms against the King.' How far the former charges were substantiated we know not; but Thomas Vaughan, from the time of his expulsion, we believe, chiefly lived in Oxford, devoting himself to science; and Antony Wood says, 'He was a great chymist, a noted lover of the fire, an experimental philosopher,' &c. He understood several of the Eastern languages, and was a poet both in English and Latin.

It is of more interest to us to know that the twin-brothers were faithfully attached to each other, and that Thomas was particularly proud of Henry's poems; while his own death, which occurred in 1665, was deeply lamented by Henry. Previous to this event, Thomas had prevailed over his brother's reluctance to let some of his poems be published, and himself undertook the editorship of a small volume entitled 'Olor Iscanus, the Swan of the Usk.' The poems themselves are not, as those in after years, of a religious character; but they seem to be unobjectionable. Thus, take these lines, sacred to Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I.—

Thou seemst a rosebud born in snow,
A flower of purpose sprung, to bow
To heedless tempests, and the rage
Of an incensèd stormie age.—
And yet as balm-trees gently spend
Their teare for those that doe them rend,
Thou didst not murmur nor revile,
But drankst thy wormwood with a smile.

Yet when Vaughan's conscience was stirred, as it was to be most strongly, he was deeply sensible of his short-comings; and that his backward view was darkened by the memory of ungrateful returns for many blessings is plain. In 'The Retreat' he says—

> Oh! how I long to travel back
> And tread again that ancient track;
> That I might once more reach that plaine
> Where first I left my glorious traine,
> From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
> That stately city of palm-trees;
> But ah! my soul with too much stay
> Is drunk, and staggers in the way;
> Some men a forward motion love,
> But I by backward steps must move;
> And when this dust falls to the urne,
> In that state whence I came returne.

It would seem by the Memoir of Henry Vaughan [prefixed by the Rev. H. F. Lyte to the edition of his Poems published by Pickering in the year 1847,] that these deeper impressions were occasioned by a severe illness which brought him to the brink of the grave some time in 1652–3, and that they were powerfully aided by his study of the writings of George Herbert. At first he seems to have been cast into a state almost of despair; but gradually Christian light and hope dawned upon him, he looked to the Saviour's work and the Saviour's mission as his all in all of comfort and strength, yet never did he lose his humble spirit of self-watchfulness; and by his desire his tomb-stone bore the inscription—

> SERVUS INUTILIS
> PECCATOR MAXIMUS,
> HIC JACEO.
> GLORIA! MISERERE!

His death occurred in 1695, when he was, as we have said, seventy-three years of age; and he seems to have closed his eyes while living under the roof and amid the scenes which he had beheld from his birth. He was twice married—had five children by his first and one by his second wife; and a great-granddaughter of his survived till 1780, dying at the advanced age of ninety-two. He was never connected in any way with the Puritan party; but maintained his steady strong personal attachment to the Church of his fathers, while yet his works contain not a single specimen of that laudatory element so common among the Royalists of his time. In fact, his was altogether a retired and quiet spirit; and even in his lamentations over the past as contrasted with the present, the predominant feeling is always a striving after good, and a firm belief that it is still to be found. As much to illustrate this marked tendency of his thoughts, as on account of any merit in the lines themselves, we quote from his poem entitled 'The Bee.' (Lyte's edition, p. 221.)

O purer years of light and grace!
Great is the difference, as the space,
Twixt you and us, who blindly run
After false fires and leave the sun.
Is not fair nature, of herself,
Much richer than dull paint and pelf?
And are not streams at the spring head
More sweet than in carv'd stone or lead?
But fancy, and some artist's tools
Frame a religi-on for fools.

The truth, which once was plainly taught,
With thorns and briars now is fraught;
Some part is with bold fables spotted,
Some by strange comments wildly blotted:
And Discord, old corruption's crest,
With blood and blame have stain'd the rest.
So snow, which at its first descents
A whiteness like pure Heav'n presents;
When touch'd by man, is quickly soiled,
And after trodden down and spoil'd.

O lead me where I may be free
In truth and spirit to serve Thee!
Where, undisturb'd, I may converse
With Thy great Selfe; and there rehearse
Thy gifts with thanks, and from Thy store,
Who art all blessings, beg much more.
Give me the wisdom of the Bee,
And her unwearied industrie!
That from the wild gourds of these days
I may extract health and Thy praise;
Who canst turn darkness into light,
And in my weakness show Thy might.

Suffer me not, in any want,
To seek refreshment from a plant
Thou didst not set:—since all must be
Pluck'd up, whose growth is not from Thee.
'Tis not the garden, nor the bowers,
Nor sense, nor form, that give to flowers
Their wholesomeness; but Thy good will,
Which truth and pureness purchase still.

Then, since corrupt man hath driv'n hence
Thy kind and saving influence,
And Balm is no more to be had
In all the coasts of Gilead;
Go with me to the shade and cell
Where Thy best servants once did dwell:
There let me know Thy will, and see
Exil'd religion own'd by Thee;
For Thou canst turn dark grots to halls,
And make hills blossom like the vales,
Decking their untill'd heads with flowers,
And fresh delights for all sad hours;
Till from them, like a laden Bee,
I may fly home, and live with Thee!

In single scattered images perhaps few poets have displayed more of poetic taste, of quick observation, than Vaughan. Let us instance two or three—

THE BIRD.

Hither thou com'st—the busy wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rain'd on thy bed
And harmless head;
And now as fresh and cheerful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that Providence whose unseen arm
Curb'd them, and cloath'd thee well and warm.

THE FOUNTAIN.

Only a little fountain lent
Some use for ears,
And on the dumb shades language spent:
The music of her tears.
I drew her near, and found
The cistern full
Of divers stones, some bright and round,
Others ill-shaped and dull.
The first (pray mark) as quick as light
Danc'd through the flood;
But the last, more heavy than the night,
Nail'd to the centre stood.

CONSTANCY AND HUMBLENESS.

A constant humble mind
Is both its own joy and its Maker's too;
Let folly still rush on, or lag behind,
A sweet self-privacy in a right soul,
Outruns the earth and gains the utmost pole.

WARNINGS.

View thy forerunners—creatures given to be
Thy youth's companions—
Take leave and die: birds, beasts, each tree,
All that have growth or breath,
Have *one large language*—DEATH!

AFFLICTION.

Were all the year one constant sunshine, we
Should have no flowers;
All would be drought and leanness; not a tree
Would make us bowers.
Beauty consists in colours; and that's best
Which is not fix'd, but ebbs and flows.—
The settled red is dull; and whites, that rest,
Something of sickness would disclose.

Vicissitude plays all the game:
Nothing that stirs or hath a name
But waits upon this wheel.

* * * *

Thus doth God key disorder'd man,
Which none else can;
Tuning his breast to rise or fall,
And by a sacred needful art,
Like strings, stretch every part,
Making the whole most musical.

We have been told in the Memoir that Henry Vaughan owed grave obligations to the writings of that good man and divine, George Herbert. He himself, in his preface to his 'Silex Scintillans,' speaks of this his great master, as 'the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts, of whom,' he adds, 'I am the least.' This preface is dated September, 1654. Herbert had then been dead eighteen years; and although we must look onward a good many more before the full tide of licentiousness swept over our literature at the Restoration, there can be no question that the wits of the Cavalier party, spite of the gravity and religious earnestness of Charles I., had greatly corrupted public taste. It is certain also that the clergy had, in general, fallen greatly into disrepute when Herbert begun to write. Spite of the excellent characters and gifts of Bishop Andrewes, of Hooker, and Hall, the lower order of clergy, particularly the domestic chaplains, were much depreciated. Then it was that Herbert set himself heart and soul to make 'the sacred name of Priest honourable' by consecrating all his labour and abilities to advance the glory of God. How religiously he kept his vow; how from his parish of Bemerton went up the voice of prayer and thanksgiving; how the young loved him, how the old honoured him; how his holy life was too early closed, chiefly through his unwearied efforts to extend his usefulness; how he put to shame slothful pastors, and also won to the Church a reluctant testimony from her enemies, we have often heard—we never can hear the tale too often. That short life, terminated in 1632, when he had been but two years rector of his favoured parish, was however rich in memorials of him. Poem after poem, thought upon thought, came from his pen, active as were his days; and well has it been said that 'a good book is the precious life-blood, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.'* To this day, who does not sometimes repeat to himself the lines—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

But it is a matter of regret that this excellent man, who might, one would think, have been an *universal* poet, narrowed his range of thought

* Milton.

by a frequent introduction of mean images, and set the fashion of a harsh style, abounding no doubt in wise and pregnant aphorisms, but seldom expanding into rich and powerful verse. In this respect his example was injurious to Henry Vaughan. He, however, as a layman and as one well versed in secular poetry, was not *conquered* by the example; and several of his poems are absolutely free from the uncouth epithets and harsh diction of Herbert. When they write most nearly alike, it is curious to compare them—in their poems on Sunday for instance. We can scarcely award any very distinct preference to either poet, up to a certain point; but Herbert runs into greater length, and this expansion is by no means for the advantage of the Poem.

SUNDAY.—*Herbert.*

1.

O day most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood:
The couch of time: care's balm and bay;
The week were dark but for thy light,
Thy torch doth show the way.

We omit the two next stanzas.

4.

Sundays the pillars are
On which Heav'n's palace arched lies.
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

5.

The Sundays of men's life
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday, Heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and ripe,
More plentiful than hope.

No doubt can be entertained that Henry Vaughan had his predecessor in his mind when he wrote *his* lines on

SON-DAYES.

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss—
Heaven once a week!
The next world's gladness pre-possess'd in this;
A day to seek
Eternity in time: the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight.

2.

The *Pulleys* unto headlong man: time's bowers—
The narrow way;
Transplanted Paradise: God's walking hour;
The cool o' the day.
The creature's jubilee: God's speech with dust;
Heav'n here—man on those hills of myrrh and flowers,—
Angels descending: the returns of trust;
A gleam of glory after six days showers.

There is another verse, but this is perhaps sufficient to exhibit both resemblance and difference. With all Vaughan's great superabundance of images, not well worked out, he has but one (*pulleys*) which can be called mean; while many are beautiful. Herbert's do not, we think, rise so high, and sink here and there lower.

We will not pursue the comparison further; but let it not be supposed that we are ungrateful for the precious memory of some of George Herbert's thoughts. The lines on 'Peace,' 'Man's Servants,' 'Employment,' and single stanzas in 'The Church Porch,' are inestimable; but we decline admitting, as we are often required to do, apologies for uncouthness, drawn from the peculiarities of the time, because we have before us the examples of Wither, of Crashaw, of Bishop Henry King, and often of Vaughan himself, as proofs that this harsh and strange style was not essential. What can be more exquisitely simple and purer than part of Henry King's lines on the death of his first wife, (which must have been written not later than about the year 1624?)

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good-night! thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age or grief or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves: and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in that tomb.
Stay for me here—I will not fail
To meet thee in the hollow vale;
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on my way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee.

'How forcible are *right words!*' said the Man of Uz long ago. How often do readers recall the saying! 'RIGHT WORDS,' be they on higher or lower themes, be they simple expressions of human feelings, or soaring up to the Divine, what a charm is there in them! how clearly do they illustrate what Milton says, that such words 'do trip about a man like so many airy and nimble servitors at command, and, in well-ordered files, fall aptly into their own places.'

We cannot take leave of Henry Vaughan without mentioning one of his poems, as being we think alike beautiful in thought and expression.

That, we mean, recounting his search for the *root* of a lovely flower, which begins—

'I walk'd the other day to spend my hour,
Into a field.
* * * *
I dug about
That place where I had seen him to grow out,
And by and by
I saw the warm Recluse alone to lie
Where fresh and green
He liv'd of us unseen.

This whole poem is to our mind very striking, both in its reality and its moral application. But we prefer to finish with the expressive lines which follow from the poem on 'The Dawning.'

O at what time soever Thou,
Unknown to us, the Heav'ns will bow
And with thine Angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man;
Grant I may not thus stagnant be
In a corrupt securitie;
Where, if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead and in a grave;
But, as this restless vocal spring
All day and night doth run and sing,
And though here born yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted;
So let me, all my busy age,
In thy free services engage.
And though while here, of force, I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust;
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As *this* doth in her channel flow;
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance, be above;
So ere that day and hour begun,
In which Thyself will be the sun;
Thou'lt find me drest and on my way
Watching the break of Thy great day!

T

THE SIX CUSHIONS.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.')

CHAPTER IX.

VI ET ARMIS.

'WHAT can be the matter with my work-basket?' said Clara, half in soliloquy. 'Can the kitten have got into it? Surely I left it shut up.—O Pussy, Pussy, you are very white and pretty, but you are remarkably naughty. Catch me ever leaving you alone here again. To think of

your having made such a tangle of Mrs. Henderson's wools! Here are all the greens and the whites knotted together in the most inextricable way! Why, this is real tying and plaiting. That is past you, Pussy.—Johnny, what do you mean—I am sure Puss never did all this—my needle and thimble are gone too. You don't mean that Freddy did it?'

John's silence was decisive on that score. He was free from all suspicion of having done the mischief himself; but Clara knew very well that he would not speak to tell tales of his brother, and she did not know that he felt equally bound not to reveal the plot at Sans Souci.

'It is very vexatious!' Clara went on; 'I shall have to waste half the evening in disentangling this wool; and indeed, I could not use it till I have seen by daylight what his little paws may have done to it! Really, Johnny, you should prevent him from doing such things!'

Johnny arched up his eyebrows.

'The needle and thimble too!' sighed Clara. 'Of course I don't mind the needle, but it is the gold thimble Dr. Henderson gave me. I would not lose it for anything.'

Johnny screwed his eyes towards a corner of the room. She followed the direction much as children play at drawing-room hide-and-seek. 'Not in the bowl! No! Not in the cupboard. Oh! it is impossible that boy can have put it into the dormouse's cage!'

The corners of John's mouth turned up.

'Now really!—My pretty little Dor, just let me look in. No, it is only I, don't let those black eyes of yours get so frightened.—Watch the cat, Johnnie.—No, no, Mousie, great idle boys shall not put horrid hard things into his bed, to spoil all his comfort when he rolls himself up in his dear little soft ball! Oh! Mousie, don't you wish Susan was at home?'

'Susan used to be more tender about that little plague than you are,' said Johnny. 'I can't think why you don't lick him into shape. Now is the time, but you let him be more obstreperous than even she does.'

'I promised Susan, or she could not have gone away in comfort,' said Clara.

'Deluded child!' was all that Johnny said. 'I pity you!'

Clara spent her evening in untwisting and disentangling, privately vowing stern lectures to Freddy, and, when most vexed at some intolerable knot, almost resolving to speak to her father. Sleep, however, dissipated some of her indignation, and brought her back to the ordinary temper in which she would bear anything rather than draw her father's displeasure upon her little brother.

It must be confessed that Master Frederick Braithwayte was rather an ill-conditioned boy, not utterly undeserving of the aversion with which Mrs. Henderson regarded him. He had lost his mother too early to be trained by her, and his father was too busy to attend to him. Susan had been terribly frightened by a threatening of water on the brain, and had been told to let him learn nothing, never be contradicted, and never cry.

Do doctors, who give such advice, know how impossible it is that a child should not cry all the more for having nothing to do, and a surfeit of its own way? At any rate, Freddy had been her hourly tyrant till, when the danger was supposed to be past, his father sent him to the day-school, where the chief thing he had yet learnt was contempt for his sisters; and in holiday time, it was no small affair for Clara to have him on her hands with the necessity of getting his holiday task into his memory too, with all his will set against it.

As soon as her first morning avocations were over, Clara settled herself as usual in the drawing-room, and called Fred as he was lounging about doing his best to interrupt his brother; who, having been set to work by his father in the study, was busy over his books with as much good-will as could be expected of a boy of twelve in the holidays.

'Now, Freddy, I want to speak to you,' said Clara gravely. Freddy cast himself on the carpet. 'I know very well that you made all that mess of my work.' He twinkled his eye, held up his fingers, and looked at her as through a spy-glass. 'Now, you are often very tiresome and provoking about my things; but when they are only my own, that is not so bad; but I tell you these wools are not mine, they are Mrs. Henderson's, and the work is for the Church. Yes, it is for the Church, Freddy, and you know it is really wrong to hinder that.'

It was a fact only too notorious to everybody except Mr. Braithwayte himself, that his own little boy was the worst behaved little boy in the congregation; and moreover, Mrs. Henderson could hardly entertain such an opinion of Master Freddy as she did, without the aversion being reciprocal. Nevertheless, there was so much grace about him, that, but for the speeches he had heard from his elders, he would hardly have growled out, 'Bother Mrs. Henderson, you are not her nigger.'

'Freddy, you are saying what is very disrespectful and improper. Do you remember who Mrs. Henderson is?'

Freddy made a grimace.

'If you please, Ma'am, Cook wants to speak to you.'

Clara went away, to be informed, with all the despotism of a cook over a vice-mistress, that nothing was to be had for dinner but a fillet of veal. Angry as Clara was with Freddy, her promise to Susan was not forgotten; and she almost besought that eggs and bacon, patties, or some second dish, should be added; then, with a sort of vague answer, 'Very well, Ma'am, I'll see about it,' went back.

Behold! Not only Freddy, but her whole piece of work, had vanished! She was half beside herself with vexation, anxiety, and indignation! A hasty search showed her it was no surface hiding; and she was just rushing into the study to demand John's counsel and assistance, when there was a ring at the front door, and the outline that loomed through the ground glass caused her to bolt all the faster into the study.

'O Johnny, Johnny, there's that little wretch made away with my work again, the whole piece this time. And there's Mary Rose ringing at the

door, and when I shall ever get her out of the house again no mortal knows! O Johnny, do pray catch him, and don't let him do any mischief to it, or what will become of me?'

'I'll tackle him!' said John resolutely. 'I only wish he was not so small.'

'Miss Rose in the drawing-room, Ma'am.'

'Ah!' and Clara went.

Mary Rose was there, saying, 'I don't interrupt you, do I, dear? I only wanted you to give me some of the middle shade of yellow for the stamens of the lilies.'

'There are not three shades in the stamens.'

'Oh! I am sure there are by the pattern, and so is dear Mamma.'

'No one has done them so,' said Clara; 'we have all made two shades do.'

Mary begged to look at Clara's own piece of work, and thus necessitated the confession—which Clara had rather have made to any of the five rather than Mary—that her little brother had hidden it, and it was not at the moment forthcoming. Mary looked mildly astounded, and at that moment a shout caused both to look out, and behold the half-worked piece of canvas waving as a banner from the top of a long pole which Freddy was endeavouring to plant in the ground; but, at the same time, with a loud whoop and war-cry, Johnny leapt headlong out from the study window. Freddy took to his heels, dropping the prey after a moment; and Clara, in her turn springing from the open window of the drawing-room, flew frantically after her work, secured it, and rushed panting back to the grave and astonished Mary.

How Freddy fared in Johnny's hands Clara was much too angry with him to wish to know. Mary was too meek to make remarks, but she thought the more. Very little damage had really been done to the work, though the unused part of the canvas had been rumpled, and its fresh stiffness destroyed. The colour of the stamens was clearly here only two shades, but Mary was tardy of being convinced. 'It ought to be three at any rate,' she said; 'would Clara come and look at the pattern, and write to Mrs. Henderson?'

'Really,' said Clara, 'I don't see the use. The wools were all sorted at the shop, and the point is not whether the cushions are all exactly like the pattern, but whether they are like each other.'

'Where is Mrs. Henderson now?'

'At Kendal, but I do not like to teaze her.'

'I like exactness,' said Mary; and to herself she added, 'Nobody is in earnest but little me!'

'Cannot you spare the pattern?' said Clara presently. 'Camilla told me she should be glad to see it again.'

'Not quite yet, please,' softly said Mary. 'I am sure Miss West cannot want it. She is always going out with those fine people at Sans Souci, and singing all day long with them. Do you think hers will ever be finished, Clara?'

'I can't tell. She has no little brother,' said Clara; 'but Mrs. Henderson never thought she would do it.'

'And do you know, Clara,' in a mysterious, much shocked voice, 'they are having croquet parties, and dances, and pic-nics, continually at Sans Souci; and the Maclaines are always there. Is it not a dreadful thing that Lady Bellenden should have come among our quiet set?'

'She does not seem to be doing you and me much harm,' said Clara.

'No. Mamma and I are so thankful to be sheltered by our position from all the temptations of the world. Are not you, Clara?'

Clara, who had been answering hitherto rather off-hand, chiefly wishing to be able to go and see what Johnny was about, paused and answered, 'Really, I don't see any harm in it in moderation. I own I should like some of the fun. I wish they would ask me to go to the Castle ruin. I have never seen it.'

'Oh! You would not go with a noisy, fashionable, flirting party? Why, even Miss Harding refuses! Only think, the party that came home in the break were singing all the way, and Camilla West was there!'

'Not as they went through the town?'

'Not quite so bad as that, but quite up to the turnpike, and our maid Jane heard them! Mamma says it is quite a public misfortune that such people as those Bellendens are come, going on in such a way with Miss West and the Maclaines; only she thinks it a most fortunate thing that it is just now, when the failure in the work must open Dr. Henderson's eyes; and perhaps their own—only, perhaps, they may not care, poor dears. We did hope better things of them once.'

There is infinite satisfaction in being superior to the worldly delights that are out of reach; and Clara, after the first, seeing that she must submit to a visitor who was devoid of the faculty of taking leave, became interested in deploring the enormities of that fashionable vortex that seemed to have engulfed all the other cushion workers; and there was no small pleasure, covert though it was, in the anticipation that these two curates' daughters, with Joanna Harding if she continued to hold out, would alone share the glory of presenting the cushions.

'Perhaps,' at last suggested Mary, 'Camilla might be asked to yield her cushion to Alice Coxe.'

'No,' said Clara bluntly; 'that would make Alice Coxe more forward than ever; I had rather finish them all myself than set her up in that way. She would never get over the triumph.'

'I think it would spoil her,' assented Mary; and there was a little more sitting in judgment over Alice Coxe; her desire to take a class at the Sunday school, her discontent at having only little ones allotted to her; the mare's nests she was apt to discover about their dress and conduct; and her burning desire to become a district visitor.

Moralizing on other people was so pleasant, that Clara did not find out what a great hole had been made in her morning, till the sound of the

clock startled both with the proclamation of early dinner-time. Mary took her leave; and Clara, warned by experience, locked up her work in the chiffoniere, before obeying the summons of the bell.

Her father and both boys were there; the covers were taken off. Clara looked anxiously. Papa had the brown fillet of veal before him. She had bacon before her—potatoes on one side, peas on the other. Alas! Papa carved, asking no questions; the plates were taken round. Mr. Braithwayte was relating some fact he had learnt from a newspaper reader, when there was a gulping sobbing noise—then a roar! Mr. Braithwayte stopped short in consternation. 'Freddy, Freddy, are you ill? Are you hurt?'

Roar! Roar!

'He is not ill! It is the veal,' said Clara, in the utmost distress.

'Veal!' exclaimed Mr. Braithwayte.

'It's nasty—nasty veal,' howled Freddy, fancying commiseration in their voices. 'Susan never made me eat it, and it is all to spite me.'

'For shame, Sir!' was all he got by this speech, in a voice, from his father, such as he had never heard before; which made him hold his breath.

'Indeed,' pleaded Clara, 'I did beg the cook to send in something besides for him.'

'Did you?' said his father. 'I am ashamed to hear it. I had no notion a great boy like you could be so foolish, and encouraged in your folly. I'll have no more of this. Eat your dinner at once; or else go away from the table, and have none!'

Freddy got up, sobbing, and scowling at his sister, feeling himself making a case against her.

And Clara began to intercede. 'O Papa, Papa, he is not used to it; Susan never made him do it. He will have no dinner at all.'

'So much the better, unless he will learn to eat what is wholesome,' said Mr. Braithwayte. 'Don't stand sobbing there, Frederick. Either go out of the room, or sit down and eat.'

It had come to Frederick! They were all appalled; but sobbing not being an appetizing operation, Freddy preferred departing. There was not much chance of his being fed elsewhere, as there was no old nurse in the case.

'A favourite has no friend.'

And Susan had let him make himself so troublesome to the servants, that no one had any mercy on him. Clara's appetite was almost as much gone as was his. She was very sorry on his account, and felt herself a traitor to Susan; and when her father, in a compassionate voice, observed, 'Poor little fellow!' she looked up hopefully, and said, 'Oh! Papa, may not I take him a bit of pudding? It is a dog-in-a-blanket, and that would be something solid!'

'He does not deserve it,' said Mr. Braithwayte, on hearing of this exquisite delicacy. 'But, Clara, do you mean to say that Susan has really given way to the boy's daintiness to such an extent as this?'

'I hardly knew it, Papa; but you know how little appetite he used to have; and indeed, it is very hard upon him to have the trial come so suddenly. I would have helped it if I could.'

'I suppose so,' said Mr. Braithwayte, in an odd half-contemptuous way. 'What nonsense could the boy have meant about spite?'

'Oh, nothing,' said Clara cheerfully, for she saw the storm was blowing away from her naughty little persecutor; 'his own conscience, I suppose, made him say so; for he has been playing tricks with my work, and perhaps he thought I was taking my revenge.' And she laughed at the ridiculous idea.

'With your work? Not with the cushion, I hope.'

'Yes; but, luckily, he has not done it any harm. I must take better care in future.'

'You must not let him be too troublesome,' said Mr. Braithwayte.

And therewith the dog-in-a-blanket making its appearance, Clara cut three beauteous slices, with spiral rings of black currant alternating with suet; and herself carried them in quest of the culprit, who sat sulking on the stairs.

He did not deign to accept the pudding, or pardon her; but she left it by him, with the conviction that it would soon disappear.

After dinner, Mr. Braithwayte called him; and spoke kindly and gravely to him of the consideration his health had once demanded, but of the duty of conquering fanciful habits of indulgence. It may be feared that Freddy did not attend to it, but thought it 'a jaw' brought on him by Clara; and stopped his ears by the pitying himself for the vista of veal he saw before him till Susan's return.

And when his father ended with 'Your sister is very forbearing; I cannot have her tormented, nor her work interfered with;' this ill-used individual thought she had been complaining, and vowed further vengeance to the work. Should she mind Mrs. Henderson, or anyone save his own great self?

And because Clara had become too prudent ever to leave work or wools unguarded for a moment, stronger opposition worked up in him; and he began not so much to struggle against her task, as against herself!

'O Clara, I forgot,' said Mr. Braithwayte, putting his head back into the room. 'You know I am to dine at Cape Verd to-day; I met Captain Harding, and he asked you to come for the evening; there's some music, I believe. He said you had better come at seven and drink tea with Joanna, as she does not come in to dinner. I said you should.'

'Very well, Papa; but—the boys—'

'The boys must take care of themselves. They are quite old enough.'

And Clara was left to some excitement and some trepidation. She had never yet been to any of the numerous evening parties of the place.

Her sister was the representative Miss Braithwayte; and even she very seldom went out. Parish engagements or services occupied most evenings; and her father's mourning for his wife had lasted long, and created habits of seclusion.

What dress should she wear? How should she behave? Was not this the vortex of dissipation that the Roses were always warning people against! Ah! but it was Papa's doing! It must be right!

(To be continued.)

A TWELFTH-DAY KING;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF FRENCH LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER VI.

'Is this like love, to stand
With no help in my hand,
When strong as death I fain would watch above thee?'

E. B. Browning.

When Jean came from school that afternoon, he did not find his father by the fire-side as usual; and his mother was standing sorrowfully in front of the oaken cupboard which contained their few household vessels, taking out one article after another, and weeping as she looked at them. He soon learned from her the sad story of his father's arrest and imprisonment, and quite stamped his little foot with rage as she described the rough treatment of the soldiery, and the harsh sentence with which she had been turned from the prison doors.

'How I wish I had been there! I would have kicked and cuffed those cruel men until they let my father go!' cried he; 'they might have taken me prisoner instead if they had liked, but he at least should have gone free!'

'Hush, my little one, these are but vain boastings,' said the sobbing mother; 'well was it that you were *not* here, for your forward tongue might have got us into worse trouble—if such could be! A heavy fine! alas, Jeannot, how shall we ever raise the money? I will sell our poor furniture, and these mugs and platters, but their price will be far from the sum we need.'

'But, dear Mother, do not cry so; there is all the money which the Duke gave me, and which Father Ambrose keeps in the Convent treasury, that will be enough, surely; may I run and ask him for it?'

For one moment this suggestion brought a gleam of comfort; then the

poor woman let her hands fall despondingly at her side again, saying gravely, 'No, no, dear child, that money is not mine to spend, nor yours either; it was given to pay the cost of your education, and we must not use it for any other purpose.'

'Oh, that is so tiresome!' said the child, pouting; 'what do I care to be educated? I would much rather have my father out of prison, than get all the learning in the world. Do, please, Mother, ask Father Ambrose if we may not take the money!'

'It would be useless, he would only reprove me for having such a dishonest thought. I must not harbour it for a moment, nor must you, my little one. I am but thinking now whether I might be allowed to borrow it—I would work to pay it back—and yet, I dare not say that I shall have life spared me for the labour!' She sank down, and pressed her hand to her forehead, as if to stay the pain that well-nigh benumbed her; the malady with which she had battled so bravely was increasing upon her with rapid strides.

It was a sickly and disastrous season throughout France just then; the abundant fall of snow and rain had occasioned an overflow of the principal rivers of the kingdom; and this had given rise to an epidemic of a feverish character, which began by producing in those who caught it a violent head-ache which entirely deprived them of appetite, and ended by reducing the sufferers to a state of extreme and dangerous weakness. Many of those living in the low narrow streets near the banks of the Seine had fallen victims to the disease; and Marie's heart failed her, as she perceived how plainly the symptoms of it were making themselves apparent in her own case. Now, when she needed all her health and strength, all her natural energy and collectedness of mind, for her husband's sake; now, at this very moment, these seemed to fail her, and the languor of intense pain was deadening her every sense. Tears fell from under her closed eyelids and trickled through her fingers, as she sat there pressing her hands to her aching head. It was not for herself, or her own suffering, that she was weeping; but at the thought of what would become of her husband, if death seized her before she could accomplish his deliverance. She was quite spent and exhausted with her walk to and from the prison; and her face, at least as much as could be seen of it, looked so strangely wan, that Jean was terrified beyond measure, and plucked at her dress, crying, 'Mother, dear Mother, what ails you? Shall I run for the leech? or shall I fetch Father Ambrose?'

'Father Ambrose is out,' she faltered. 'I sought him before I came home, but they told me he had gone to shrive a person dying of this sickness. Perhaps he will return presently, and then you shall fetch him; it may be *I* shall need shriving! Ah!'—

The words died away on her parched lips, and she signed to Jean to give her some water. He did so, and the cool draught revived her for the moment. 'Did I frighten you, little heart?' she said tenderly; 'that

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GLIMPSES OF FRENCH LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER VI.

'Is this like love, to stand
With no help in my hand,
When strong as death I fain would watch above thee?'

E. B. Browning.

When Jean came from school that afternoon, he did not find his father by the fire-side as usual; and his mother was standing sorrowfully in front of the oaken cupboard which contained their few household vessels, taking out one article after another, and weeping as she looked at them. He soon learned from her the sad story of his father's arrest and imprisonment, and quite stamped his little foot with rage as she described the rough treatment of the soldiery, and the harsh sentence with which she had been turned from the prison doors.

'How I wish I had been there! I would have kicked and cuffed those cruel men until they let my father go!' cried he; 'they might have taken me prisoner instead if they had liked, but he at least should have gone free!'

'Hush, my little one, these are but vain boastings,' said the sobbing mother; 'well was it that you were *not* here, for your forward tongue might have got us into worse trouble—if such could be! A heavy fine! alas, Jeannot, how shall we ever raise the money? I will sell our poor furniture, and these mugs and platters, but their price will be far from the sum we need.'

'But, dear Mother, do not cry so; there is all the money which the Duke gave me, and which Father Ambrose keeps in the Convent treasury, that will be enough, surely; may I run and ask him for it?'

For one moment this suggestion brought a gleam of comfort; then the

poor woman let her hands fall despondingly at her side again, saying gravely, 'No, no, dear child, that money is not mine to spend, nor yours either; it was given to pay the cost of your education, and we must not use it for any other purpose.'

'Oh, that is so tiresome!' said the child, pouting; 'what do I care to be educated? I would much rather have my father out of prison, than get all the learning in the world. Do, please, Mother, ask Father Ambrose if we may not take the money!'

'It would be useless, he would only reprove me for having such a dishonest thought. I must not harbour it for a moment, nor must you, my little one. I am but thinking now whether I might be allowed to borrow it—I would work to pay it back—and yet, I dare not say that I shall have life spared me for the labour!' She sank down, and pressed her hand to her forehead, as if to stay the pain that well-nigh benumbed her; the malady with which she had battled so bravely was increasing upon her with rapid strides.

It was a sickly and disastrous season throughout France just then; the abundant fall of snow and rain had occasioned an overflow of the principal rivers of the kingdom; and this had given rise to an epidemic of a feverish character, which began by producing in those who caught it a violent head-ache which entirely deprived them of appetite, and ended by reducing the sufferers to a state of extreme and dangerous weakness. Many of those living in the low narrow streets near the banks of the Seine had fallen victims to the disease; and Marie's heart failed her, as she perceived how plainly the symptoms of it were making themselves apparent in her own case. Now, when she needed all her health and strength, all her natural energy and collectedness of mind, for her husband's sake; now, at this very moment, these seemed to fail her, and the languor of intense pain was deadening her every sense. Tears fell from under her closed eyelids and trickled through her fingers, as she sat there pressing her hands to her aching head. It was not for herself, or her own suffering, that she was weeping; but at the thought of what would become of her husband, if death seized her before she could accomplish his deliverance. She was quite spent and exhausted with her walk to and from the prison; and her face, at least as much as could be seen of it, looked so strangely wan, that Jean was terrified beyond measure, and plucked at her dress, crying, 'Mother, dear Mother, what ails you? Shall I run for the leech? or shall I fetch Father Ambrose?'

'Father Ambrose is out,' she faltered. 'I sought him before I came home, but they told me he had gone to shrive a person dying of this sickness. Perhaps he will return presently, and then you shall fetch him; it may be *I* shall need shriving! Ah!—'

The words died away on her parched lips, and she signed to Jean to give her some water. He did so, and the cool draught revived her for the moment. 'Did I frighten you, little heart?' she said tenderly; 'that

was ill done of me; I shall be better soon. If I could but think of some means for your poor father's release, I should care little for my own passing pains.'

'Ah, but let me run for the leech!' he said, rising.

'No, no; he would not give his medicines without payment, and I have nothing to offer him. The tax-collector carried off my last coins; and even were it not so, you know we need all for your father. Father Ambrose will give me something presently, he is skilful in physic; meantime, I will lie down and rest awhile; and then I shall be better able to think, and to cheer you, my Jeannot. You will find an oaten cake for your supper, on the hearth; eat it, and do not mind about me.'

With trembling steps she crawled to the pallet, and laid herself down, Jean assisting her as well as he could. 'Rest to-night, dear Mother,' he said, 'and to-morrow we will go to the Duke of Bourbon, and beg of him the boon of my father's release.'

'Alas! all the dukes have left the city.'

'Ah, that is bad! but, perhaps, Lord Louis may have stayed behind; I will go to him to-morrow, and if you are not well enough to come with me, I can go alone; I am not afraid! I am sure he has plenty of gold and silver, for I saw him give, oh! such large alms to the beggars in the porch of Notre Dame. Do not fret. I will tell him all our trouble, and I will say—'

He was running on with such words of entreaty as his childish brain could devise, but was stopped by his mother's starting up. 'Let us go now, this moment!' she said. 'You were ever my good son; and your bright wit has hit on a plan which may bring success. Let us start before it gets too late; in a little while this sickness may have palsied me.'

She stretched out her hand to reach her cloak, but dizziness overpowered her; she staggered as if stricken with sudden blindness, and dropped on the couch again.

'What is to become of us now?' she gasped, with a face like death.

'Do not die, Mother, dear Mother, pray do not die!' said the child, kneeling down by her; and lifting up his distressed eyes, he cried aloud, 'Oh, come to our help, good Saints! We want you so much.'

'Help, sweet Saviour, though I am all unworthy!' faltered the fainting woman; and with this last effort consciousness ebbed away.

The fire on the hearth had sunk till naught was left but a few red embers, and evening was coming on; so the room was full of shadows of darkness, as well as of a strange awful something, which felt to the terrified child like the shadow of death.

He still knelt by the bed-side, repeating a prayer which his mother had taught him; not with any real heed of its petitions, but as if it had been a charm to dispel that dread gloom and silence. When he came to the end he said it again, with an intonation somewhat indignant, as well as

frightened; and at length sobbed out, 'Here are we at our utmost need, and yet nothing is done for us! It grows darker and darker, and no white angel comes through the gloom. I would wait no longer, but go and fetch Father Ambrose; only that I fear, if my mother were to open her eyes and miss me, she might be scared.'

So he continued to watch beside her, and the brave spirit kept its longing to do something and its flickering hope; though in its depths throbbed the great dread that those pale eyelids would never open, those livid lips never more unclose in speech. And still he looked for help from without; and fluttered and fevered himself with impatience, because the help came not, knowing neither by hearing nor experience those soothing words, 'I waited *patiently* for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, and heard my calling.' He might, indeed, have heard them in Church in their Latin form, but the beautiful '*Expectans expectavi*' had conveyed no meaning to his ear. Alas! for the times when the glorious Scripture words were to the multitude but as 'dark sayings,' because uttered in a tongue 'not understanded of the people!' Alas for the poor and the unlettered even now, in countries where this system still prevails!

The good Providence, which Jean's faithless little heart distrusted, was round him all the time, and the help he had prayed for came; just as he was beginning to despair, a knock was heard at the door, and a voice bade him 'open.' He obeyed with alacrity; and there stood the dark figure of a monk, holding a torch of pine-wood which had been needed for his guidance through the unlighted streets. Strange and lurid was the glow which this cast upon his cowled head and pale ascetic face; and to timid eyes he might almost have seemed the 'spectre monk' of old wives' legends; but Jean looked up at him fearlessly, saying, 'Ah! how glad I am to see you, Father! My mother has fallen ill, and they have taken my father to prison, and I did not know what to do.'

'Poor child!' said the monk, advancing to the pallet, and throwing the glare of his torch athwart the livid face of the mother. 'It is well indeed that I came, for here is great need of instant help.'

Without more ado he proceeded to give it: gathering the red embers of the fire together in a pan, bringing them as near to Marie's feet as he could with safety; and then wetting her lips with wine from a flask which hung at his girdle, and proceeding to chafe her hands, uttering a prayer as he did so. 'She has been taken with this prevailing sickness,' he said when his prayer was ended; 'and trouble of mind has, I fear, added to her malady; nevertheless, I trust she will yet do well; for the most skilled physicians agree that those who have led sober and frugal lives do, by God's pleasure, stand the best chance of recovery.'

'She is too good to die,' responded Jean, rubbing away with all his might at her left hand, while Father Ambrose chafed the right.

'Not so; it is the good whom the Almighty takes from the evil to come!' said the priest reverently. 'Still, He may have work for her to

do, and in His mercy may spare her to you awhile; so slack not your efforts, but trust and pray.'

Marie opened her eyes at last, with a faint cry; and Father Ambrose held the wine-flask to her lips, and succeeded in getting her to swallow a few drops. Then he tried feeding her with morsels of the oaten cake (which Jean had not touched) sopped in wine; and presently she revived enough to speak, but her words were indistinct and wandering, and showed that her mind was astray.

'We are at Orronville in Picardy,' she murmured; 'there is no fighting in the streets here.' Then again; 'Have they dragged him from the altar? Oh, Husband!' Then—'All prisoners! my poor crippled husband in prison!—the Holy Church in bondage! Did you say the schism was over? No, surely, for I would have gone pilgrimage to Rome, and they told me the King forbade it. Those fared ill that did go, they were robbed and taken captive by the way; it was that bad Count's doing—I cannot think of his name.'

'Ah, she is thinking of the Count of Fondi-Honorat,' said Father Ambrose to himself; 'poor soul! it was well indeed that you were forbidden that vain pilgrimage; a prison—'

'Prison! Yes, all prisoners!' cried the fever-stricken patient again. 'No, but what was that holy word Father Ambrose once told me? Ah, my poor head! stay—I have it now!' And with a force of which a few minutes before she had not seemed capable, she raised herself upright in the bed, and cried out fervently, '"Jerusalem which is above is *free*, which is the mother of us all!"'

With her wan face and gleaming eyes she looked like one inspired, and for a moment both the monk and the child were paralyzed with wonder and awe; then the good Father recovered his self-possession, and laid her gently down again, repeating soothingly, '"Our feet shall yet stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem!" Be still, my daughter, and think of that day of joy.'

She became calmer, and began to prattle softly of things that had happened at Orronville when she was a little girl; and finding this, the monk thought he might safely leave her, and went forth to fetch one of her gossips to watch by her through the night.

'Master Simon the armourer's wife is very kind to my mother,' said Jean; and accordingly it was Simon's honest spouse whom Father Ambrose by-and-by brought back with him. She was a cheerful stirring woman; and bustled about, setting all things in order, and presently putting Jean to bed, much against his will. He had grace enough, however, to give over resistance when he saw the contention disturbed his mother; and was soon asleep, in such soft dreamless slumber as brought thorough refreshment, and made him feel quite bright and cheery when he awoke the next morning. His mother was then sleeping, but her rest was short, and she seemed oppressed by great weakness and languor on waking; though her mind was clearer than it had been during

the night. She thanked her friend sweetly for having watched beside her; and greeted Father Ambrose when he paid her an early visit, with gratitude that was quite touching in its grave humility—showing how little she felt herself deserving of his kindness. She could scarcely wait to answer his questions about her health, so anxious was she to consult him about what could be done for her husband; and great was her relief when he approved of Jean's notion of appealing to Lord Louis, and offered himself to accompany him to the Hotel Bourbon.

'As the day wears on,' said he, 'the streets may perhaps be thronged as they were yesterday, for there is much disturbance among the people concerning this new tax; but if you hear any tumult do not be frightened, my daughter; I will take care of your little one, and with the blessing of God will bring him safely back to you.'

'Thanks, thanks,' murmured Marie softly; 'and you, my Jean, keep close to the good Father, and be attentive to his bidding. You will not be afraid to go with him, will you?'

'Not I,' said the child stoutly, 'I fear nothing. I would have tarried to watch the riot in the Rue de la Verrerie yesterday, only long Simon pulled me on.'

'He did well to have a care of you,' said Marie, looking gratefully towards Simon's mother; 'do not linger anywhere to-day, but think of your errand, and of your poor father in prison. Alas, that I should lie here helpless while my good man stands in such sore need of help!'

'It is the Almighty's Will, my daughter,' said the priest gravely; 'put your trust in Him, and He will deliver you out of your troubles. His sure protection is ever around His people.'

She did not answer as he expected, nor take the comfort he had wished to give; a faint shudder passed over her, and like ice from her lips fell the sad strange words, '"If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy!"'

'She bears the burden of a sin not her own, poor soul!' said the armourer's wife, with starting tears. 'Can you not give her some comfort, Father, while I trim up the child for his walk?'

She bustled Jean away into a neighbour's room, and there put him to great torture by sundry washings and combings, administered rather over-vigorously, though with the truly kind intention of keeping him out of the way of hearing what his mother did not wish him to know. Strange as that solemn text had sounded, coming in answer to the kind Father's admonition, Simon's wife was at no loss to guess its application. Twenty years before, she had heard it fall sternly from the lips of a monk, who, with brave and righteous indignation, had ventured to rebuke a band of Maillotins, who, in their vengeful fury, had broken into the Church of St. Jacques, and murdered an unfortunate tax-collector who had taken sanctuary there. She remembered well the shuddering horror with which her friend, Marie, had recognized poor misguided Jacques among this

sacrilegious band; and though his had not been the arm which had plucked the miserable man from his last refuge by the altar—tearing asunder his agonized grasp of the Blessed Virgin's statue, to which he was clinging for protection; yet the stain of having been an accessory to the deed rested upon him, as well as the sin of having defiled the House of God by entering it with violence, and upon a sinful errand.

In mediæval times such violations of the right of sanctuary were regarded with great and universal horror; and probably, a dull stifled sense of guilt and remorse was at the bottom of a good deal of Jacques d' Orronville's morbid discontent. Judge, then, with what grief and shame the deed had burdened the purer soul of his faithful loving wife! Never, save in confession, had she breathed a word of this dark history to any living soul; and none among their friends and neighbours were aware that Jacques had taken any part in this act of sacrilege, except Simon and his wife; who had been in the crowd outside the church at the time, had seen Jacques among the rioters, and heard the terrible rebuke of the brave-hearted monk. There was no fear of their betraying the secret, for they had known poor Jacques in his better days, before the sad time of the revolt began, and had the true feeling of friends towards him; but, though his crime was thus safely hidden from the knowledge of men, Marie knew that it could not be concealed from the great omniscient Judge. It did not seem strange or hard to her that pinching poverty had been her own and her husband's lot ever since, and that their innocent babes had seemed to be born only to die; how *could* a blessing rest on the house of him who had so greatly sinned? Rather she was touched, surprised, and oh! how deeply and tremblingly grateful, when their latest-born child—the little Jean—lived and throve, and passed safely from babyhood to boyhood; it appeared to her a mercy greater than they could have dared to look for—much, *much* more than they deserved. She quite identified herself in thought with her husband, and had truly, as her friend said, borne through all these years the burden of a sin not her own; but since Jean's birth she had felt more hopeful and cheerful, less weighed down by the memory of the past; and not until now, when tried by illness and deep anxiety on her husband's behalf, had the full keenness of her first anguish returned upon her. Now, her kind confessor had much ado to comfort her; and Jean was left writhing with impatience under the hands of his careful tire-woman, until at length the monk's holy and soothing words had brought some measure of peace to the torn soul of his mother.

'It may be that this imprisonment is the completion of your husband's chastisement,' ended Father Ambrose hopefully, 'and that the work of penitence will now be more fully wrought in him than it has ever been hitherto. If this should be, you will have no cause to regret his present sufferings, my daughter.'

'No, but would I could bear them for him!'

'You have borne much for him, and so content you; be sure he needs the chastening, and rest in the thought of Who hath sent it. Now I will go with your little son, trusting to be able to bring you back good news; and do you lie quiet here. Fret not yourself, but wait and trust, and above all, pray.'

She thanked him silently with her great limpid eyes, then folded her thin hands upon her breast, and lay there—the very image of patience and submission. If you pity little Jean—as well you may—for being the son of such a man as Jacques le mécontent, at least do not fail to remember that on the mother's side he had a goodly heritage of faith and sanctity! If ever, through the grace given to him, he should be able to say truly with a saint of old, 'I am Thy servant;' with what reality and thankfulness might he also add, 'and the son of Thine Handmaid!'

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH FAMILY IN GERMANY AGAIN.

MAX KOCH.

WILHELMINE had spoken truly when she had said she enjoyed the fresh air for the last time. The following morning she was much worse; she lingered between life and death for some weeks before she again rallied a little. It seemed as though the still youthful body were unwilling to free the soul which it clothed.

As soon as Wilhelmine was at all better, she timidly begged her father to allow Oscar to be sent for—'That I may once more see him,' she pleaded. Herr Schültz was too glad of the excuse not to have one missing face around that bed where they were so constantly collected, and wrote by the same day's post to Oscar, telling him of his sister's approaching death, and bidding him hasten to see her. He directed the letter to Mayence, where Oscar's regiment was then stationed.

When several days elapsed, and no reply came to Herr Schültz's letter, they were much surprised; and Herr Schültz wrote again, enclosing the letter to the commanding officer; he said he could imagine nothing but the most dangerous illness would prevent his hastening to see his dying sister, and if he hoped to see her alive, he must come immediately to Gründenau.

Again four days passed before the letter arrived, which ought to have been there by the second day; and when Herr Schültz opened it, the consternation and surprise which were depicted upon his usually rigid countenance so alarmed Frau Schültz, that she could scarcely hold the letter as Herr Schültz handed it to her. Her eyes skimmed it, and she read:—

Dear Father,

I was away from Mayence on leave, and have received your first and second letter together this morning. I am most thankful to be once more bidden to my old home, though shocked at the cause which requires my presence. You promise me a welcome; I must claim one for my beautiful bride, Clara. We have only been married a week. She will start with me for Gründenau this evening; and I feel sure that, when you see her, you will give my Clara a place in yours and in my mother's heart.

I am always your loving son,

OSCAR SCHULTZ.

To describe the dismay of the quiet little Pfarrhaus at this announcement would be impossible. A restraint had however to be put on their feelings, for Wilhelmine must know nothing of what so distressed them, she was too closely on the confines of another existence for her to be troubled with the sorrows of this life.

'Find a place in my heart!' exclaimed poor Frau Schültz; 'no, indeed! My poor Oscar, you may need your mother's love—fallen into the hands of some wicked designing creature—but she, indeed, how ever can we tolerate her!' and Frau Schültz would sit down and weep the bitterest tears she had ever shed in her life. This was repeated several times during the day; and in one of her fits of weeping Dora entered, and to her sympathizing ear poor Frau Schültz poured her new distress, now inveighing against the heartless girl who had robbed her of her son, 'Older than himself, I am sure! some girl that has taken advantage of his youth; no doubt one that has been trying to dance herself into a husband with all those officers at Mayence for many a year!'—and then again blaming Oscar, and wondering what was to become of him, 'poor fellow!'

It was a miserable day, but it drew to a close at last. Wilhelmine had been more than usually weak, eager to see Oscar, but scarcely able to give her interest to anything else. Louise and Dora had been with her, for Frau Schültz had not dared trust herself near her, and had busied herself in little necessary additions to the house-keeping, for 'this horrid girl,' who after all was Oscar's bride. Tall, dark, handsome, but loud and harsh, was the bride which poor Frau Schültz pictured to herself that her Saxon-haired Oscar had been captured by; but the hour was approaching when she should know the worst. As the church clock struck eight o'clock, a closed carriage drove up to the door, and out of it jumped Oscar. In a moment all his many sins were forgotten; and as Frau Schültz clasped him to her again and again, she felt he was less changed in heart than he was in person, and only knew she had him near her, for whom her heart had so sorely hungered the last three years. He had left her the good-looking but unfinished boy, and he stood before her now a splendid young man, the type of fair Saxon beauty. He reached his hand to his father, who also stood at the door—'Forgive me all the past, Father,' he said; 'you will not drive me away for this last act, when you have seen her and know all. I did not wish to grieve you by it.' It was

Oscar all over who spoke; always bent on doing his own will, always assuring he meant to have done theirs had it been possible.

They found themselves in the sitting-room before they noticed 'my Clara,' and when they did, they could but own she was worthy a second look.

It was not the tall dark beauty Frau Schültz had imagined that stood before them; but a pretty fair-looking German girl. She had long golden hair, the clearest and most simple looking blue eyes, and the fairest pink and white skin. She had a pretty figure, and was about middle height: there was a young girlish beauty about her, which made her look scarcely sixteen. As Oscar took hold of her hand and looked down upon her as if he thought her the loveliest of human beings, and they noticed her shy though courteous and graceful manner, they could no longer doubt but that it had been Oscar who had wooed her, and not she that had wooed him.

'Mother,' he said, looking uneasily at Frau Schültz, 'I promised Clara she would find a mother here, and a welcome from all; she has no mother of her own.'

'Where our son is welcome his wife must be welcomed also,' said Herr Schültz, stepping gravely forward, and kissing the timid face that was before him. 'God bless you, my daughter, and grant to you and Oscar all wisdom.'

'Thank you,' she whispered shyly; 'I will try and deserve your kindness.'

Herr Schültz's welcome gave the key-note to Frau Schültz and Louise, who warmly kissed her, feared she must be tired, and hurried her to the room prepared for her, where she could rest until supper-time.

Wilhelmine having heard the carriage drive up to the door, was all anxiety to see Oscar; so with many warnings not to allow himself to be surprised, he was ushered into the sick-room. The warnings had indeed been needed. Was the worn haggard hollow face, with its large brown eyes, lying on that bed, his lovely sister Wilhelmine of three years ago? She could scarcely speak, but she motioned him to her, to kneel down by her side, and stroked his hair with her long thin fingers—'Oh! Oscar, I am so glad you are come. How handsome you are grown!'

'My precious Wilhelmine! I never thought you were so dreadfully ill!' he said.

'Yes, I am very ill, but I only waited to see you. I shall soon be quite well now;' and an unearthly light shone from her eyes.

Oscar did not understand what she meant, but Frau Schültz did; and thinking the conversation might be becoming too exciting, said—

'Wilhelmine, dear, Oscar has brought you another sister, Clara—he is married.'

'Has he?' she asked; 'let me see her to-morrow;' but she seemed scarcely to understand.

Oscar whispered, 'Oh! Wilhelmine, she is so good—much too good for me!'

Frau Schültz beckoned him to go; so, kissing her once more, Oscar left the room.

They turned out of the hall into the little garden; and there Oscar overwhelmed his mother with questions about Wilhelmine—'How had she become so ill? If only I had seen her before! Oh! Mother, she cannot die—she thinks she won't herself—she said so!'

'Oscar!' said his mother sadly, 'she spoke of being quite well, but not on this side of the grave; we know we can only keep her a few days longer; you will understand it soon.'

But Oscar's grief was real and unfeigned. At no moment perhaps had he felt the separation from his family as keenly as he did now, when he thought his favourite sister was leaving him for ever; and when Frau Schültz said, 'Oh! Oscar, how thankful I am once again to see you here!' the barrier gave way, the indifference and the self-control he had assumed, not to appear to care too much for the separation they had imposed, melted before the presence of his home and his mother, and he burst into tears. They sat for above an hour in the arbour at the end of the long walk they had been pacing up and down; and when they rose to leave it, Frau Schültz felt that a dull gnawing at her heart which had seldom been absent the last three years was gone, for Oscar had spoken as openly and truly to her as he might have done when he was five years old; and though he might still be led away and be in many more troubles, she was sure, though others might not share her opinion, that the world had tempted him but not hardened him, and that in the end he would come right. Oscar entered the house with the firm resolution of being better and steadier; then came the thought, 'If only I were out of my present troubles—how am I ever to tell them?' for in their long talk in the arbour he had spoken openly of the time up to his marriage, but had evaded that subject, and as yet the Schültzes knew nothing about it, except the presence of this pretty sweet-looking Clara.

She stood, in a plain muslin dress trimmed with blue ribbons, her hair in curls tied back from her head with blue ribbon to make them keep smooth, at the door of their room, looking so sunshiny as Oscar came up the passage, that he involuntarily thought, 'If only I can steer through my troubles without dragging her in!'

Clara had already unwittingly made him unselfish.

'My Schätzerl!' he said, 'have you been alone here all this long while? come down to supper.'

'I did not care,' she answered; 'I knew you must have so much to talk about, I watched you from my window talking to your mother; how earnest you looked! and I was not dull, I have so much to think of!'

The evening passed rapidly in general conversation, principally in praises of the Leslies, who had come to Gründenau since Oscar had last been there. And after the Herr Pfarrer had read a chapter out of

Luther's Bible, and the extempore prayer—which was longer than usual, for it included a petition for the newly-married children, 'that their lives might be spent in holy fear and love, and that the sufferings of the sick one might soon be brought to a close,'—was concluded, the little party broke up. Frau Schültz was going to sit up the night with Wilhelmine; but she said she would first see her new daughter to her room, and sent Louise to be with Wilhelmine until she came.

When she and Clara were alone in Clara's room, Frau Schültz did her utmost to bring the subject round to their marriage; but open as Clara seemed to be on every other subject, that one she seemed to evade.

At last poor Frau Schültz felt she could not spend the night without knowing something more as to who Clara was, and the circumstances of their marriage, so she began—

'Oscar wrote in such haste, that he could tell us nothing about you except just your Christian name; I must look to you to tell me. Where did you meet Oscar first? Do you live in Mayence? I knew Mayence when I was a girl very well.'

Clara coloured crimson, and slowly large tears dropped from her eyes.

'My dear,' said Frau Schültz, 'why does it grieve you? we have forgiven Oscar and received you as a daughter, although he never told us—you were too young to be in fault—your father, I heard Oscar mention him, if he is a man of good position—and from your manners and education I am sure he is—should have communicated with us before our son allied himself with his family. Have you many brothers and sisters?' inquired Frau Schültz, hoping to lead her on to say at least something.

But the tears only flowed the faster. After a few moments she recovered herself, dried her tears, and seemed to be making a great resolve. Her process of reasoning was, 'I see Oscar has told them nothing. I must do it to spare him the first confession; and I ought, for I did the most wrong.'

Frau Schültz would have felt thoroughly sorry for her distress if her anxiety to know the real circumstances of Oscar's marriage had not outweighed every other feeling.

Clara sat down on the ground close to Frau Schültz, with her face turned rather away, and began—

'I will tell you everything. We have done very wrong—at least I have done.' Slowly and in jerks she brought out her confession.

'Tell me your name first?' asked Frau Schültz.

'My name is—was'—she corrected herself—'Clara Koch. Papa has a large house and a great many vineyards at Amersheim, close to Mayence, Oscar told you. I never knew my mother, and I have no brothers and sisters, but Papa has always been very kind, except just once. When I was quite little he sent me to school to Fraulein Klein, in Mayence. They were three sisters, all very good and kind; they will be so sorry for what I have done. I saw very little of Papa, except now and then

when he brought me presents, till quite lately. Next month it will be a year since he sent for me to Amersheim, and told me I must marry my cousin Max Koch. He is very clever, and Papa said he would be very rich, and that he was a great genius, that any girl would be glad to be married to him. But oh!' she said, 'I did so dislike him! I could not bear to touch him even!'

'You poor child!' said Frau Schültz.

'But we were betrothed by a priest!' said Clara.

'Are you a Roman Catholic?' quickly interrupted Frau Schültz with pious horror.

'No,' said Clara, 'Fraulein Klein was Lutheran, and Papa did not care; but my cousin was not a Lutheran.'

'I know,' continued Frau Schültz, who was beginning to be much relieved by Clara's confession.

'Papa was very angry with me when I went back to school; he said it was very foolish of me; and the 2nd of September was fixed for our wedding-day. It will be here in a fortnight to-morrow,' she said, with a pleased smile in spite of herself, to think how safe she was. 'I could not help being unhappy sometimes, when I thought how soon I must leave Fraulein Klein, where I was so happy; but she always told me things would turn out better than I expected, and if it was not good for me God would not let it happen. I meant to do as Papa told me, and thought, as Fraulein Klein said, I should like my cousin Max when I was his wife. Because I was so soon to be married, Fraulein Klein let me go out to small parties sometimes, at the homes of my school-fellows, to see how those things are managed. I used to go every Saturday afternoon with my greatest friend, called Sophie Kilian. She had a brother who was an officer in the 1st Regiment, and one Saturday Oscar came with him. I thought I had never seen anyone so handsome, that first night—I did so wish Max were like him. He hardly spoke to me the first night; but he came every Saturday evening to the parties, and we got such great friends; he told me he knew I was betrothed, and asked me how often Max wrote to me; and when I said I had not seen him for nine months, and never had a letter from him, he only said, "I wish I were Max."

'I can't tell you how we got to be such friends. I only saw him at Sophie's house. I would not have written to him, I knew Fraulein Klein would have thought it wrong—indeed, I don't know how it was I did as I have done. I did not dare speak to anyone; and every day I thought more of Oscar, and the time was drawing nearer when I must marry Max! I did not dare write to Papa; sometimes I do so wish I might have done it. So one Saturday, when Oscar was again saying he wished he were Max, I said, "Oh! I do so wish you were!" And then he said, if I thought that, I ought to make him my Max—and I don't know how he arranged it all. I left Fraulein Klein's in the morning, and we were married at a church in a village near Mayence, just ten days ago; it was on Sunday morning, Oscar had got leave; and when we came back—I

was at the hotel—Oscar got Herr Schültz's letter; he was so glad to be sent for. I have seen Fraulein Klein since I became Oscar's wife; she said she would write to my father, and I have written to him as well as Oscar; but we have no letter in reply yet.'

Clara paused, her face was crimson; her confession had been a great effort to her; the thought of Oscar had alone supported her through it. She waited to hear what Oscar's mother would say; but a deep sigh of relief, and a 'Thank God!' was all the answer Frau Schültz made.

Clara turned round in surprise. What could that 'Thank God' mean? Was it that Frau Schültz was tired of her story? It could not be that Frau Schültz was glad Oscar had married her!

Her inquiring eyes met those of Frau Schültz, who rose from her seat.

'My dear child, my dear daughter,' said the good Pfarrerswife, 'I cannot tell you why I said "Thank God;" it was for many reasons. Oscar has done very wrong, and you have done wrong too; you are very young, and you have—oh! so much to learn. May you be a good wife to Oscar, and guide him right; for his wife will guide him one way or another!'

Clara said humbly, 'I want to learn all you can teach me—I do hope to be really good. I am so sorry our marriage has begun in the way it did. What I feel most wrong is—I know I have done wrong; and yet the sin is—oh! so pleasant. I am Oscar's, and not Max's!'

Frau Schültz kissed her and left the room, but it was with a lightened heart. Clara had done wrong, but there were excuses to be made for her, in having no home, and no mother, and 'that poor Max Koch staring her in the face,' said Frau Schültz to herself, for Max was no favourite of hers. 'Oscar may have got himself into much trouble with his hasty marriage, and how they are to live Heaven alone knows! But I think he has got a true "help-meet;" she will bear her half of the burden for him, and lighten his half for him too.'

Frau Schültz did not know till long afterwards how much persuading Clara had needed before she would listen to Oscar, and how bitterly she had reproached herself for what she had done, as soon as the marriage service was completed, and ever since, until Oscar had told her he was quite tired of hearing her regrets—she was married, and must make the best of it. Then she was as eager to convince him she did not regret being married—how could she regret being with Oscar!—only the mode in which they had done it. It ended in her keeping her self-reproaches to herself; but they sobered the happiness of her early days of married life.

The following morning brought a letter from her father, which Oscar took possession of. 'If it is anything that would distress her, she should not have it,' he said; however, they read it together, and it said—

My dear Clara,

As people sow, so they reap. If Max could not look after his cousin and her inheritance, he will have to do without them. If this charming Oscar wants a charming bride, I hope he has something to keep her with. Discarded

soldiers are not generally rolling in gold. You seem in your letter to care about my forgiving you more than anything else. If forgiveness means 'give us something to eat,' I won't forgive you; if it means 'I am not angry,' I assure you I am not, and freely forgive you. You will probably be the sufferer for this mad act. You are my only child, and I don't mean to quarrel with you entirely, but I wish you to feel the consequences of your folly; therefore for three years I wish neither to see nor hear from you. I hope you may live in clover, and still be in love with matrimony until the second of September three years hence, when you, your Oscar, and anything else belonging to you, will be welcome at Amersheim.

Your affectionate Father,

PAUL KOCH.

Oscar closed the letter with a laugh—'The man who wrote that letter is not half a bad fellow; he wants to try us, Clara. Well, I am afraid we shall not spend three years in clover; but I think we shall still like matrimony—what do you say?'

'Mine was, at the best, a chain of evils,' she said, laughing; 'and it will take a great deal to convince me that I would rather have spent three years with MAX, than three years with somebody else. But, Oscar, why does he call you a discarded soldier? What a shame!'

'That's the worst of it,' said Oscar. 'I don't know how ever I am to tell my father and mother; but it is true, Clara, I had forgotten all about it myself. You know I am only a second lieutenant; and till he be a first lieutenant, no soldier or officer may marry without depositing a certain sum at the National Bank; it is a guarantee to the State that they won't be called upon to support our wives, and educate our children. We get the interest whilst we are living, and at our death our wife has a pension, and our sons are educated and started in life; our daughters receive marriage-portions from it. It is fair enough, but I had no money to deposit. My Colonel writes that I have defied the regulations of the army; it is not enough to know that my wife will never be a burden to the State. The upshot of it all is, that I must leave the army immediately, and think myself lucky that I have got off so easily. The Colonel says my previous good name and character have influenced the authorities to take no further steps against me.'

'What trouble I have involved you in!' said the gentle voice by his side.

A look from Oscar answered her; but it said a great deal, and she was satisfied.

'We shall manage somehow, Clara: I am such a coward; but I wonder it has never struck my mother yet.'

'I will tell them,' said Clara, who quite believed one of her wifely duties to consist in doing all her husband's disagreeable work.

'Perhaps you had better,' he replied; and they left the long walk to re-enter the house.

Clara sought her opportunity to shew Frau Schültz her father's letter; and the words, 'discarded soldier,' excited her notice as much as they

had done Clara's. Clara explained them to Frau Schültz; but she was too much engrossed with Wilhelmine and other things thoroughly to understand the truth, that Oscar had been dismissed the army.

They talked for a little time; and then Frau Schültz said, 'Let me take you to see Wilhelmine. She has had a very bad night; perhaps she won't understand who you are.'

Clara followed. It was her first sight of illness, or of approaching death; and she felt it in the awful solemnity of a person who looks upon it for the first time. Wilhelmine was quite sensible. 'Oscar's wife?' she said; and she stroked her golden hair. 'You are very pretty, and you look very good,' she added, gazing into Clara's face as if she would see through her.

Clara shook her head, and the tears gathered to her eyes; it was the last encomium she wished to receive at that moment.

Wilhelmine paused for a few moments, and her lips moved as if in prayer; then she said, 'Do good to Oscar always; bring him to meet me.'

Frau Schültz catching the last words, rose as if to fetch him; but Clara turned her head, and said, 'She does not want him now.'

Wilhelmine nodded her head, pleased that Clara should have understood her.

Clara kissed Wilhelmine's forehead, and whispered, 'We mean to try; we will meet you.'

A few hours later, they were all collected round the bed, joining in prayer with the Herr Pfarrer, that the soul, at that moment being released from its mortal prison, might find rest and peace in the Everlasting Arms.

And then followed a few days of silence and mourning, before the little funeral procession left the Pfarrhaus, with its white coffin, and twelve girls dressed in white, who followed as mourners; each one of the girls was, like Wilhelmine herself, seventeen years old; and each one had knelt with her two years ago at the same communion rails, to receive Confirmation and their first Communion together. The funeral procession all sang a solemn hymn as they walked through the village up to the churchyard, which lay like a terrace facing the blue waters of the Neckar. Herr Schültz himself performed the simple Lutheran Burial Service, and spoke the address, which is usual, after the body has been committed to the earth.

The six months that Max Koch had intended to spend in Paris, had drawn to a close. At first he wrote several times, describing his journey, and what he did in Paris; they were sanguine, rather self-flattering letters. In the last letter which they received, dated the beginning of April, he said he had had a delightful interview with Meyerbeer, who had been most courteous to him, and had said many complimentary things to him about his great talents. 'The next week I am to lay my

Mass before a société of composers; and from them I am to receive an opinion. If it is worthy of being performed, they will provide the means, and I repay them when I am able to do so.'

That was the last letter the Leslies had received; and as August was drawing to a close, they began to wonder what could cause his silence.

'He is so busy and so proud in bringing out his work, we shall not hear from him until he is at Freiburg. I hope, Mamma, he will be so occupied about his Mass, that he will not care about that wicked Clara deserting him.'

So spoke Margaret: she had only heard of Clara from Dora—none of the Leslies having seen her, except Dora.

'Don't tell me,' exclaimed Margaret angrily, 'that she is pretty and good; good, indeed, to run away from school, give so much trouble to the poor Schültzes, and prefer that empty-headed Oscar to her betrothed, her cousin, a genius like Max Koch! She ought to have been proud to have been chosen by him.'

This sentiment of Margaret's was received by the whole party of Leslies assembled at the tea-table with a roar of laughter.

'Margaret would have been proud to have had the honour of being his chosen one herself,' suggested Clare.

'No, indeed, I should not; but I am not his cousin, and am not a German girl,' said Margaret.

'You could have got over every obstacle, if he only had not been always sucking prunes, and preferred his knife to his fork so much at table.'

The following morning, a letter from Koch lay on the breakfast-table. His letters were always curious productions—this one not the least so. It began:

Your highly well born and most respected Excellency, Lord Leslie, and family.

The world is ignorant and cruel, slavish and money loving: there is no truth and no honour in it—especially amongst those who call themselves musicians, and have no soul or true love of art in them.

I have enjoyed more peace and more true sympathy with you than in any other place; and I long to be with you once more. I and my violin pant to leave an ungrateful world. My glorious work has been discussed, turned over, dissected, by a set of men utterly devoid of taste; and they pronounced that my beautiful work was unsuitable for publication—green-eyed jealousy, venomous envy, possessed them. I will be with you soon; and am ever, most nobly born and honoured family,

Your most obedient servant,

MAX KOCH.

'Poor Koch!' was the one general exclamation.

'Oh, I am so sorry!' exclaimed Margaret. 'Mamma, is it not hard? what will he do? he will never have the heart to compose anything again; and he was so certain of success.'

'I am very sorry,' said Mrs. Leslie; 'but I was afraid he over-rated his own powers. It was hardly likely an unknown, almost village, musician could compose a work equal to taking a place as a standard work in Europe. I sadly fear it will be a great shock to his weak brain; for undoubtedly his brain is his weak point.'

'I wonder whether he will be fit to give lessons again; or too disgusted with the soulless world,' inquired Dora, 'to do anything but improvise on his darling violin?'

That day week, Koch arrived; but so changed from the sanguine, buoyant, self-confident Koch who had left them.

Whilst he had been with the Leslies he had lost much of that lost, simple, lank look, which had struck them so forcibly when they first saw him. It had returned doubly upon him now; only instead of the tame gentle look in his eyes, they were now wild and eager looking, when they were not heavy and oppressed.

He could not allude to his disappointment before the whole party; but as soon as he found himself alone with Mrs. Leslie and Margaret, it came out by degrees. Mrs. Leslie was most concerned to see the violent exaggerated way in which he spoke, as if he had been the victim of a huge conspiracy.

'I do not care, I will be revenged! revenge is sweet! That wicked Meyerbeer, he deceived me with his honied words; he thought my work was nothing—and civil words cost nothing—and when I trusted him with it, and he saw how great a genius spoke from the notes, he was envious; he poisoned the minds of the Academy, and they said—they said—it had radical faults as a composition, it never could be performed. I know it was correct. They allowed there were fine passages, beautiful airs, in it now and then, but they dared to say my finest parts were not original!' His face was contorted with rage.

'Herr Koch! Herr Koch!' said Mrs. Leslie.

He continued, not heeding her interruption, 'I will be revenged! Meyerbeer, Rossini, Liszt, shall know what it is to make an enemy—they shall suffer for this! They did admire my violin, and said it was a rare instrument,' he said, as if that were some slight consolation to the bitterness of his wounded pride. Ah! my sweet violin,' he continued, and he pressed it closely to his heart, 'you are too good for this heartless world; would that no ears but my own could hear the sounds you produce!'

Mrs. Leslie, trusting that he would be less excited on the morrow, said little to him that evening.

'I am tired—I will go to rest; but I have never slept in Paris—those wicked men tried to poison me, they were so envious—but I shall be safe here,' he added, in a subdued voice, as if it were a confidence only meant for Margaret. 'Good-night!'

'I think his violin will console him for the loss of his bride,' said Margaret, as the door closed.

'It is much the most fitting bride for him,' replied Mrs. Leslie; 'he speaks very wildly. I hope a few days here will calm and soothe him.'

'Poor fellow! O Mamma, how sad it is to listen to him!'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Leslie; 'as Frau Schültz truly said of him, he has very great gifts, but no power to apply them; and I trust this last disappointment may not prove too great a shock for his mind.'

Koch seemed quieter the next morning, and began to arrange the hours of lessons with Mrs. Leslie. She asked him about his future plans; to which he replied he knew nothing, but that he wished to remain quietly at Grtindenau for some time.

'I am very unhappy!' he said; it was as though the real feeling would be expressed in spite of himself.

'You must not lose all heart,' she said kindly to him; 'how many men of talent, in their different lines, have had many rebuffs before they attained to any fame!'

He shook his head sadly.

'I fear I must tell you of another loss you have had,' said Mrs. Leslie gently. 'You told me you were engaged, last year?'

'It is true,' he said, 'but I have no heart to take a wife; she expects me very soon, I suppose?' He said this with a very nonchalant air.

'She no longer expects you,' said Mrs. Leslie, who foresaw that her office was not going to be a very painful one. 'She has run away from school, and is married to Oscar Schültz; she is at the Pfarrhaus now.'

'Indeed,' said Koch; 'let her go—we don't want her money, do we?' he said, addressing his violin apparently. 'You and I, we belong to each other, and no wife shall come between us now.'

That was all the thought Koch gave his lost bride. Her penitence was quite wasted, as Oscar constantly assured her. Hearing that Koch was in Gründenau, Clara wished to see him, and excuse her conduct as best she might to him. 'I don't know what you can wish to say,' argued Oscar, 'except that you liked me better than you liked him; and that he must know without your telling it him.'

Dora conveyed a message to Herr Koch from Clara; to which Koch replied, 'he hoped she would be happy, but he did not want to see her; he had nothing to say to her.'

Herr Koch re-commenced his music lessons. 'I like your daughters, so I try to benefit them,' he said. He would not read English—'Why should I? this hand shall never compose another note.'

'Herr Koch,' said Margaret, who used every little art she could think of to re-awaken his interest in his music, 'true genius loves the beautiful for the sake of the beautiful, and never is satisfied; it is always aiming at perfection. One frown from the world has crushed you—you love the world too much.'

He shook his head in deep dejection: it was always either in that manner that he answered their endeavours to rouse him, or in a violent tirade against the selfishness of an evil world.

The hours he used to spend in composing hung heavy, now that he had no pursuit. He would sit dreamily over the china stoves, which at that period of the year imparted no heat to his chilled feet, and then he would jump up and take a rapid walk, often without any covering to his head, sometimes with a handkerchief bound tightly round his throbbing temples.

His health was evidently affected, and with it his spirits and his temper. He tried to attend to the lessons which he gave, because he cared to be with the Leslies; but his mind was always wandering. Mrs. Leslie suggested to him that change of scene and travelling might benefit him.

'Ah! you wish me to go—you want to be rid of me!' he exclaimed. 'I and my violin, we are too many in this world—there is no place for us!'

'There is no reason for your accusing us of being tired of your violin,' said Mrs. Leslie jokingly; 'you know we are only too pleased when you will allow it to speak to us.'

He often did, as he called it, 'allow it to speak,' but it was only the most plaintive of airs, and the favourite Sehnsucht Waltz expressed most thoroughly a weariness of all sublunary matters, and a yearning for something different.

Mrs. Leslie was too thoroughly grieved for him to take any steps towards his leaving them, but she wished heartily that he were gone, and thought Mr. Leslie was right when he warned her that she would get herself into some mess with 'that cracky musician.' She trusted to the soothing influence of time, and yet she could not conceal from herself that he became worse and not better, and that the wild violent fits grew more frequent.

'I am so miserable, so ill,' he sighed, one night as he entered the school-room; 'I wish I were dead.' Margaret, his only audience, was sitting by the window, with a book in her hand, grieving over him. 'The hand of the whole world is against me!'

'The whole world, Herr Koch?' she said, looking at him reproachfully.

'No, not the whole world yet—not your mother, nor you; but that will come soon. But everybody else, and even in this house; your cook is bribed to poison me—my coffee this morning had a white powder in it, but I gave it to the cat. Cats have nine lives, so it did not matter.'

'Herr Koch!' exclaimed Margaret, affecting anger where she only felt pity, 'how dare you say such things of our servants! they are all anxious to serve you—you are too full of fancies. Why should people wish to hurt you? You ought to dismiss those ideas.'

He merely shook his head, and began to play on his violin.

Next day the Leslies had some friends at dinner. Herr Koch, Margaret, and Clare, had dined at lunch-time. Koch seemed worse, more excited, than the day before.

About seven o'clock in the evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Leslie were sitting at dinner, loud screams were heard in the passage, the dining-room door flew open, the housemaid rushed in, crying, 'We are murdered! we are murdered! that madman has killed the cook!'

It was a moment's work for Mr. Leslie to rush down into the kitchen, find Koch with the cook pinned in a corner, endeavouring to give her repeated stabs with a short knife, whilst another maid held his arms, so that he could only strike backwards.

Mr. Leslie wrenched the knife from his hand. 'Koch, how dare you!' he exclaimed. 'Let him go,' he said, turning to the maid.

Koch stood trembling and livid with rage before him. 'She insulted me! they insulted me!' he cried.

'Leave the kitchen, and never let me see you enter it again; if you require anything, you can ring the bell.'

He saw Koch walk ashamed and cowed before him, and enter the school-room. After a few words of reproof to the maids, who vowed they had done nothing to provoke him, but that their lives were not safe if he remained, Mr. Leslie returned to the dining-room, and decided that evening with Mrs. Leslie, that Koch must leave them.

Koch walked into the school-room, where Margaret and Clare had just returned, having heard all the noise, and seen part of the fray. Margaret was indignant; her mind was perpetually torn by either indignation or pity for him.

'Koch, how can you so disgrace yourself by attacking a woman, and a servant?'

'She insulted me—she tried to poison me. I asked for a cup of coffee, and I saw her put a powder in it, so I threw it at her; she said I was to leave the kitchen—she would give me no more; so I took a knife, and I would have killed her,' he said, with an insane gleam in his eyes; 'but you women wear such strange things, like a coat of steel round you, and the knife always glanced off.'

'O Koch, you have almost committed murder!'

'I don't care, she should not try to poison me. I will do it again!' He still looked very wild and excited, and when Margaret took up a book to show her displeasure at him, he took his violin from under his arm, and began to play upon it. Harsh and discordant were the tones he drew from it at first, like the cries of some evil spirit; and then gradually it soothed him, in spite of himself, and he played until he became dejected and quiet, and played one hymn tune after another.

About an hour after, when the maid entered the room with candles, he went up to her, and said, 'Tell the cook I am very sorry—I will do so no more.'

Clare had left the room, and Margaret had been sitting in the twilight by the open window, listening to his melancholy music, and the tears slowly falling in spite of herself. She wept for him, for she knew that his genius and his talent were a spark of Heaven's light, and she felt

they were going out in darkness. She saw sorrow and mental darkness were coming upon him, and she could see for him no light beyond; the cross was there, but where might be the crown?

When he went up to and spoke to the servant before leaving the room, she breathed an inward prayer 'that God would deal gently with him, and spare to him his reason.' Apparently, Margaret's prayer was not heard; but as both are still living, who can tell whether it may not yet influence his life? But at that time the dark hours were rapidly approaching.

Mrs. Leslie's last words on leaving the breakfast-room were, 'I would rather pay twenty pounds than have to tell that poor fellow that he must leave us; and I expect I shall lose Margaret's good opinion for ever; she will think me so unfeeling, to forsake him, as she will say, when all the world has turned against him.'

'He will be murdering some of the children,' put in Mr. Leslie; 'and then perhaps you will be satisfied with your Quixotic proceedings.'

'I am not the least afraid; he is perfectly under control with any of us, so that only our own anxiety and trouble is to be considered; and I am rather of Margaret's opinion—I should like to keep him, and take care of him.'

'Well, really! I think his mental aberration must be infectious,' said Mr. Leslie, looking up in surprise at his wife from the newspaper he was reading.

'I would just like to see you have to speak to him,' answered Mrs. Leslie; 'you would not be as stern as you are now. However, I shall become soft-hearted if I remain here any longer;' so she closed the door, and went up into the drawing-room, where she fortunately found Herr Koch, standing at the piano alone, turning over some leaves of music.

'I have been wishing for an opportunity to have some little conversation with you, Herr Koch, for some time;' and then, as gently and as kindly as she could, she told him she thought he was very ill, he did not himself know how ill—it was the reaction after the over-strain he had put on his mind before his work was completed; and it was his health which made him view every matter in such a mistaken light now. Was life over? was there nothing worth striving for, because he had made one failure? He must continue to cultivate his talents; and perhaps the very work which had now been unsuccessful might still become appreciated and known in later years.

'I know I am *very* ill,' he answered, 'and I am very glad of it. It is not that I have failed in one work, it is that the whole world has raised its hand against me. All men are in a league to destroy me; it is because I am of different mould to them; you and your family do not wish my death, but you wish me to leave you.'

'We all like you, and you know that I think very highly of you,' answered Mrs. Leslie. 'I regret very much that it is necessary for your

own sake that you should leave us; I was shocked at your conduct last night; I hope such a thing will never occur again.'

'I am sorry I did so,' he replied; 'but she did insult me—and women are so irritating when they wish to be so!'

'I will say no more about it; it must never happen again, however you may be provoked; and I must beg you never enter the kitchen again, but ring the bell, as my daughters do, when you require anything.'

'Very well,' he meekly replied; 'do you wish me to go very soon?'

'The sooner you can have change of scene, the better it will be for your health. I should like you to do whatever suits yourself best. I hope you mean to travel?'

'I do,' he said. 'I would like to stay here one fortnight more, and then I and my violin will leave you.'

'You will take our best wishes with you wherever you go,' said Mrs. Leslie; 'and I hope at some future time we may see you stronger and happier.'

'You shall never see me again; I never can be happy, and I shall not long require strength.'

Mrs. Leslie spoke to him about the sin of being so desponding, tried to interest him about his journey, used every endeavour she could think of to give him some new interest. Each day he became more miserable-looking in appearance, more suspicious and irritated in his manner towards them. He was barely civil; at his own request, he prepared his own breakfast and supper; and at his dinner, which he took with the children at lunch time, he appeared suspicious and dissatisfied, as if he could detect poisonous powders in the beer, or in every article of diet—that Mrs. Leslie said, one day,

'I always help you, Herr Koch, from the same dish I take myself, for I know how particular you are.'

He walked long distances alone; an internal fever seemed to consume him; and Mrs. Leslie was most perplexed what steps to take, for if he continued to become as rapidly worse as he had become the last few days, he would soon be unfit to travel alone.

'Why, Koch, you are composing!' said Margaret, with a pleased voice, as she came into the school-room one evening, and saw him in his little room opening from the school-room, sitting at the table with music paper before him.

'I am,' he curtly answered.

'What is it? may I look?'

'They are my last words,' he replied; 'a short thing—and they shall be the last notes my violin will ever perform—it is just finished.' And he threw the sheet across the table.

She glanced her eye over it. 'Herr Koch, how can you do such a thing!' she exclaimed.

'It is truth! I know now that there is no one—no, none—who have

resisted the temptation to injure me; they will have their way, but I shall be revenged!'

Margaret looked at the paper lying before her; it was headed 'POISON;' that was the thema—a few simple bars in a minor key; it had six variations; they were marked, No. 1. Lassitude, No. 2. Headache, No. 3. Cramp, No. 4. Nausea, No. 5. Mental Anguish, No. 6. Pangs of Death. She shuddered involuntarily.

'Shall I play to you my "swan-song?"' he asked; and before she had time to answer, he commenced the most unnatural and unearthly strain. There certainly was power and talent in the mind that could produce anything so painful as these variations; she thought, had she not known the title, she could have guessed the feelings they were intended to portray; and when the last sounds had died away of the Pangs of Death, and the discordant cries, and the violence, were succeeded by low notes that gradually ceased, it seemed to her as if she had been witnessing some awful scene of pain, and she felt almost as excited as was the countenance of the man before her.

'It is over!' he exclaimed, as soon as he was sufficiently composed to speak. 'Oh! my own violin, my dearest friend, companion of all my sorrows and all my sufferings! you have ceased to live; it is but a few hours sooner than your poor master; you will not care to meet death when he goes forth to welcome it. I hereby record a solemn vow, that a heartless and ungrateful world shall never more—'

'Oh! please,' said Margaret, quite frightened by his vehemence, 'make no rash vows.' She did not know what he was not going to say.

'You need not fear—it is only that no human ear shall ever again hear my violin. I think I shall find it again in the land of spirits, because I have loved it so intensely whilst I have been here,' he said, with inexpressible sadness.

'You speak as if you were dying; you will soon be well again, well and happy.'

'Never,' he answered. 'I have liked you more than most people; and you had soul, something might have been made of you; but I cannot live, even for you. I am a mistake in the world—there is no corner for me to fill—so I leave it. I know that I enter a world where there will be room for me. One more soul to be satisfied will not signify there.'

Margaret tried to speak, tried to warn him, but the dread upon her that he meant to destroy himself was too great, and his grief and his sufferings seemed so far beyond any consolation that her inexperience could offer.

'Good night! I will go,' he said.

He would not go like that, she concluded, if he never meant to return. And she went down into the drawing-room. The merry party, sitting round the table at their different evening occupations, the bright

lights, and warm cheerful atmosphere of the room, struck her most painfully, in contrast with the lonely miserable man she had just left. She sat down near Mrs. Leslie, and told her what had passed.

'I only trust a journey may do him good; he says he will make a walking tour into the Tyrol to see some university friend: you know, Margaret, that I wrote to his uncle at Amersheim, to tell him the state his nephew was in, he being the only relation we have ever heard him mention; but we have had no answer to the letter.'

Mrs. Leslie and Margaret sat apart at a small work-table, bursts of laughter came continually from the round table at some jokes of Dora's, which amused all the party, when the door was slowly opened, close to where Mrs. Leslie was sitting, the charred burnt end of a violin-stick was pushed forward so as almost to touch Mrs. Leslie, and the face of Koch, pale, wild, and disfigured with excitement, was fixed on her; he brandished the stick, and he said, 'It is done!' No words can describe the expression of his countenance, as he looked round the room and again exclaimed, 'It is done!' and then with a cry like some dreadful wail, he rushed down the stairs, and out of the front door into the darkness of a wet and stormy night.

They all sprung to their feet, awe-struck and horrified more at the expression of his face than anything they had seen, for it had all been so rapid, that except Mrs. Leslie and Margaret no one had seen anything.

At that moment the housemaid entered the room. 'Oh, Ma'am! where is Herr Koch? He has been into the kitchen and burnt that beautiful violin: not all we could do could stop him; the burnt end is all Cook could save; and then he rushed out of the kitchen talking aloud to himself in such a wild way!'

Whilst she was speaking they heard the front-door bang; in a few seconds Mrs. Leslie had sent four servants out in different directions to endeavour to find him—especially, they were to watch by the side of the river—but no traces of him could be discovered. The fishermen about said no such man had passed near the river. It was a wet dark night, and the servants were glad to return. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie felt very uneasy, but waited until morning, sincerely hoping he would return as usual at nine o'clock.

They had all been to the kitchen, and seen with their own eyes the burnt remains of his beautiful violin; it would, indeed, never again speak to human beings—never again express for him his grief and his loneliness, nor his confidence and sense of talent—if such feelings ever again should return to him. Burning his violin had been no sudden freak of a madman with him, but the effect of slow and secret workings of a diseased mind. He was convinced that he was himself dying from the effects of slow poison, in consequence of the vast conspiracy against his life, of which Meyerbeer was the leader; and he was resolved, before he himself left this earth, to wean himself from all in it which he held dear. He firmly believed that his violin would be ready to welcome him in the world to

come, because, he would say, 'with what we most love on earth we have spiritual sympathy in a future state; and my violin always had all my love and all my confidence—here.'

Two mornings came, but with them came no Herr Koch. He seemed to have disappeared on that dark and stormy night, and no one knew where—no traces of him could be discovered. Two old fishermen, who had been guarding their boats at different parts of the river, said no one could have passed that way, or could have fallen in, without their having become aware of it. It was a relief to Mrs. Leslie to hear that, for in her own mind she could not but fear that he had made some attempt to rid himself of an existence he found so intolerable.

On the third morning, as Mrs. Leslie came down to breakfast, several voices exclaimed, 'A letter from Koch! be quick, Mamma, and open it!'

Mrs. Leslie took it, and read from a small scrap of paper slipped into the envelope—

Family inhabiting a world I have quitted!

I am dead: would you know how one is when dead? There is neither pleasure nor pain, anger nor sorrow, body nor spirit, hope nor fear—there is nothing.

He who once was

MAX KOCH.

The letter bore no date, no post-mark; it had come with the other letters in the letter-bag, and the post-man could give no account of it.

This was the last that was heard of Max Koch for many months. Some time after, the Leslies heard that he had gone to Holland, and then returned by the Rhine; he had never seemed better, and at last got involved in some trouble with the police; he had been confined, but soon liberated, and placed under the care of his mother and carpenter-brother, then living at Bingen.

He never recovered his reason, he truly seemed dead to the past. They never could learn whether his reason had left him slowly, or whether he had had some serious illness after leaving them. There were several months of his life of which they could find no trace. Probably in Holland he had had something like a brain-fever, and it was upon recovering from that that the painful past was as a blank to him; neither the Leslies, his Great Work, his 'Magnum Opus,' as he used to call it, not even a violin, awoke any recollection to his mind. He passed his time in sitting on the banks of the Rhine, composing poetry; for as the gift of music forsook him, the love of verse was developed in him. Sometimes they were sweet and pretty verses, rhymes and legends of the Rhine; sometimes there was no connection or idea in them beyond the mere rhyme itself. His days pass peacefully and quietly; and if there is none of the hope and strivings after perfection of his early days, there is also none of the disappointment and the mental isolation which he in those felt so acutely. His life now is the life of a happy and innocent child.

His daily companions are children, who gather round him with awe and interest; and, to judge by the verses he now loves to compose, his mind draws from Nature its thoughts and its similes, and his dreams and his thoughts are those of a poet and a child.

Margaret never saw him again. For some time the thought of him was one of unmixed pain; she could not bear to dwell upon him and his miserable fate; and it sorely perplexed her to find a cause or a reason why a lot like that of Max Koch should be permitted in a world where all things are ordered for us beforehand. She cannot understand it yet; but now she is content to wait until the time when that problem, with many others which have been presented to her mind, and tested her faith, since then, shall be solved; certain that the time will come when all hard things are made easy, and when all things will be made clear to those who have had the faith to believe without seeing for a time.

Some influence for good was at work upon Oscar, to make him as submissive and contented as he was during the weeks that he spent at home after Wilhelmine's funeral. Grief at the death of his favourite sister, and also the gentle influence of his young wife, had something to do with it.

Clara took her share in housewifely duties, and endeavoured to learn all Frau Schültz could teach. Oscar and his father seemed better friends, and to find more in common than they had ever done before. Still Oscar longed for some occupation, for some means of supporting the young wife he had undertaken to cherish. But every pursuit seemed closed to him; either his age or his want of proper education seemed to debar him from every situation he would like to fulfil.

He repeatedly told his father he would do anything by which he could support Clara for the next three years, for after then there would no longer be cause for anxiety; he sometimes used to tell Clara he had serious thoughts of becoming a day-labourer, or driver to the barge-horses which plied up and down the Neckar.

After the lapse of some weeks, his father called him to his room, and put a letter into his hand.

'Father,' he said, as soon as he had read it, 'I shall be thankful to take that situation if you think I can get it.'

'Would you, really? think what it is to be under-clerk in a large wine business in a small country town like Bruchsal.'

Oscar winced. Bruchsal of all places!

It was a very small town, totally dependent on the large fortress, prison, and depôt, which was stationed there. He would be constantly meeting with old comrades amongst the different regiments, and he was quite aware how an under-clerk would be regarded by officers in the Grand-ducal army. He wavered for a moment, but he knew how unsuccessful he had been the last two months in procuring any employment. He and Clara were living entirely at the expense of his parents,

who could ill afford it; and above all, he knew how little such a reason would influence Clara, had she had a decision to make regarding herself. 'I ought not to mind,' he concluded; so, without consulting Clara, he accepted the situation, and they prepared to leave Gründenau.

Oscar had not exaggerated the annoyances of his life as an under-clerk in an office at Bruchsal: he felt them keenly—he felt the humbled position which he held, and the intercourse with men so much below him in social position. As to living in clover, they lived much more on stubble. The sum on which Oscar and Clara contrived to live respectably would sound incredible to English ears; but Germans understand those things better than English people do. And Clara gave her whole mind to the duties before her: she brought to them earnestness, perseverance, and application; and few are the difficulties which those qualities will not surmount.

Not that all went smooth and straight with her, or that Oscar at once lost the pride, wilfulness, and heedlessness, which had formerly brought him into so much trouble. He was sometimes irritable, oftener depressed, and inclined to grumble at the whole world, weary of his occupation, and anxious to throw it up. But Clara never varied. She kept her own troubles to herself, and was always ready to share his, and cheer him as she best knew how.

'Three years will soon be over—at any rate, Oscar, we did it for better or for worse; and we are having the worse now, the better will come after.'

And Oscar had resolved to do his best, and use this three years as a discipline; and as St. Francis of Sales would say, his inferior will might waver, but his superior will never failed. They bore their difficulties courageously; and after the three years had elapsed, and they went to Amersheim with the little Marie and Wilhelm Schültz, their better days did really come. Oscar was delighted to leave his clerkship. Herr Koch made over his entire business to him; and the experience he had acquired in the wine-merchant's office was very useful to him, now that he undertook a wholesale business in the wine trade, as well as in the management of vineyards.

Old Herr Koch seemed to think that in the three years' banishment he had imposed he had been the chief sufferer. They had thriven, although it had not been in clover; they most certainly were quite in love with matrimony; and Herr Koch could not but confess that Clara had chosen for herself very much better than he had endeavoured to choose for her. She ruled well in the larger sphere, at Amersheim, over which she was placed; and more than once Frau Schültz was led to say a most sincere 'Thank God,' that He had permitted Oscar to have such a help-mate through life as he had found in his gentle wife, Clara Koch.

(Concluded.)

THE CAPTURE;

OR,

THE DAYS OF THE FENIANS.

LOUGH NEAGH, although the largest fresh-water lake of which the British Isles can boast, is by no means the most renowned for either picturesqueness or beauty; and yet there are many rich and pretty spots along its shores, particularly on the north-eastern sides, which are for the most part richly wooded, being skirted, with but few intervals, by the demesnes of the O'Neills, the Skeffingtons, and the Packenhams: and the rich greensward of parks studded by noble old timber-borders, or used to border the edges of the lake for many a mile. Within the last twenty years, however, the utilitarian practices of Drainage Commissioners have greatly impaired even the mild beauty of these shores; they having, for the purpose of reclaiming land, so lowered the level of Lough Neagh as to leave along its margin an extent of muddy or sandy shore, thus giving to it the appearance, except during winter floods, of a salt-water estuary, with the tide continually at ebb.

Alders, willows, and in some places pines, have been planted on this lately-emerged strand; but they have not, as yet, done much to increase either its beauty or usefulness. Nature has in many places done more for those portions which have been left to her care alone, scattering, year by year, on the shingly shore, or amongst the crevices of the rough igneous rocks left bare by the receding waters, myrtles, violets, cranesbills, potentillas, stonecrops—all of which plants, whether from the nature of the new soil, or from the amphibious position in which they grow, differ considerably both in form and colouring from their kindred on dry land; for never were there cranesbills of a deeper crimson, violets of a more brilliant blue, nor more delicately-beautiful plants of the trailing potentillas, tormentillas, wild strawberry and dwarf convolvolus, than those which grow on these reclaimed, but so far almost useless, shores of Lough Neagh.

In consequence of the lake being bounded for many miles by parks, or enclosed demesnes, there are comparatively few dwellings of the humbler classes to be seen along its eastern shore, except here and there where some fishermen's cottages stand close to what was formerly the margin; to these the lowering of the waters must have been very advantageous, as it cleared before their doors so much open space whereon to dry nets and draw up boats.

Besides these cottages, you may, although at considerable intervals, find a few houses of greater pretensions. They have generally land attached to them, but have been more frequently occupied by gentlemen desirous rather to enjoy the fishing and other country sports of the neighbourhood,

than to occupy themselves with agricultural pursuits. Yet they are old-fashioned dwellings, with thickly-thatched roofs, and seldom more than two storeys in height; having their yard and farm-buildings in front, and their patch of garden and old orchard in the rear. Pleasant places enough they are in summer-time, when the sun is shining bright and warm, and scarcely a breeze disturbs the placid lake, whose little wavelets come rippling softly in amongst the sand and shingle on the neighbouring shore; but very dreary and wild in winter, as the storm-swept and weather-beaten appearance of the walls and higher trees sufficiently testify; the latter having all a bend to the eastward, and a look as if they wished to turn from the prevailing winter wind; for this wind, although westerly, blows cold and fiercely across the broad expanse of water, which under its influence swells into angry foam-covered waves, that, dashing wildly on the long level shore, throw their cold spray far inland over tree and herb.

In this present year, 1866, there lived in one of these better-class houses two maiden sisters, Anne and Patience Crozier; the latter now middle-aged, the former ten years her senior. They were the daughters of a sea-captain, who in 1826 had retired to spend the evening of his life in this lonely but pretty retreat, and to follow his favourite amusements, farming and fishing, for there was land attached to the old house. The Willows it was called, from two great trees which overhung its gateway; and there was excellent fishing both in the Lough and the many streams which flowed into it.

It was forty years now since Captain Crozier had come to the old house beside the lake, bringing with him a pretty wife and a numerous family of all ages from fifteen years to five months; a cheerful household they were then, healthy and happy; but of them all there now only remained the two maiden sisters, Anne and Patience, and their nephew, Tom Crozier, a boy about fourteen years old, the son of their eldest brother, who had died some years after his marriage, leaving his sisters to supply the place of both parents to the orphan boy, whose mother was also dead.

When left alone, the sisters had tried to make the best of the farm and the old house; but year by year the difficulty of doing so increased, and the two lone women, finding it nearly impossible to manage either the land or the labourers who tilled it, had at last decided on letting it to a neighbouring farmer, retaining for themselves only the house, the farm-buildings which stood around the yard, and the garden and orchard; there being in the latter sufficient grass for the two milch cows, and the former supplying food for the two pigs, the only live stock, beside cat, dog, and fowls, which the sisters still retained. From their small farm-produce, which they had sold, generally quite too cheaply, as might be expected, at the neighbouring market-town of Loughead, and from the rent which they ought to receive for the land, the sisters could have provided for their own very humble requirements; for they never went

from home, and had few acquaintances of their own rank now—those whom they had known in more prosperous days having gradually dropped away; some leaving the neighbourhood, some dying, and some forgetting the sisters in their fallen fortunes. They lived very differently now from the way in which they had lived in their father's lifetime; but so far they had had enough to provide, if not richly at least comfortably, for themselves and their nephew, whose education had been most kindly undertaken by Mr. Betts, the clergyman of Loughead, who having been a friend of Tom's father, generously extended his friendship to the son, and thus materially lightened the good ladies' expenses. But now Tom was fourteen, and it was most desirable that in his circumstances he should enter early on some profession or employment by which he should be able to gain his own livelihood, for his father had not left him a penny, and the boy was altogether dependent on his aunts.

Some mercantile pursuit was what the ladies would have preferred for their nephew, and they had already been offered a very good situation for him as clerk in a merchant's office in Belfast. But Tom, like many another boy, would hear of but one pursuit, one profession; he would be a sailor or nothing: if he could not go as a gentleman's son, he would go before the mast in some trading vessel; but be a landsman he would not for any consideration.

At first the aunts had tried to alter Tom's determination, but seeing that it was vain, they had latterly given up all idea of doing so. Had not the boy been amphibious all his life? spending more than half his time on the lake with the fishermen, or paddling knee-deep in the water, to sail his own mimic navy along its shores? And to tell the truth, they were not altogether displeased to see this decided predilection in their nephew. What profession, thought they, could be more honourable than that which their honoured father had followed? The navy was out of the question; but friends of Captain Crozier could have procured for his grandson an appointment in the Peninsular and Oriental service; but then there was the difficulty which, as far as appeared, was insurmountable—they had not the means of providing him with the necessary outfit. Where could they procure from two to three hundred pounds to begin with, besides a considerable sum yearly until the boy's pay should be sufficient for his expenses? It was simply an impossibility; and if something did not turn up—and except in books great things are not apt to turn up just when they are required—Tom would have to go to sea in some very humble capacity.

This was a cause of much sorrow and anxiety to the sisters; and as sorrows never come singly, troubles of many kinds were pressing on them just now.

The farmer to whom they had set their land evinced a very uncomfortable reluctance to pay any rent, pleading as his excuse the unsettled state of the country. The cows were not milking as they ought; the pigs would not fatten; the hens even did not lay as many eggs as heretofore.

But beyond all these pecuniary difficulties, and causing the want of money to be the more keenly felt, Anne, the elder sister, had, after a succession of colds and influenzas, from which she had suffered during the winter, fallen into a weak and very precarious state of health, requiring the attendance of a doctor, besides expensive medicines, nourishment, wine, and all the comforts, to procure which money is absolutely necessary.

When we add to this that they were very much afraid of the Fenians, and fully expected that the general rising would take place before the end of March, it may be imagined that this spring was not a very pleasant one for the sisters.

Dr. Griffin, Anne's medical attendant, had told the younger sister that without every care and comfort, perhaps not without change to a warmer climate, could he answer for her recovery; and poor Patience's heart bled sore, for Anne was almost all that she had left to her on earth to look up to or to love—Anne and Tom.

For herself, she did not care how poor she might be. Although she was a Captain's daughter—and the thought of former and brighter days sometimes shot painfully to her heart—she would never think shame to work for her living, and she knew that she could do it too. But her dear sick helpless sister, whom she knew money might save; and her dear young thoughtless nephew, whom money might keep from low and unfitting companionship; it was hard to think of them both, and to think too that there was not any possible means within her reach of gaining money beyond what was barely necessary for their present requirements.

If she had been possessed of any available jewellery, she would willingly have sold it; but she had none of any value, nothing at least except that one turquoise ring with its glittering centre diamond—it would bring a little money, she knew; but how could she part with it? It was wrong for her to wear it, and silly too—Anne had often told her so; but she could not part with it, not until the necessity was absolute. Perhaps, when all other sources failed, she must take that ring to Belfast, sell it, and get in its stead brandy, old port, claret, essence of beef—all that was necessary for her sister. Perhaps, too, if she kept it, it might be but for the behoof of the Fenians, who might any day come and tear it from her finger. Oh, what frightful times to live in! However, as outwardly the times looked very much the same as they had always looked, and the neighbourhood continued perfectly quiet, there was no harm in putting off the evil day a little longer; and even were the ring sold to the best possible advantage, it would pay but a small part of the expense of a journey to, and sojourn in, a warmer climate.

Musing thus one evening in the middle of March, 1866, Patience Crozier stood upon the door-step of the old house beside the lake. She was comely still, although this was her fortieth spring; a small fair-haired woman, with rosy cheeks and lips, and soft hazel eyes. Hers was one of those kindly gentle faces on which Time seems reluctant to write his traces; and even Care and Sorrow, finding themselves met with so much

meekness and submission, are unwilling to mar. For Patience Crozier had had many difficulties to contend with, and some deep sorrows had fallen to her lot; but she was worthy of her name, and in her quiet way she had struggled with the difficulties, and borne the inevitable sorrows with resignation. She had lived them down, and they now seemed all behind her; if only her sister were well, and her nephew provided for; but these were two great, and, as far as she could see, insurmountable 'ifs.'

When she had stood for a few moments on the door-step, looked up at the pale blue sky, and out under the willows to where beyond its almost level strand the lake was lying calm and still, Patience crossed the clean and dry but deserted-looking yard, peeped into the cow-house, and learned from the girl who was milking the white cow, that the red cow, the best of the two, was dry, and would give no more milk for some months. Then, as she left the cow-house, she met old Bill, the only man whom she and her sister now employed, who told her that the pigs would 'soon refuse their meat a'thegither if she didn't buy them more India meal to mix with the curlys;' and then he showed her two eggs, told her that the neighbour's dogs were eating them as fast as the hens laid them; and also that 'the ducks had took up with some wild ones,' or 'at any rate had gone across the Lough to the main water and would not be back for this season.'

Poor Patience sighed as she re-crossed the yard. It was to this small farm produce that she had chiefly looked for the purchase of the little luxuries which Anne required; and it was with the money last received for butter in Loughead market that she had bought the bottle of brandy and the small supply of old port and claret which she had at present in the house.

Peeping in at the little parlour window, which looked out upon the yard, she saw that her sister was sleeping quietly in the large arm-chair, and that the fire was bright and good. Therefore, as her presence was not yet required in-doors, and as the evening was mild and tempting, she walked down to the large gateway, and standing beneath the old willows which overhung the weather-beaten wall, she looked out over the lake, which, smooth and unruffled, reflected back the calm blue sky, and the long lines of feathery clouds, which the sun was touching with tender hues of gold and violet, as he sank behind the low straight ridge of Slievo Gallion on the opposite shore.

The fishing season had but just commenced; and the fishermen were preparing their nets for the night's work.

'It is time for Tom to be home,' she said to herself, as she looked up the little lane, which was the shortest way to the market town, where her nephew had gone on some errand of his own—not for his usual lessons, as Mr. Betts was spending this week in Belfast.

Tom was not to be seen in the lane; but then he often diverged from this direct way, and going down upon the beach, walked close beside the

margin of the lake, following all the windings of its little bays and promontories. But neither in the lane, nor on the strand, which was visible for a much greater distance, was the boy to be seen. Far away, at the point where the Rowen Water—the river on which Loughead was built—flowed into the lake, she could discern a single figure; but it was that of a man, not a boy. Besides this figure and the nearer fishermen, there was not a human being within sight; but in the water the wild ducks were sporting themselves in their gayest fashion—flapping, diving, quacking; and overhead an angle of black cormorants were hastening seaward; whilst up and down above the shingly strand, plovers flew backward and forward, uttering their musical but melancholy cry.

'Poor Tom!' thought Patience, 'it is time for him to be at home; how pleasant it is to see him come back in the evening! and yet is it not one of my most cherished wishes that I had the means of sending him away from us? But then it is only for his own good: we should hear from him: he would write to us: and above all, he would, please Heaven, often return to visit us.' And then a sudden recollection made Patience sigh deeply. It was a thought which seldom now disturbed the tranquillity of her mind; for she had struggled with it, painfully and bitterly at first, but valiantly and patiently, till she had, as she believed, lived it down, and wholly conquered it.

Still there are moments when, however successfully we may have vanquished the sorrows of the past, they will—some of them—rise up, look us in the face, and, worst of all, make us believe that only for something—some act of our own—they might not have been—that all might have been well with us, if only— Those might have beens, those ifs, and those onlys, are, when indulged, the very bitterness of sorrow; and, blind short-sighted mortals as we are, it is generally better, in thinking of the past, to keep them out of our minds, and not uselessly to add gall to bitterness; for after all, are not the 'might have beens' applicable as well to our good as to our evil fortunes? We know not by what 'ifs' and what 'onlys' calamity has been averted from our paths.

Be this as it may: something in the evening, something in the appearance of the lake—perhaps, rather, something in the thought of Tom's departure—struck a chord deep down in Patience Crozier's memory, opened before her mind's eye a sad page in the book of her life—a page which for many years she had tried to close up, to put away, and to forget, as well as she could forget; for both her own judgment and the counsel of her wise sister told her that it was right she should not remember it now.

She had walked a little down the strand, to enjoy the mild breeze which blew off the water, and to have a better view of the way by which her nephew might come: but now with a little shudder she drew her shawl more closely about her, turned—and as she retraced her steps, thoughts which she was unable to control crowded through her mind—memories of happy days spent here upon the lake shore long ago; not

on the shingly beach, which now lay between the house and the lake, but on the grassy bank beneath the willows, close beside which the waters rippled and the boats were moored; when her father and his friends returned blithe and merry, after a day of successful fishing; and amongst them was always sure to be seen a blue-eyed fair-haired youth, whose first glance sought her face, and whose brightest smiles were all for her.

Eighteen—twenty—could it be twenty-one years since that happy summer? Death had not crossed the threshold then. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, all were living together, a happy and united family—albeit under a somewhat iron rule. For Captain Crozier, having all his life been accustomed to implicit obedience from those under him, was not likely to relax his rule in behalf of wife or family, none of whom indeed ever questioned his authority—the sons being mild amiable men, and the daughters having never thought of possessing a will contrary to that of their father.

So that when, more than twenty years ago, Captain Crozier had said that his daughter Patience was not again to see or to hold further communication with James Somerville—to whom she had, with his approbation as well as that of the young man's father, been for some time engaged—no one thought of questioning his decision, however harsh or unjust it may have appeared, and notwithstanding that the young man was highly respectable in every way, and had himself done nothing to offend the sea captain. But his father had, and that was quite sufficient.

James Somerville was the son of a police inspector, who lived a mile or two up the lake shore, beside the mouth of the Rowen Water, and near the town of Loughead, where was a barrack, and a considerable force of constabulary.

Mr. Somerville was a very popular man in the country, and like Captain Crozier, a great fisherman; like Captain Crozier also, a great disciplinarian, and quite as fond of his own way, both in large and small matters, as the seafaring man himself. For two full fishing seasons, these gentlemen were the warmest of friends, their families sharing the intimacy. During the third, there arose a difference between them. They could not agree as to which kind of fly was most efficacious in catching the large salmon-trout with which the lake abounded.

On this delicate subject they had come to high words—some said to more than words; but this was never proved. 'The beginning of strife is as the letting out of water;' and however this quarrel began, it ended cruelly for young James Somerville and Patience Crozier. The Captain vowed that he would never allow anyone of the name of Somerville to enter his house again, much less to marry his daughter; who, although her poor heart was nigh to breaking, did not rebel—not farther, at least, than in once more seeing her lover to bid him a long farewell. The interview was discovered by the Captain, whose ire it increased

tenfold; and on his death-bed he told his daughter that, but for that act of disobedience, he might in time have forgiven and recalled the young man; and with these dying words, struck the keenest stab of all to the poor girl's heart, making her believe that all had been lost by her own act.

Soon after his quarrel with Captain Crozier, Mr. Somerville removed to another part of the country, much regretted by the inhabitants of Loughead, and particularly by the men who had been under his immediate control, and amongst whom his memory long continued green. One man who had served under Mr. Somerville still remained at Loughead—old Constable Hickey, with whom Patience Crozier—although she felt it to be a weakness, and somewhat of a disrespect to her father's memory—always liked to have a talk about old times, when she met him in her walks to Loughead, or along the lake shore—old times in general, of course—she kept very clear of all which had concerned herself; but the old man had known how things had stood, and had always contrived to tell Miss Crozier anything he knew of his former master's family. Hickey was besides a very particular friend of Tom's; and being himself a fisherman, he often, in slack times, took the boy with him for a day's sport up the Rowen Water, or out upon the Lough.

During the ten years which followed the sudden overthrow of Patience Crozier's prospects in life, sorrow followed upon sorrow in quick and mournful succession. Captain Crozier, his wife, their three daughters, their two sons, and their daughter-in-law, died, leaving, as has been before stated, only Anne and Patience, and the little orphan boy.

The old Captain had been in good circumstances; but he had lived beyond his means, so that at his death there was no provision for his family, except whatever interest he possessed in the old house, and the land which was attached to it.

From the time the Somervilles left Loughead, the family at The Willows had no communication whatever with them. And Patience had never seen her lover, not since that autumn evening, when they had taken their last sad leave of each other—when she had told him that she would be true to him always, but that they must never never meet again; and he had vowed that, come what might, he would one day return, and that she, and she only, should be his wife; and putting that ring of turquoise and diamond on her finger, had told her to wear it until he should be able to replace it by a plain circlet of gold.

Then, while they spoke thus, beneath the willow trees, by the lake shore, a sister standing near as sentinel, Captain Crozier, evading all sentinels, came upon them suddenly; and the terrified girl scarcely knew what followed, except that she and her sister retreated to the house, while the voice of the angry father rang terribly in their ears.

After that, she had never heard from James Somerville: she knew that his father had died; that he himself had gone abroad; that he had been in Australia, America, California—leading a roving life, but

not favoured by fortune in any of his undertakings. Once or twice he had written to Constable Hickey; and the old man was sure to tell the Misses Crozier of these letters, and of his whereabouts. But after awhile these communications ceased also; and then Patience felt that he had forgotten his old friends. Poor James! young, impulsive, gay, fond of change; it was not likely that, notwithstanding his promises, he would, among such different scenes, long remember his first early love.

Patience had not expected that he would remember her long, or easily forget her father's treatment of him; therefore, although wounded to the heart, she was not surprised.

At first—no, not for ten or fifteen years—had she dared to place his ring upon her finger, or to wear it visibly; but of late, half believing that he was dead, perfectly sure that she should never see him again, but knowing that his memory was as dear to her as it had ever been, she had sometimes, notwithstanding Anne's reproving smile, placed it on the still pretty finger.

It was so placed on this March evening; and as she walked up the strand, she glanced at its glittering diamond and its azure turquoise. Ah, she would sell all her possessions, she would work her poor soft fingers to the bone, ere she would part with that little treasured relic of the past.

When Patience Crozier entered the little parlour, she found that Dr. Griffin had come during her absence, and was now seated beside her sister's arm-chair, counting the feeble pulsations in the thin wrist, which he held between his fingers and thumb.

'Claret and brandy during the day, and a glass of good old port mixed in the gruel which she takes going to bed at night,' he said, addressing the younger sister as she came in. 'Besides, the strongest beef tea—essence of beef, I might say. It will take it all to do. Change to a warmer climate as soon as the weather will permit.'

While these words sounded in Patience's ears, the visions of the past all fled away, like visions as they were. And her uppermost and only thought was, 'How can I manage all this? Oh, if I had some money!'

'Perhaps I may get to Queenstown when I am a little stronger,' said Anne, with a smile which meant to reassure her sister, on whose countenance she saw the look of deep concern.

'I'd rather send you to Bournemouth, Ma'am,' said the doctor; 'it would be better for you; and then, you know, you'd be out of the way of the Fenians. Cork's the very hot-bed of them.'

'Bournemouth,' thought Patience. 'Dr. Griffin might as well recommend them to go to the moon as to the South of England, when they had no money to pay for either journey.' Still, the idea of Bournemouth was like the thought of Heaven itself. Health for Anne, and safety from the Fenians!

'Anne is not quite so much afraid of these dreadful people as I am,' she said, addressing Dr. Griffin. 'But do you really believe that

Stephens, the Head-Centre, is in Paris? it would be such a comfort if he were.'

'Indeed, I do not believe anything of the kind, Miss Patience. He has been seen in several disguises, both in Dublin and elsewhere; but the people are so cowardly they will not move a finger to take him, or to inform the police.'

'I fear it shows great disaffection,' said Anne. 'Any loyal subject would inform at once.'

'But, Anne dear, it might be at the risk of their own lives.'

'What is our life compared to our duty?' said Miss Crozier, who had the spirit of a martyr.

'Surely, surely,' said Dr. Griffin, who, though he did not possess very much of that spirit, could recommend it to others. 'If Stephens were securely captured the country would be saved. As it is, Fenianism was never more rampant than at present: their emissaries are all through the country. I see them every day of my life—pedlars, tramps, would-be gentlemen.'

'Perhaps they are not all Fenians,' suggested Patience.

'I couldn't be mistaken,' said the Doctor oracularly, 'never was in my life; I know them at a glance; it would be a clever Fenian who could disguise himself from me; and I flatter myself, Miss Patience, that I know enough of my fellow-creatures not to suspect an innocent man.'

Patience was silenced.

'It was only the other day,' continued the Doctor, 'that I sent my man down to Cushendoll Fair to buy a pony; but, bless your heart! there was not one worth looking at where they used to be in droves and hundreds. The country is in such a state, that no one had confidence enough to bring in their animals. That district is in a very serious condition; and they say now, for certain, that Stephens is hiding in the Glens.'

'Oh dear!' exclaimed Patience; 'what shall we do if he comes here?'

'Inform the police, of course, and get three hundred pounds from Government. Or, still better, take him prisoner, and they'll give you a thousand. I'm not sure if you get both, but either three hundred or a thousand would be a sum not to think lightly of these bad times.'

Think lightly of thirteen hundred pounds, indeed! Poor Patience! she was the last person in the world to do that, if she could only obtain it in a way which she thought right.

'I should rather starve than receive money as an informer,' she said.

'You were never more mistaken in your life, Miss Patience,' said the Doctor. 'If you had the good fortune to be able to capture James Stephens, or even to inform Government of his whereabouts, it would be your bounden duty, both to Heaven and to your country, to do so without the smallest delay.'

'Surely, surely,' said Anne faintly; 'and I believe Patience would do her duty if she were tried.'

'One comfort is,' said Patience, 'I should not know James Stephens if I saw him, and therefore I could not inform.'

'Anyone may know him,' said Dr. Griffin; 'the descriptions of his person are full enough: five feet ten inches in height, forty years of age; ruddy complexion, sandy hair becoming bald at the top; large beard, tender eyes, has a habit of winking with one of them. No one has any excuse. Just think of the carnage which might be prevented by his arrest.'

'Then you really think it will come to something,' said Patience, while her cheeks grew pale.

'Come to something! of course it will. If you mean to ask me whether they are likely to overthrow the Government, I don't think it will come to that; but I have no doubt that there will be bloodshed—a midnight massacre, most probably; unless the Head-Centre be captured in time—that, of course, might prevent everything.'

'I suppose it would,' said Patience; 'still I hope he won't come this way.'

'But if he did, I hope both you and I, Patty, would be faithful to our duty,' said Anne, while a faint colour rose to her pale cheeks. Poor weak women as we are, we might still do something.'

'But not take the reward, Sister. Surely, you wouldn't!'

'I should think it an insult to Government to refuse it,' said Anne.

'But the price of blood,' said Patience humbly.

'The price of fiddlestick!' exclaimed Dr. Griffin, becoming excited. 'Nothing worse 'd happen the man than to be sent abroad for eight or ten years, live as happy as a king in one of the colonies, and then come back again, like his master, Smith O'Brien, to raise another row. If you'd got thirteen hundred pounds, Miss Patience, you might take your sister to Madeira, let alone Bournemouth, and put Tom in the Peninsular and Oriental offhand.'

'I am sure it is not for the sake of the money any of us would do it,' said Anne faintly; 'but maybe it's not a profitable subject of discussion, and I'm getting tired now. So, Patty dear, if you will ring the bell for Biddy I shall go to bed. Give the Doctor a cup of tea, and then you can make my gruel after.—Patty and I had an early cup of tea, Doctor, but she'll get one for you in a moment if you'll wait.'

'No, thank you, Miss Crozier, I must be off. Don't forget all the directions I have given you.'

Biddy, the maid-servant, now appeared; and Miss Crozier, leaning on her arm, left the room. Patience would follow in a moment, but she must first have a few moments of private conversation with Doctor Griffin.

'Doctor,' she asked anxiously, when the door had closed behind her sister, 'is change to a warmer climate absolutely necessary?'

'Well,' replied the medical man, who was aware of the sisters' small resources, 'we must, I suppose, see what care and nourishment will do, and hope for the best.'

'But what would a warmer climate do for her?'

'Save her life,' replied Dr. Griffin sententiously.

'Save her life!' thought Patience, but she could not command her voice to speak. Oh, if she could get money before Anne died for want of it; before Tom went to sea as a common sailor. If money did not come in time to avert these two calamities, she did not care if it never came at all.

Just at this moment Tom Crozier's peremptory knock sounded at the hall door; and, as the servant was otherwise engaged, Patience hastened to admit him.

'You're late to-night, Tom,' she said as he entered; 'what detained you? were you fishing?'

'Not I, Aunt Pat,' replied the boy, with a voice of some importance, 'my hands were too full for that.'

'Why, what were you doing?'

'Hush! who's that in the parlour?'

'Only Dr. Griffin.'

'Well, maybe he'll do as well as another;' and Tom, without divesting himself of his small top-coat, hastened into the sitting-room, his aunt closely following him.

When both had entered he shut the door, and looking cautiously round the room to see that there were no others present, he said, 'What do you think, Dr. Griffin! Stephens the Head-Centre 's about here, as sure as a gun: and Hickey and all his boys are out after him. They saw him dodging about the mouth of the Rowen Water just at sunset, and then they lost the trail. Hickey says he took the other direction; but I'm sure he cut up this way. And I mean to earn a round thousand before I sleep a wink to-night.'

'Good gracious, Tom!' exclaimed Patience, sitting down, for her trembling knees would not support her.

'What made them think 'twas Stephens?' asked Dr. Griffin eagerly.

'What made them think it!' repeated Tom. 'Just because it's himself, not a point astray: five foot ten, sandy hair, large beard, tender eyes—everything complete—no one could mistake him. He's been about the country all day—came in the 10. 20. train this morning—'

'From the Glens, I suppose,' said Patience, looking at the Doctor.

'And why didn't Hickey and his men catch him before now?' asked Dr. Griffin.

'Oh, as to that,' replied Tom, 'people don't always think of things just at first. It didn't strike them till they saw the way the fellow was dodging about by the lake all day. If he hadn't a boat waiting for him at the mouth of the Rowen, he has come up this way for certain sure. Come along, Doctor; if I catch him, I'll give you half the thousand; and if you catch him, you'll do the same by me.'

'Well,' said the Doctor, slowly, 'I can't quite see it. Our lives might be in danger. I think it would be more prudent to get the assistance of

the police; for my part, I should prefer three hundred pounds and a whole skin to the whole thousand with the chance of losing my life.'

'Hickey's miles away in the other direction,' said Tom.

'I have a gig, and can go for him,' said the Doctor, hastening to the door.

'Very well,' said Tom, as the medical man went out. If I catch Stephens, you may whistle for the thousand, or any part of it either.'

'Oh, Tom, Tom!' cried Patience, trembling all over. 'Don't, please don't go; at least, till Dr. Griffin comes back. If you do find this wretched man, he'll surely kill you; men do such things when they are desperate. Dr. Griffin shouldn't have left you, to be sure; but oh! don't go by yourself.'

'The fool of a fellow, he's afraid of his life!' was all the boy answered; and in a moment he was gone out into the murky twilight, and far beyond the reach of her voice; and poor Patience was left alone with her fears, imagining everything that was most terrible. She could not go to her sister for sympathy, for might not the fright cost her her life? Nor could she call the servant, who was with Anne. Neither could she sit quietly down and wait; she was too much overcome by nervous excitement. Duty, however, had always through life been her first thought, and now suddenly recollecting that her sister's gruel should be made, she fetched meal, saucepan, &c. It was certainly an act most difficult to perform in the present state of her mind, yet she felt relieved by the very doing of it; and never before or since did gruel get such a stirring, the spoon never ceased to go round and round in the saucepan for a full hour, whilst she listened, listened, half expecting to hear her nephew's death-scream from without.

Biddy, the maid, at last came down to know if the mistress's supper was ready, and to say that she wished to see Miss Patience.

Patience had hoped that she might not have had to face her sister's scrutinizing glance; but finding it could not be avoided, she sweetened the gruel, put into it the glass of old port, and went up to the sick room, hoping that possibly in the dim candle light the terrified expression of her face might not be observed. This was, however, a vain hope, for the moment Anne saw her she perceived that something was amiss, and Patience had to tell the whole story from beginning to end.

The invalid was not so much disturbed, or alarmed, as her sister had expected. When she had heard all, she leaned back on her pillow, and after a few moments silence, said, 'I have no fears for the boy, Patty; he's doing his duty. I hope he'll be faithful to it. I'm not so sure that the Doctor's doing his duty. However, I hope he'll soon bring the police. Go you down now and wait in the parlour, you may be wanting. Say nothing to Biddy, but send her up to sit with me, and I'll keep her quiet. Don't be alarmed about me. Now kiss me, and be faithful, Patty.'

Patience did as she was bid; and going down to the parlour, took a seat beside the fire, on which almost mechanically she had heaped up a

quantity of coals, so that it was of much greater magnitude than was generally to be seen in the economical *menage* at The Willows: and while she listened, listened, thoughts unbidden and innumerable crowded through her brain; thoughts of past joy, present calamity, and future terror. She knew not what time had passed, it seemed to her almost like a lifetime, when all at once she heard footsteps outside, and then—surely it was Tom's knock at the outer door; and feeling delighted by the thought that he must have failed in his errand, and was probably returning with either the Doctor or one of the fishermen, she sprang up to admit him.

Opening the door quickly, and ready to ask all manner of questions, the words were suddenly frozen on her tongue, by the sight which she saw before her. There, with the light of the candle which she held in her hand shining full upon his face, stood the veritable Arch Rebel himself—not a point astray, as Tom had said; height, age, complexion, hair, beard, all were correct, even to the tender eyes, which were certainly winking or twinkling, or doing something of the kind; while over the shoulder of the Head-Centre appeared her nephew's face, on which she could read a warning but exultant expression; but for his look, and for the recollection of Anne's last words, 'Be faithful, Patty;' the poor woman would have fainted on the spot.

'Walk into the parlour, Sir!' said Tom, in a voice which his aunt knew well to be constrained and unnatural; and the stranger, laying his little knapsack on the hall chair, did as he was desired without uttering a syllable; while Tom, pointing to the small luggage, which was covered with black leather, and marked J. S. in large white letters, whispered, 'It's all right. Aunt Pat. He's had a drop too much, I'm sure, for he allowed me to take him just as if he was a lamb. Give the gentleman a glass of wine,' he continued in a louder tone, as he almost pushed his terrified aunt into the small sitting-room. I have a little business outside, and will be back presently.' So saying, he shut the door, leaving Patience alone with the Head-Centre.

The poor woman sat down, but simply because she could not stand, for to add to her terror she saw that the man had observed, and was looking at, her poor ring, on the diamond of which a ray from the blazing fire sparkled. Perhaps the time was now at hand when it would be torn from her bleeding finger.

Hiding her left hand, she raised the other, and taking the bottle of old port, which she had forgotten to put by—a most unusual thing for her—she was about to follow Tom's direction, to pour out a glassful for the dreaded stranger, when he said, 'Not a drop, Ma'am, not a drop, thank you;' and at the sound of his voice, Patience started so violently, that the bottle fell from her hand and all its contents—all the old port at ten shillings a bottle which she possessed, ran streaming over the table.

'It's no consequence; oh, no consequence at all!' she exclaimed, as the

Rebel leader, starting to his feet, began with his white lawn handkerchief to sop up the rich liquor.

Ah, poor man! how handily he did it; he had a spark of nature left in him still. But on the corner of the handkerchief, she again saw the dreaded initials J. S., and seeing them she sat down trembling.

'You'll spoil your handkerchief—port stains terribly,' she gasped, it seeming worse to her to keep silence than to speak.

'What do I care?' he said, throwing the dripping handkerchief on the top of the fire, whilst a bright smile played round his mouth, making Patience think that he did not look as if he could head the midnight massacre. 'The loss of a rag like that doesn't count much when a man's gone through as much as I have.'

'I suppose not,' faltered Patience; 'people become reckless, I dare say.'

'Ay, ay,' he replied; and again his eyes were winking or twinkling, and he drew his hand across them, and looked at the handkerchief as it blazed on the top of the coals.

'Poor man! poor creature!' thought Patience; 'he's thinking of his own fire-side, and of the wife he may never see again—that is, if we take him up. If it's our duty to our country, as they say, it's an awful duty. I never liked Jael, and now I think I'm doing just as she did.'

The captain of the host turned at this moment, and looked her straight in the face.

'I can't do it! I can't!' thought Patience. 'He *is* Stephens, I know; but he has a look that—that I don't understand. Good Heavens! they may blame me as much as they please, but I will let him out by the back door into the orchard before the police come. Tom will never think of that door, it is so seldom opened now; and he knows I keep the key.'

'I see you recognize me,' said the stranger.

'Oh, Sir! I do, I do!' replied Patience, rising; 'and I know I'm doing wrong, and ought not to interfere, but I can't help it. Come with me quietly, and I'll show you a little back door, by which you can escape; and if you get away safely this time, oh! do, do quit the country quietly, and leave us in peace;' and as she said these words, she looked beseechingly into the face of the supposed Head-Centre.

'Quit the country, and leave you in peace?' he repeated. 'What *do* you mean? Has anything happened that I don't know? I thought Mr. Betts told me all about you. Why should I leave the country? I've no friend or relation left in the wide world, except those I may find here; and I've come all these thousands of miles only to see you. I told you that I would never forget you, and I never did. I thought when I saw that ring on your finger, that maybe you had not forgotten me either.'

Patience raised her eyes again to his face. 'Who are you?' she gasped, while the colour deepened and deepened in her cheeks.

'Who do you take me for?'

'I—I—Isn't your name Stephens? Are not you the Fenian Head-Centre?'

'Bless my soul! my own poor Patty!' cried the stranger, with a merry laugh. Is that what the poor boy's at? I couldn't make head or tail of him; he had such manœuvring to bring me just to the very place I wanted to come to. Oh! dear, dear! and you, my kind-hearted Patty—you would have spoiled all his plans by letting me out by the orchard door.'

'But—but—' said Patience, still hesitating and trembling.

'But what, Patty? Don't you remember James Somerville? I didn't think you'd have forgotten me, though it's upwards of twenty years.'

'You James? you? Oh!' and Patience was nearer to fainting now from joy than she had been before from terror.

Tom Crozier, who with the assistance of old Bill and a fisherman, was keeping guard outside, heard the merry laugh sounding from within, and not knowing what it might portend, entered hastily, ready for any deed of daring; but, finding Aunt Pat's waist encircled by the arm of the Arch Rebel, stood aghast, wondering what the world was coming to.

'Well, my boy,' said the supposed Head-Centre, 'you'll not get the thousand pounds for me; I'm afraid Government wouldn't think me worth it, I assure you; but we'll find it for you somewhere else.'

'What's up?' was all the astonished boy could say.

'Oh! Tom, Tom!' was all his aunt could reply; so that the explanations were left altogether to the suspected gentleman, who, however, was able for the task; particularly as the boy had often heard of him from his friend, Constable Hickey, and would have been ready enough to welcome Mr. Somerville home under any other circumstances; but he could not feel otherwise than that this was rather a flat termination to the night's adventure, and to his hopes of making his fortune.

'Poor fellow!' said Mr. Somerville, smiling at the boy's crest-fallen appearance. 'We'll make it up to you yet, maybe. I met Mr. Betts in Belfast last night, and he told me all about you. The navy, or something that way, you want to get into.—And your sister Anne, Patty; I was sorry to hear she was so ill. She's ordered away to a warmer climate, isn't she?'

'Yes, James,' replied Patience; 'but we've been so poor that we have given up all these things. Tom was to go into a trading vessel; and Dr. Griffin says that by great care at home Annie may come round.'

'But I have money, Patty, plenty of money; and that's all the same as if you had it, isn't it? I haven't had it long, you may be sure, or I would have been back before this. I've been as struggling and poor as any unfortunate fellow could be. Till within the last few years everything I put my hand to failed; but 'Never give up,' was my motto, and fortune came at last. It was fortune, though, and not my own good guiding; for what I thought would be my ruin was the making of me in the end. A man in New York, to whom I had lent the only money I could call my own, died, and left me, instead of hard cash, what everyone thought was utterly unsaleable, cotton goods. But war times are strange

times, and prices rose and rose, till my stock was worth ten times its original cost. I sold it, bought other goods which rose even more, and so on. I'll tell you the particulars some other time, and only come to the main point now, which is that I have upwards of fifty thousand pounds realized, and safe at this side of the water, and that my partner is carrying on a steady lucrative business for me in New York. And it's all at your service, Patty, yours and your family's, for I haven't a creature depending on me; and never was there a man that wanted a Centre more than I do; and if I'm not mistaken, you three lone people wouldn't be the worse of a Head.'

At this moment a stealthy trampling of feet was heard outside.

'What's that?' asked Mr. Somerville, observing some discomposure in Tom's countenance.

'I'm afraid it's the police,' said the boy sheepishly.

'Come to take me?' said Mr. Somerville, rising with a pleasant smile. 'We'd better go and see them. Is old Hickey still alive?' and he was moving to the door; but Tom was before him.

'It's all a mistake, Hickey!' cried the boy, running out. 'It's not Stephens at all, but Mr. Somerville, the son of your old Inspector, come home from America, as rich as a Jew, and going to marry Aunt Patty, and do I don't know what for us all!'

'Shake hands, Hickey,' said Mr. Somerville, as he went out upon the door-step; 'though I've brought you out here on a wild-goose chase, I know you'll give me a welcome for my poor father's sake.'

'That I will!' cried Hickey, grasping his hand; 'and I'd rather see you home safe, Sir, nor get the whole reward for Stephens.' Then all the men who had assembled round the house joined in a hearty cheer; while Patience Crozier ran up-stairs, and between laughing and crying, told her sister the almost incredible news.

The month of April was not far advanced, when Mr. Betts married James Somerville to Patience Crozier, in the old church at Loughead. Their wedding tour was to the south of England, where they went by easy stages, accompanied by both sister and nephew.

ELIZA.

A REAL PORTRAIT.

THE pleasure with which we examine a shell or a wild flower is not exclusively the enjoyment of its symmetry of form and harmony of colour; there mingles with this natural enjoyment the thought that it is not a solitary creation, but a specimen of what God has wrought; a specimen of what abounds in the depths of the sea or the crevices of

the valleys, though rarely given to human sight; and thus it is, when He permits us to look on moral beauty; it is not only that we praise and thank Him for the grace given to the individual; but we are led to hope that He may have many hidden ones of saintly character, tossed on the waves of this troublesome world, like the exquisite shell, unseen till it reaches the shore; or concealed in its manifold solitudes, or obscured in its high places, or sheltered in quiet homes like the violet hidden among its leaves, till a breeze passes by to convey its fragrance, or till, gathered from the stem, its sweetness is wafted high in death. This thought of the Lord's hidden ones, sheds a holy light even over the horrors of the Indian Mutiny; this hope that among the young and gay in our military circles may now be many who, like those who then proved their Christianity to the death, are living to God, unseen by men, until some time of trial calls their faith into visible action.

This thought comforts us, too, as we walk the wards of the hospital or work-house; we see one instance of patient trust, and we feel there may be many such of which we know nothing. And when we possess such a specimen we do not like to conceal it; we wish to let more who can appreciate it, share with us the lovely shell or the fragrant blossom, that speak to us of Him who delighteth in beauty; and thus it is, when we have had opportunity of observing the development of a holy life, we wish that others may also know at least the outline of His work of grace.

A saint has lately departed from among us, whose life was a commentary on the words, 'Let Patience have her perfect work.' Patience will have no room for exercise hereafter; therefore it finds its perfection here; and for those in whom He exhibits this grace as perfected, He changes and varies His mode of discipline, so that no sooner is one lesson learned than a new one is set before the disciple.

Upwards of thirty years have elapsed since I became acquainted with Eliza. I was told of a young lady in the neighbourhood who was confined to her bed, and suffering intense pain; 'but,' added the person who mentioned her, 'the joy of the Lord is her strength.' I had not observed those words in Nehemiah before, and they have ever since been associated with her. She was a pretty girl, of about eighteen years of age; her glossy brown hair, braided over a fair broad forehead, and soft blue eyes, and delicate colouring, were made lovely by that refinement which patient suffering gives to early youth. Her pain, from an injury in one of her limbs, was such, that her mother could not sleep the night previous to any necessary change of position, so intense was the anguish it was sure to inflict; and even a hasty or heavy step crossing the floor was torture; yet I never heard a murmur or saw a frown; there was always a gentle smile; she spoke little, but affectionately welcomed sympathy and attention; the Bible which lay on the bed close to her hand was her constant companion; she was the darling of a large and

affectionate family circle; and her room, notwithstanding all her suffering, never bore a gloomy appearance. The picture of Margaret May, in the Daisy Chain, might have been drawn from Eliza at that period; and all my recollections of her were the quiet 'twilight grey' of a life subdued to patient endurance; 'rather in all to be resigned than blest;' but after many months, without any improvement, her physicians pronounced that amputation was necessary; and she at once gave her consent calmly and firmly. At that time the merciful alleviation of chloroform was unknown; all was to be borne in full consciousness. The operation was performed early on a summer morning, and I distinctly remember the song of the birds and the gaiety of the flowers striking me with shuddering contrast as I approached her room; but when I looked on her face, it wore no longer only the sweetness of passive endurance; there was a radiance in the expression, a glow of elevated feeling, that at once recalled the description of the first martyr; 'we saw her face as it had been the face of an angel.' Her first words were, 'Do not be frightened; He holds my right hand, saying unto me, Fear not, I will help thee!' And then she lay with closed eyelids, and a smile that spoke of holy and happy communing, while we around her listened to the surgeons making their preparations, and some of them walking up and down before her window, where every tread on the gravel seemed as if it crashed upon our hearts; perfect peace was hers. After what seemed a very long time, all the arrangements were made—and very appalling they are to any, and especially so to a young and delicate girl, and one to whom every movement was agony; again, when all was completed, she whispered, 'Don't fear; He will never leave me, nor forsake me.' The first incision was made in a wrong place, so that the worst part of the operation had to be twice done—not a murmur; the quivering of the eyelids alone expressed sensation, and one shriek, at one moment of the prolonged torture; and then all was calm and sweet, and there returned that triumphant look as of one that has conquered—a look that said, 'Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory!' a look which helps those who saw it to understand the martyrdom of Blandina and Vivia Perpetua. One of the surgeons exclaimed, 'I never saw anything like it; this is the courage of a delicate woman!' 'Of a Christian woman,' observed a friend; and a smile on the wan features said, 'Yes, the joy of the Lord is my strength.'

There is no exaggeration in this description; she appeared to be raised out of herself, to be living another life. She recovered well; but the state of the limb rendered it impossible for her to use any of the artificial helps that enable others to walk; she could never use crutches or any means of self-movement; so that she was doomed never to walk again; never again was she able to cross the floor, or move from one seat to another, without assistance; and she knew that this state was to be her best as long as she lived; and here began a new lesson of patience; perhaps to some minds a more trying one than the languor of a bed of sickness. A lively girl, unable to tread the garden path, to enjoy one summer ramble

in the fields, to pluck the flower, or reach the book that was within a few inches of her touch, unable to meet the friend who entered the room, or to rise at the cry of distress, or to share in any of the small movements of domestic life, had hourly trials of temper and patience; and beyond all, there were the awkwardness and embarrassment, which a girl feels so keenly, and the constant and ever recurring sense of total and utter dependence; and then to think it was for the whole for ever of this present life! One week-day she had been drawn in her Bath-chair to church; the service concluded, and the congregation dispersed, and no one came to take her away; there was some mistake between the servants, each thinking another had gone, and her mother supposed that she had gone after service to a friend's home; but so it was; the congregation was gone, and the sexton locked the doors of the church, and Eliza sat on; waiting impatiently? vexed that she was forgotten? startled at her loneliness? watching every sound with nervous apprehension? No; she at once guessed the mistake, and calculated that at a certain time she would be missed and sent for; and meanwhile, she enjoyed the unwonted privilege of spending some hours alone in the House of God; they seemed to her brief and happy moments; and when she alluded to the circumstance, it was only to say how pleasant it would be if we could often have the church thus as a place for private prayer. In this helpless state she learned a lesson most difficult to acquire, and one which is invaluable to an habitual invalid, or to any who are placed in dependent circumstances; it was to see that her pain and her weakness was sent as a discipline, and so as a blessing in disguise, to others as well as to herself. It is difficult to accept as from His hand the troubles that come upon us through the medium of others; far more difficult to acquiesce in the troubles of which we are ourselves the occasion to our friends, to consent to be the burden, instead of the burden-bearer.

Many who would act nobly as the benefactor, utterly fail when called to be the recipient. One of the Sisters of Port-Royal said, 'I do not think there is any other thing in the world, that can give such lively pleasure as to assist those that are in want; and yet perhaps there is one still more elevated, which is to have lost everything, and to afford the same pleasure to the children of God, by receiving what our good Lord chooses to send by them.'

'I hold him great, who for love's sake
Can give with generous earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.'

Into this acquiescence Eliza was early brought; she was far from insensible to the fatigue, or trouble, or anxiety, of which she was the occasion to many most dear to her; but she believed that in this God was dealing with them as well as with her; and she accepted the office of being the channel of His fatherly discipline. This does seem the

very highest attainment, because the lowliest, of submission to the Divine Will.

At this time many strange and opposing doctrines were discussed around her, and there was much party spirit and sectarian feeling; she was able to feel with all; to part error from crime; to discern the truth which was exaggerated or distorted, to give to each entire credit for sincerity, and to acknowledge whatever fragment of truth they upheld, and *to love all*; 'she loved her friends *in* Christ, and her enemies *for* Christ;' her pure charity was never troubled by sectarian bitterness, or chilled by the conviction that there was much to blame as well as much to regret.

Very remarkable during her whole life was her dutiful attachment to her parish minister and parish church, which she always regarded as God's ordinance for teaching and blessing her. She received instruction and comfort from many; but to the clergyman of her parish, wherever she was located, she looked as her appointed teacher and guide; and any slight put upon his office or character wounded her to the heart. She did not possess a very powerful or brilliant intellect, but truth and love clarified her mental vision, and her judgment was formed on the ground of truth and honesty, never perverted or biased by prejudice or self-seeking. Her reading was not limited to what are called religious books; but all books and all objects were religious to her, because she regarded every subject in its relation to God.

Some years had passed in this quiet round of daily self-abnegation, when circumstances placed her in a new position; she became a member of a clergyman's family, in a large and important town; and here her saintly character, and her touching helplessness, and her interesting appearance, and her conversational powers, rendered her an object of universal attraction; she had lived in extreme retirement, and now was brought into constant society, where her thoughts and sentiments were drawn out and cherished, and where those she most highly esteemed looked up with reverence to her piety and wisdom; yet never was one spark of spiritual pride kindled in her breast; never did a touch of religious vanity (alas! there is such a thing!) sully her pure humility; the temptation, which assails almost all who are popular in the religious world, never even seemed to approach her; nor did she ever lose the simplicity of a wounded child, with which she ever clung to her Heavenly Father, and gently leaned on her earthly friends, although at that time surrounded by all that could gratify the affections, and feed the intellect, and cultivate and refine the taste. Her next trial was to lose the mother and sister who had been doubly endeared by years of suffering; when they were dead, she bowed her head and worshipped Him that liveth for ever and ever; hers was then 'the patience of hope;' hope of a blessed re-union; and the kingdom of our Lord was so really the home of her spirit, that when her loved ones were gathered there, she seemed to feel them nearer than when scattered over the earth; but though her resignation was perfect, everyone supposed her energy must be crushed, and that her

future life would be only one of submission; yet He had other purposes for His disciple, and while nature would have lain down to weep, He said by His Providence, 'Arise and gird thyself!' Another sister died, leaving a large family; Eliza undertook the charge of the motherless children; the poor helpless one became the helper! I know little of that period of her life, but how she fulfilled the trust is testified by the dutiful love that watched her dying bed, and that now weeps over her grave; and these adopted children awakened in her heart all the joys and sorrows of a mother's tenderness and devotion. But when I last met her this task was accomplished, and that, perhaps the most important, page of her history was closed; and having learned to minister as well as how to be ministered unto, she told me that as she could no longer be useful in her own family, she wished to dedicate herself to her Redeemer's service in the care of His poor and sick: 'You know,' she said, 'I want to try to do something for Him as long as I live;' and she thought she might minister in a hospital, where on one floor she could be moved in her chair from ward to ward; and she was actually in communication on this subject, ready and willing, if she could obtain the consent of her relations, to devote herself to a labour so trying, even to the strong and active; but it was not so to be; it was not thus she was to 'glorify God in the fires.' 'Know you what our Saviour says to His dear Peter? (John, xxi. 18.) The young scholars in the love of God gird themselves; they choose their resignation, devotion; they do their own will in doing the Will of God. But the old masters in that love suffer themselves to be bound and girded by another; they go by ways which they would not choose according to their own inclination; they stretch forth their hands, allowing themselves to be governed willingly against their will; they say that "obedience is better than sacrifice;" they glorify God, crucifying not only their flesh but their spirit.' Eliza had been made willing to take up her cross, and now the cross was chosen for her, and laid upon her, to bear willingly against her will. Symptoms appeared of that fearful calamity, cancer, which is in itself a trial to mark a life-time; and under this last visitation she lingered more than two years, enduring acute pain, nausea, and the extremity of weakness. The following note was written in pencil more than a year before she was released from the dying body.

My own dearest ———,

Until to-day I could not, since I received your welcome note, write even a line, but I make the effort, as I am sure it will give you pleasure. I sometimes suffer very much, and spend bad nights; the pain is most fitful; after great suffering it goes away for a time and returns again. One passage is often forced on my mind, 'He stayeth His rough wind in the day of His east wind.' I have had a variety of different kinds of attacks, but one had left before the other came on, and at no time is there more than I can bear. The Lord is ever most merciful in keeping my mind calm, and in bearing with my coldness and ingratitude to Him; the assurance that He is love, quiets my mind amidst the raging billows, and I try to rest on that Rock for strength.

Your ever fond and attached

ELIZA.

Since then she wrote of another sufferer: 'When I was first ill, the first time I ever saw Mr. F——, he said to me, "Look away from yourself to Jesus;" and tell her to do this, and she will have the same peace.' The same sweet spirit continued to the end; the thought of the Saviour's sufferings, the presence of His human sympathy, was a sufficient comfort under every form of protracted anguish. Her only fear was lest her faith and patience might seem to fail, and so cause distress to her friends; but it was not so; the pain ceased for several hours, and the end was perfect peace; and thus, during thirty-three years of suffering, 'The joy of the Lord was her strength;' and thus she now sleeps in Jesus, waiting in blessed anticipation the day when 'He who is our Life shall appear, and we also shall appear with Him in glory.'

Surely 'through much tribulation she entered the kingdom;' and surely an entrance was ministered unto her *abundantly*, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

LETTERS ON GEOLOGY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'IVON,' 'MINNIE'S DOLL'S HOUSE,' ETC.

LETTER VI.

PALÆOZOIC AGE. *(continued.)*—CARBONIFEROUS AND PERMIAN SYSTEMS.

THE lowest bed of this, the Carboniferous or coal-bearing (carbo, coal; fero, to bear,) system, in England is that of the mountain limestone, in many places a hundred feet thick, and many hundred square miles in extent, composed as it seems entirely of fragments of the Crinoidea or sea-lilies, which must have flourished in extraordinary abundance, together with many Brachiopoda. One of these latter was the Terebratula. The shell of this mollusk is sometimes almond-shaped and quite smooth; sometimes much broader, with its ends curved upwards, and marked all over with ridges, or covered with mother-of-pearl, which still retains its brightness. As its name signifies, it is always pierced with a hole at the beak. (terebro, to pierce.)

The Echinus, or sea-urchin, flourished at this time. It is one of the Echinodermata, (ἐχῖνος, (echinus,) hedgehog; δερμα, (derma,) a skin,) or hedgehog-skinned animals; so called from the bristly spines with which many species are covered. In Norfolk these are called fairy-caps by the country-people. At first sight they may not seem to have much connection with star-fish, or the sea-lilies of which we have spoken; yet all these are Radiata, (radiatus, set with rays,) and have the characteristic starry form. The echinus is still found on our shores. It resembles an orange in shape, being usually a ball flattened at the poles; and its relationship to the five-fingered star-fish is easily seen in the five clearly-

marked divisions on its surface. The mouth is turned downwards, as the creature crawls upon the ground, and has five hard white teeth, whose points meet in the middle. Each division of the shell has two rows of tiny knobs, so accurately and beautifully arranged that one might fancy they had been sculptured upon it. From each knob comes a spine of varying length and sharpness, which is not fixed but can move freely in various directions upon the knob, 'by means of a ball-and-socket joint.' Innumerable other spines come from every part of the surface, and are frequently tipped with a beautiful violet colour. Echini are sometimes found of large size, but those commonly met with are not more than three or four inches across. When we meet with them as fossils, the bristly spines are usually gone or broken off, and the surface of the shell looks as if it had been exquisitely chiseled.

We find traces of enormous sharks in the Carboniferous system, which must have been formidable even to the armour-cased ganoids; indeed, at no period were weapons of destruction more terrible. Large teeth and fin-spines are all that remain of these sharks; for, large as they were, their skeletons, like those of their modern representatives, were not of bone but of gristle, which quickly decayed. These fish, together with the sturgeon, skate, and ray, are called cartilaginous, (cartilago, gristle,) and among them are to be found some of the most formidable of sea-monsters; yet, a short time after their death, nothing remains of them but their teeth and fin-spines, while every bone of a small perch is preserved.

But the coal-measures, as the strata in which coal is found are called, are of course the great characteristic of the Carboniferous system.

Picture to yourselves a thick jungle, filled with low brush-wood, and ferns as large as forest trees, reeds such as the bamboo of the West Indies, mosses and grasses of enormous size. Gloomy and silent must those old forests have been, brightened by few if any flowers, and existing in a warm damp atmosphere like that of a hot-house. Scorpions and spiders seem to have found a dwelling there; and no doubt there were smaller insects upon which the spiders lived, though we find no trace of them. Cockroaches and a few wood and seed eating beetles have been found, but no butterflies had yet appeared; and indeed, they would have been out of place amid such hard dry flowerless trees and plants. Plenty of nuts there were in some of those old forests; and, as no created thing is without its use, it seems strange that we should not discover the remains of squirrels, or some such small animals, to whom they would have afforded food.

After a time there was a sinking of the land upon which these thick forests stood, and the waters rushed in upon them, quickly breaking down the tall but weak-stemmed trees, and burying the whole under a covering of mud. Accordingly sea-shells are found in the bands of clay between the coal-seams. Gradually the waters drained off, and another forest arose above the former one, to be again buried in its turn. How many times these risings and sinkings occurred we may in some measure conjecture from the fact that the shell of a land-snail is found at an

interval of twenty-one coal-seams containing marine shells, thus showing that twenty times had the sea buried all beneath it, and twenty times had the land risen from the waters and been again clothed with vegetation. Amphibious animals frequented the coal-swamps; indeed, the rocks of America tell us that a large specimen of this class, furnished with a tail, one day took a walk over one of the mud-flats at low tide. The mud was marked with the ripples of the waves, and these ripple-marks, together with those made by his feet and tail, were left for ever 'foot-prints on the sands of time.' We may even venture to say that he was caught in a shower of rain during his walk, for there are the rain-drops still dotting the half-dried mud on which they fell. A very clever person might even be able to tell you, from the look of the rain-drop marks, which way the wind was blowing at the time. After the shower the tide came up, and buried the records of the waves, the rain, and the amphibian's stroll—to be deciphered, who shall say how many thousands of years afterwards?

Very beautiful were some of the trees of this period, especially the Sigillaria, (sigilla, a seal,) with its crown of fern-like leaves, and its beautifully-sculptured trunk, covered, as it were, by the impressions of a seal.

The Lepidodendron, (λεπις, (lepis,) a scale; δενδρον, (dendron,) a tree,) or scaly-tree, though sometimes as much as fifty feet in height, is thought to have been only a gigantic club-moss, its trunk covered with leaf-scars or scales, whence it takes its name.

The trees of this period remind one of those mentioned by Aristophanes in the 'Birds.'

> 'But the strangest sight to see,
> Was a huge exotic tree,
> Growing without heart or pith,
> Weak and sappy like a wyth;
> But with leaves and boughs withal,
> Comely, flourishing, and tall.'

Vegetable life appears never again to have been so abundant as at this period, to which we owe our valuable coal-fields, one of the chief sources of England's wealth and prosperity. How the old forests became converted into coal, is probably not very clear to you; and though it is somewhat difficult to explain and understand, we must try and have some idea of the way in which the transformation was effected.

Coal is found to be composed of carbon, the three gases, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and a small quantity of earthy matter or ash. Wood is composed of the same, but in different proportions, and with no earthy matter.

For coal, the usual proportions are about eighty-two per cent. of carbon, five per cent. hydrogen, twelve per cent. oxygen and nitrogen, and one per cent. or less of earthy matter; but they vary very much, some varieties of coal containing a large quantity of ash. Wood contains about fifty per cent. carbon, and fifty of the three gases, of which the greatest proportion is oxygen.

In order, then, for the wood to be converted into coal, the oxygen must, in great part, be extracted; and how is this done?

If a loadstone is brought near an object made of iron or steel, you know very well that it attracts or draws it to itself. Such things as needles or iron filings, or the swans and fish children play with, will even follow the magnet about in any direction, as if the iron and loadstone had a liking for one another, which made them uncomfortable apart. This liking of one substance for another, called chemical attraction, is not confined to the magnet and needles; it is found likewise in minerals and gases. You may perhaps have tried the experiment of making a lead or silver tree; if so, you know that by suspending a zinc wire in a bottle filled with rain-water and a certain quantity of sugar of lead, the lead will leave the water in which it has been dissolved, and will form in beautiful crystals round the zinc-wire, towards which it is attracted. Nitrate of silver and mercury, dissolved in the same way, will also crystallize round the wire. Often this attraction is so strong, that if into a glass containing two liquids mixed, you put a third, the first two will separate, and one will join with the new comer, which, in its turn, will leave its companion if something else which it likes better is introduced. Sometimes the introduction of another mineral only causes the separation of the ingredients to which it is added.

The separating of a substance into its component parts, *i.e.* into the different things of which it is composed, is called decomposition. (de, from; compono, to compose.)

If, then, wood or vegetable matter of any kind were buried beneath an accumulation of porous rock, such as sandstone or shale, (slate,) it might be partially decomposed by the action of water containing some mineral in solution. Some of the oxygen might be set free to unite with some other substance; some of the hydrogen and nitrogen might go in like manner, till at length there would be more of carbon than of anything else, and the whole mass would be turned into peat, coal, or anthracite, according to the quantity of oxygen left. Wood has least carbon, and most oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen; peat has more carbon, and proportionately less of the gases; coal has still more carbon, and anthracite most of all.

It has been calculated that eight feet in depth of vegetable matter will make but one foot of coal, and that each inch of anthracite requires a foot of vegetable matter. Iron pyrites are commonly found in coal; they are formed, as we before said, of iron and sulphur. Now some vegetables, as cress, &c., contain sulphur; and as coal was evidently formed under water, and as water holds many minerals in solution, we may easily fancy, when this mineral happened to be iron, the sulphur in the vegetable-matter would, by chemical attraction, unite with it and form sulphuret of iron or pyrites. Iron pyrites are found in shining yellow crystals looking like brass. They are not confined to coal, but are met with in slate, and many other rocks. The appearance like gold-leaf sometimes seen in coal, is due to the presence of sulphuret of iron. Silica also is found in coal, being contained in the exterior of rushes and some other plants at the present day.

In the swamps of the coal-forests lived the first reptiles whose remains

we find. They were carnivorous, (caro, carnis, flesh; voro, to devour,) or flesh-eating, and seem to have fed upon snails and other mollusks. The last trilobite as yet discovered, occurs in the mountain limestone, the lowest of Carboniferous strata.

Next above the Carboniferous system comes the Permian, so called from Perm, an ancient kingdom of Russia, near the Ural Mountains, where the Permian rocks are well developed.

The waters in which these rocks were formed were charged with iron and chemical salts; in consequence of which we must suppose it is that so few organic remains are to be found in them. Some of the plants of the Carboniferous system appear still to have existed during the formation of the first strata of the Permian, but to have made way for others during the later ones, leading us to suppose that a vast interval of time, as yet unaccounted for, elapsed between the formation of the first and last rocks of this system.

Lower New Red Sandstone is the characteristic rock of the Permian, and scarcely to be distinguished, except by its fossils, from the Devonian. The coal-measures, you see, lie between two red sandstones; and this circumstance has often led to great mistakes and even ruin. For people who know nothing about Geology, and will not believe those who do, have been led to sink mines in the old red sandstone, in the hope of finding coal. This we know they would not do; as coal was not formed in sufficient quantities to repay the working till a later period. Fossil remains are the only sure guides to tell us whether the red sandstone is old or new, and consequently whether we shall be likely to find coal beneath it or not. The difference between the fossils of the two periods is very great.

Reptiles, of which we find traces in the Carboniferous system, still appear, though they do not reach their greatest abundance till the next system.

In the Permian rocks of South Carolina, Professor Emmons found the earliest mammal yet discovered. It is a small pouch-bearing animal, about the size of a squirrel, and has been named Dromatherium, (δρομαῖος, (dromaios,) swift; θηριον, (therion,) a wild beast.) It is related to the phalangers, inhabitants of Australia, the great home of the marsupials, (marsupium, a purse,) or pouch-bearers—animals such as the kangaroo, which carry their young in a pouch.

The close of the Palæozoic Age seems to have been a time of great disturbance, and is marked by the formation of that great chain of mountains in North America East, called the Appalachian or Alleghany Mountains. The greater portion of the range was evidently formed after the close of the Carboniferous system; for among the uplifted folded rocks in Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Nova Scotia, there are coal-beds, which are bent just like (or rather rest conformably upon) the other strata of which the mountains are composed, and must of course have been laid down before the disturbance began. The uppermost coal-strata and the Permian rocks are wanting in Pennsylvania, so probably the time of uplifting and disturbance began before the Permian period, and reached its height when the Carboniferous had closed. Mountains were not made

by one single heaving of the earth's crust, as if it had been a wave; but the process was long, slow, and often interrupted. The Appalachians were preparing during the Carboniferous period, and probably took all the time represented by the Permian system for their elevation into chains. The formation of the greater part of the Ural Mountains has been thought to belong to the same time, namely, the close of the Palæozoic or Ancient-world history.

The Permian rocks in England crop out mostly to the east of those of the Carboniferous system, and pass in a narrow band across the counties of Durham, Yorkshire, and Nottingham, appearing also in Westmoreland and Cumberland, and other more isolated spots.

TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL SERIES OF ROCKS OF THE PALÆOZOIC AGE.

SYSTEMS.	SERIES.	STRATA.
Permian System . . .	1 Magnesian limestone.	1 Magnesian limestone; red and white marls.
	2 Lower new red sandstone.	2 Sandstones, sands, clays, conglomerates of various colours; all marine.
Carboniferous System .	1 Upper coal measures.	1 Fresh water and marine; beds of coal, interstratified with shale and clay.
	2 Millstone grit.	2 Coarse sandstone and slaty clay.
	3 Mountain limestone.	3 Grey crystalline limestone, with lead ore.
	4 Lower coal measures.*	4 Shales, limestones, and impure coal.
Devonian System . .	Old red sandstone, upper, middle, and lower.	Marine. Coarse and fine sandstones, conglomerates of various colours; marls and limestones.
Upper Silurian System.	1 Ludlow, and	1 Argillaceous limestone; sandy shale.
	2 Wenlock series.	2 Coralline limestone and shale; marine.
Lower Silurian System.	Llandeilo series.	Sandstones; limestones; grits. Calcareous flags.
Cambrian System . .	Clay-slate series.	Green and purple slates; sandstones; conglomerates; quartziferous porphyry; yellow jasper.
Pre-Cambrian System .	Laurentian & Lewisian, or gneiss series.	Gneiss, limestones, and granitoid schists.

* 'In some districts very scantily developed; in Ireland and Scotland it attains a thickness of several thousand feet.'—*See Page's Text-book*, p. 192.

(*To be continued.*)

A PEEP AT A DEACONESS' HOME.

It is the evening of a rather dull winter day. Daylight is gone, but a dim would-be twilight steals in through the windows, and the leafless trees outside assume uncanny weird-like forms. The three long windows of the Sisters' room are still unshuttered, and the contrast between the look *out* and the look *in* is very satisfactory to those who share the advantages afforded by the latter. This said Sisters' room is a cheerful good-sized apartment, high and well lighted, not differing much from any other plainly-furnished family gathering-place. It is covered with matting, contains a well-filled book-case at one end, and a piano in a recess near the fire, while a long table occupies the centre of the room; this said table being fitted with drawers containing the *professional* property of the Sisters—books, reports, &c., each Sister keeping her books and papers separately. The tone of the prints, and one or two illuminated texts on the walls, together with the total absence of all signs of employment, but useful practical work alone marking the character of the apartment; and a more comfortable gathering-place, when the day's *definite* work is over, a deaconess need not desire, even at this time of the year, and in the heart of a city. A few winter berries and bright-tinted leaves stand in a dainty glass upon the table, and shed a grace over the *practical* type of the scene. A German 'feuilleton' lies beside it, for a constant and kindly communication is kept up with the 'Vaterland,' to-which the Institution may actually be said to owe its birth. And more than one sister has had practical experience in Germany.

Perhaps this time of the day is the pleasantest of all the four-and-twenty hours. Evening Service is just over, and a few spare moments remain between it and tea-time. A sister is bending low over her report-book, making the most of the few minutes' leisure, and the failing light. Another occupies a low chair by the fire, enjoying the unwonted luxury in a deaconess' life of doing nothing—nothing, that is, more than exchanging remarks with her companion on the mutual experiences of the day.

A probationer has been sitting making soft list shoes for the sick-ward, and now lays by her work till after tea. An assistant, who has been passing a few weeks in the Institution, lays down the pen and rests her stiff fingers from the task of directing some dozens of reports; and leaning back in her chair, listens with amused attention to the *professional* talk of the others—who are good, and who are bad, at the schools; who are better, and who they fear are worse, in the wards; how 'something' was wrong with 'Butcher' to-day, causing confusion of ideas between a butcher and a deaconess in the uninitiated mind—said Butcher proving on explanation to be a peculiarly pleasing child with bright eyes and a sweet

voice, her corrupted name being derived from Italian ancestors, from whom she probably also inherits her bright eyes and sweet voice. (The Sisters' experience lies, if one might venture to say so, 'among every kindred and tongue and people and nation.') How the 'area-boy,' and the 'scald case,' get on at the Hospital, and the 'broken leg' can almost walk again; and how there are many things that go 'contrary,'—many discouragements, many misunderstandings—a crook, in short, even in a deaconess' lot. Head Sister flits in and out, making comments, giving orders, receiving reports. Those who have been out to school or district, drop in one by one—perhaps a Sister from the Hospital comes *Home* for a treat. There is no restraint, no artificial conventional manner or tone; each one talks at her ease, freely comments on whatever she may feel inclined to criticize, talks over plans and regulations and work unchecked, and is ever listened to and allowed full swing of reasonable (and sometimes of unreasonable) comment. The Head Sister hears all, permits all, and joins in all; now and then pulling up an illogical *woman's* speech with a quiet word or two; and deaconesses, as a general rule, are not expected to be more logical than other women. Tea comes up; and should the chaplain have looked in about that time, he asks a blessing ere he departs, and then the meal begins and is soon over. (Deaconesses don't dawdle over their repasts.) Those whose work lies in the sick-wards now follow the Sister in charge into their department. The Sister first reads prayers, and then with her assistants settles the patients for the night; another Sister meanwhile being busy in the kitchen preparing the suppers, to be sent up as soon as the patients are ready for them. This is a busy time for the nurses—undressing their patients, fresh-making their beds, (the Sisters do all with their own hands,) giving the medicines, dressing the wounds, &c.—for all must be done within a certain time, and before the Sister in charge makes her nightly round. At last they are all settled. Patient old Mrs. A. sits bolstered up in her bed, and her eyes gleam with about the only intelligence they ever show when her bread and cheese and beer are handed to her. Rather fretful Mrs. B. is almost always gracious and grateful at supper-time, whatever she may be at other times. The little, patient, quietly-moving blind child, who has been sent here to be nursed and taken care of after the operation at the hospital, smiles as she receives her bread and milk. The fires are made up for the night—the sister turns over a fresh sheet of the printed texts, printed in characters so bold and clear, that *not* 'He who runs may read,' but she who lies patiently waiting God's Will may do so. These sheets hang on the iron rods that intersect the room; and a fresh word of faith, or encouragement, or patient endurance, meets the waking eye each morn.

And no one who entered the ward for a moment, as a casual looker-on, would think that here, in this bright comfortable room, Death had set his foot too—had taken some—had chosen others, for whom he was coming by-and-by—ah! very soon! for that pale, blue-eyed, wistful-looking face

near the door, is that of one who may be said to have already left the world, though she lingers yet a while on earth; for when she entered that room, and was laid on that bed, (which she says 'is *so* comfortable,') it was, and she knew it, never to leave it till the blue eyes should be closed, and the grave be her last bed. But spite of this, the wards are not at all dolorous places. Enter them in the day-time, and little blind Ellen will be found busy and happy, employed in making bright chains of coloured paper rings, for Sister C.'s Christmas Tree—these splendid adornments being manufactured from the bright-coloured and gilded bands of envelopes. On that bed, placed so conveniently between the window and the fire, sits a superior respectable-looking woman, an upper nurse, who has injured her knee, and has been sent here by the family for a few weeks better rest and nursing than she can get in their own house. She is busy cutting out the blue dress of a probationer, who meanwhile is reading aloud; and by-and-by, when little Ellen tires of work, the owner of the meek blue eyes lying quietly in her bed, will teach her 'Abide with me,' which Ellen wanted to learn because she had heard it in chapel, and which the sick woman volunteered to teach her on hearing one of the Sisters begin to do so.

From my sketch being limited to the life at home of the Sisters, it may seem that *nursing* the sick under their own roof is their sole employment. Far from this being the case, it is really only a small portion of what they undertake; and in fact, the home nursing is but a preparatory training; but I have been limited to this phase by the fact of its being the one more directly brought within the practical observation of a casual visitor. This home nursing but prepares the Sister to assume the responsibility of a parish deaconess, or to take her stand by the bed-side of a member of her school or district. The deaconesses have under their charge infant and girls' schools, adult classes, and the nursing of the —— Hospital; but, in a mere outline like the present, it would be extremely difficult to follow their out-of-door occupation, though it be, in reality, the most important portion of their life; and a part of the regular routine of the day all the year round is the 'telling-off' of Sisters to their work, lying, as some of it does, at some distance from the Institution.

It may be thought I am painting my sketch '*trop couleur de rose*.' I do not think so. I only know it is a faithful impression of my own personal experience. I went there, too, under circumstances fairly trying to one's mettle. I had been used to a life of more than common independence, having been for some years so situated as to be unaccustomed to look up to anyone in the generally understood sense of the expression, or to be controlled in any way—I was used, in fact, rather to rule than to be ruled; certainly *any* rules would appear somewhat irksome to such a one; and at first perhaps I did feel the routine press just a little, and now and then the thought would arise, 'I am afraid I can't stand this—sha'n't like that.' I had not been there long ere I wondered at the few rules and their simplicity, and fully appreciated the common-sense reasonableness of those

that *did* exist, and felt that it was a proof of the high *moral* influence in those in charge, which must be brought to bear on a community that worked so well and harmoniously, with so little *palpable* control. True, the community consists of *Christian ladies*, well-bred women, and this explains much; but ladies, though well-bred women, are but human, and when gathered in numbers together, require a hand over them as well as other people; and the great secret here, I surmise, is that the supreme authority is vested in a *man*—a masculine mind is the lever, and such it must ever be. Moreover, I truly believe that all who work there do so *heartily*, putting forth every power of mind and body; and here is another element in success. We know that one great reason why our Adversary gets on so well is, that all his servants labour so *heartily* in his service; working for him in the 'neck-or-nothing' style.

I fully believe the deaconess life strikes the 'juste milieu' which has hitherto been wanting in all sisterhoods and societies of working women. Of course, as the work spreads and enlarges, complications may naturally at first arise; for instance, when sisters of a lower social grade, and less educated and *consequently* less trained and obedient minds, join, more decided and definite regulations will probably be needed. What in the educated mind is considered as a matter-of-fact practical *must*, only strikes the less trained one as a contingent *may;* still it is heartily wished *not* to limit the sisters to the educated classes alone—others are earnestly wished, *prayed*, to join them; and no one can, I think, work with singleness of purpose and earnestness of heart here without being ennobled. I am not writing in any high-flown spirit of self-renunciation, self-sacrifice, self-denial, but merely in the spirit of good old George Herbert; or, even to descend to a lower level, 'The Village Blacksmith;' good hearty earnest work, doing the very best, even in forging a horse-shoe, elevates and raises a man. How much more then such work as this? I know many, *who never tried it*, think that nursing the sick, teaching the ignorant, visiting the poor, must be 'charming' employment. Not a bit of it. I don't think any deaconess would say so. She would most probably say that it is often repulsive, disagreeable, fatiguing, and *most* disheartening; but if Christ disdained it not, who are we to scorn it? Such a life, too, must naturally be somewhat monotonous; but what life is not? A London season is an uncommonly monotonous affair; and I am quite sure that such a life as I describe is much less so than that of most people. The Sisters are not kept to *one* occupation unless they show themselves specially fitted for it. There is housekeeping, cooking, nursing, teaching, district-visiting, hospital superintendence, and residence at out-stations; surely a much greater variety than most lives can have. All these different occupations can be taken in turn. I think the Head Sister is the only one of the community who cannot have a change, for she has always to be at her post of ruler, controller, and manager. Place side by side with this life, that of nine-tenths of ladies of the middle classes; for instance, a life in a country town, or out-of-the-way village, with its small gossip and

narrow groove, its utter deficiency of all interest, intellectual or social. It is essentially an active practical life, and one in which woman's managing powers have full scope—and women *do* like to manage, it is no good to deny the fact; and a good useful fact, *when well directed*, it is. Then, again, a woman enjoys a definite position. She is not an 'old maid,' or a '*single* woman,' but 'a deaconess,' knowing her work and doing it. And is there anything more invigorating than the consciousness that you occupy a defined position of usefulness, that you are *doing*, *being*—and that when night comes you can enjoy well-earned rest, feeling assured that something has been attempted, something *done?*.

Doubtless many will say, 'But women can be all this in their own homes and families.' Of course they can, and ought to be, if they have families and homes; and if so, by all means let them stay there; they are not asked to step out of the social niche where Providence has placed them, to step up on the pedestal of a deaconess. It is those who are without such niches to whom we say 'Come.' I am putting the calling on the lowest grounds of advantage. I say nothing of the *privilege* of such a life; and since, as a popular writer tells us, 'the formation of character, not the acquisition of happiness,' is the end of existence, I think it would be attained here with better success than in frittering away life, as so many do, (who yet have the powers for better things within them,) without one definite end or aim in existence. And I think it very probable that 'happiness' even would be thrown in the scale as well. As it is in all other occupations, so also is it in this one. All women are not fitted for such a life; it is not out of every woman a deaconess can be made; many—in fact, *very* many—have not the requisite elements for one in their character. Many things are needed to form one; above all, what they themselves call the four Hs.

In conclusion, I would say to all who may entertain the idea of entering on such a life, 'Don't hurry about it, think maturely of it, read all you can about it, and lastly, practically try it.' The writer had turned her attention to it from the dawn of the Society, and yet *knew* nothing of it till she went there and tested it. Remember, too, that there are no binding obligations; even when a deaconess has been fully received, she is at liberty to leave the Institution at the end of a three months intimation, as freely as she entered it; she may go back into the world if she like it better. And it must frankly be confessed, as we have before done, that a deaconess' vocation is not an easy one; she must lay aside all high-flown notions, all ultra-enthusiastic ideas; but at the same time be *most* careful not to lose 'enthusiasm'—not to lose that freshness of mind, genial brightness, and, as it were, ever-renewing spring-time of feeling, without which no life, no work, can ever bear the full meed of success it should do. She must throw aside all ultra-fastidiousness, and yet be most careful not to lose *tone;* ever feel renewed interest in all the most

trifling details of her life, and yet take great care it never degenerates into *gossip* and narrow-minded fussiness about 'mint and cummin and anise.' Take care, above all, that she become not a mere mechanical nurse and district visitor. She must relinquish much pleasant intellectual enjoyment, but beware not to relinquish also intellectual *duty*. God has given brain and mind into her charge, as well as heart and hands; and if she desire to maintain a hold and influence over those with whom she comes in contact, she must not lose an iota of her superiority and consequent means of power as an educated woman and a lady; so sure as she does, so sure will she lose one powerful engine for good in her Master's service, and wickedly fold in a napkin the talent He gave her to trade with, and of which, moreover, at His coming He will require an account. If she wish to do good in her generation, she must remember that it is a progressive one.

A. H.

THE LOSS OF 'THE LONDON.'

THE lines below were suggested by reading in the daily papers the melancholy account of the loss of the 'London:' they were printed locally, in 'The Hadlow Down Parish Magazine,' and called forth the following interesting sketch of the third officer, Mr. Angel, which, it will be seen, is by the hand of a near relative.

It will be remembered that, as the vessel sunk beneath the waves, Mr. Angel was seen at his post at the donkey-engine, which was pumping out water, his hand on the handle of the machine he was working even to the very last.

'I will mention one or two traits in my nephew's character, which were the secret of his unflinching heroism at that awful hour.

'Deep religious principle was the main-spring of his life. He was confirmed at thirteen, at his own request, that he might be a communicant before he went to sea; and this he was to the last, having been strengthened and refreshed by the Body and Blood of Christ on his last Sunday here, (Exeter,) December 17th, and again on Christmas Day, in London, whilst waiting to sail on his ninth voyage to Melbourne.

'He was the life of the ship, and a favourite with the captain, crew, and passengers. Never did the shadow of an untruth darken his manly brow; but a straightforward determination to do what was right, *simply because it was right*, guided all his actions.

'The sea was his own ardent choice: to it he devoted himself and his brilliant talents; and to it, at the early age of twenty, he sacrificed his life. His firm trust in the efficacy of prayer was often shown by his being a volunteer for acts of difficulty and danger, when he would add, "for I felt I was safe, because of my parents' prayers."'

Down in the calm calm deep,
Far from the tempest's roar,
'The London' now lies tranquil,
With the fleets that shall float no more

'The London!' O name of power,
And name of wealth and pride!
With the strong seas she battled,
And in their grasp she died.

The iron ship has foundered;
She has joined the ship-wrecked host,
Gliding beneath the surface,
To the long last home of the lost.

She has joined the ancient navies—
The ships from every land—
That have probed the depths unmeasured,
And rest on the silent sand.

I think I see that vision,
Of hulls and masts and stays,
And myriad naval equipments,
Which strew the unfathomed ways.

The great high-roads of the nations
Are marked beneath the wave:
They are tracked by the wrecks of ages,
And many a traveller's grave.

Down in the calm calm deep,
They rest from their toil and strife;
And above them goes on the traffic
Which sustains this world's brief life.

Who shall return to utter
The story of their death—
The death of those crews unnumbered,
That lie in the depths beneath?

Home there comes no survivor;
Only a ship is late—
Late till they weary of watching,
And begin to whisper its fate.

And months go by, and seasons,
And still no bark arrives;
And friends put on their mourning,
And speak of the dear lost lives.

But not so with 'The London:'
A wondrous tale is brought
Over the foaming billows,
Into the startled port.

A tale of woe and anguish;
A tale of courage high;
Of patient long endurance,
And of how good men can die.

'Oh! say not all have perished—
All but this little band
Of nineteen souls, all counted—
Brought safely to the land!

'Where are those two hundred—
Two hundred and four-score—
Who sailed from home so proudly,
For Melbourne's distant shore?"

'Yes, all have perished—all, alas!
And only we remain;
We saw them silently go down,
When human help was vain.

'The tempest howled about us,
And giant waves were there;
And we, their sport upon the deep,
Were filled with grim despair.'

'Oh! tell us how they met their fate
In such a fearful hour—
Fathers and mothers, children dear,
All in dread ocean's power!'

'The mountain waves on every side—
Like ravenous beasts of prey—
Came round the ship with foaming mouths,
And breath of briny spray.

'And calm, amidst the awful din,
We saw full many stand;
Like those of old, to lions cast,
A steadfast martyr band.

'The Captain walked the sea-swept deck—
We marked his steadfast eye;
In vain we bade him leave his post,
This certain doom to fly.

'"The ship must sink, but I remain:
Stern duty's choice is best;
The boat may live—go forth in her,
And may your course be blest.

'"God speed your voyage!" the good man said.
And from the ship a cheer
Broke on our ears; alas! it was
The last sound we should hear.

'The last voice of the dying ship;
For when upon the height
Of one vast wave we left their side—
We left for aye their sight.

'We saw our noble ship give o'er,
Like one content to die;
She threw her bows into the air,
In her last agony.

'And as she sunk beneath the wave—
O memory ever bright!—
On deck there stood a faithful youth,
A ne'er forgotten sight.

'A faithful youth, who at his post
Unmoved could firmly stand,
Till boiling surges round him burst,
And whelmed his faithful hand.

'Beautiful in his death was he;
Not fruitless was his task—
It brought him nearer to his God;
And who for more would ask?

'Angel his name, and angel-like
That vision of duty done;
It seemed the ship's last message home,
To say that her race was run.'

R. R. KIRBY.

HINTS ON READING.

Rivingtons' *The Ecclesiastical Year-Book, for* 1865, will be found a most useful statistical manual.

Mr. Tallmadge's *State of Religion in Italy* (Rivingtons) gives a strange picture of the seething ferment of new ideas, and seems to carry us back three hundred years.

Clemency Franklyn, by the author of Janet's Home, (Macmillan,) is a fine high-minded story, much to be recommended to our readers.

Among small lending-library books, we would mention with unusual praise *The Three Half-crowns*, S. P. C. K.

A RIDDLE.

A FAITHFUL and a constant friend am I;
Wherever shines the light my presence still is nigh;
And though in darkness and in storms I sometimes disappear,
Whene'er the light returns again you'll find I still am near.

Sometimes across a valley deep
I quickly pass, and up the steep
Swiftly and silently I glide;
At length I reach the river's side;
I cross it without bridge or boat,
And on my endless way I float.
Beneath some ancient castle high
Unchanged for centuries I lie,
Save that I make my daily round
O'er rocky path and grassy mound.

In ancient times, the rolling years,
With all their varied hopes and fears,
Were chronicled by me alone
On tablets of unyielding stone.